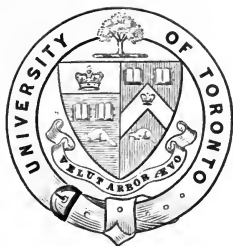




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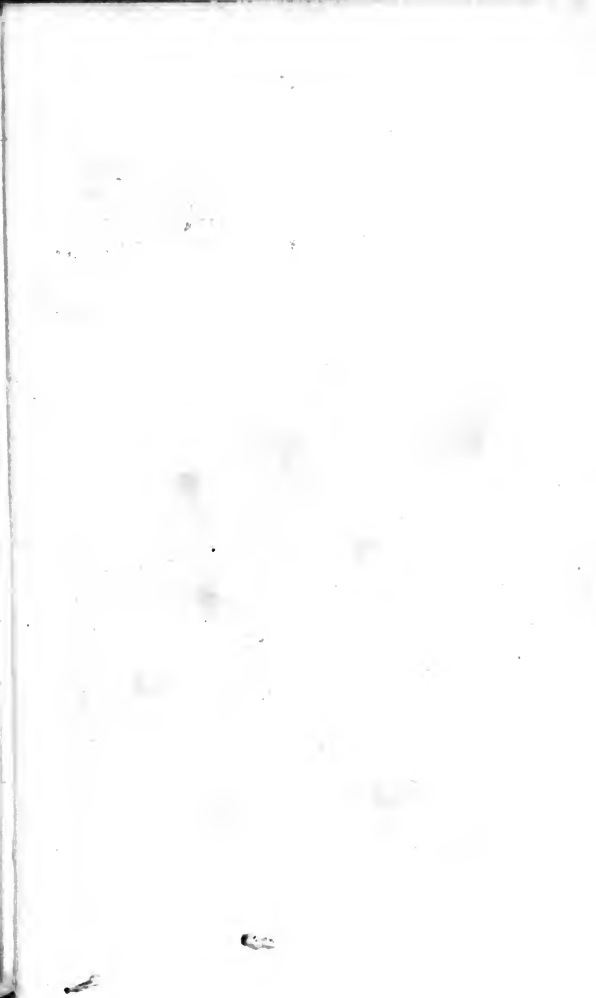
*Obfer a moment's paufe—a moment's reft,  
To calm my troubled fpirits! —*

THOUGHTS IN  
Prison &c.  
BY THE  
Rev.<sup>d</sup> William Dodd,  
I.L.D.



— *Towen earth*  
*And mingled with my native dust, I cry;*

EDINBURGH.  
Published by Oliver & Boyd:



# LE THOUGHTS IN PRISON, D639t

BY THE

REV. W. DODD, LL.D.

WITH THE

*LIFE of the AUTHOR,*

HIS LAST PRAYER,

AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

---

—Cautious shun  
The Rocks on which he split. Cleave close to God,  
Your Father, sure Protector, and Defence :  
Forsake not his lov'd service ; and your cause  
He never will forsake.

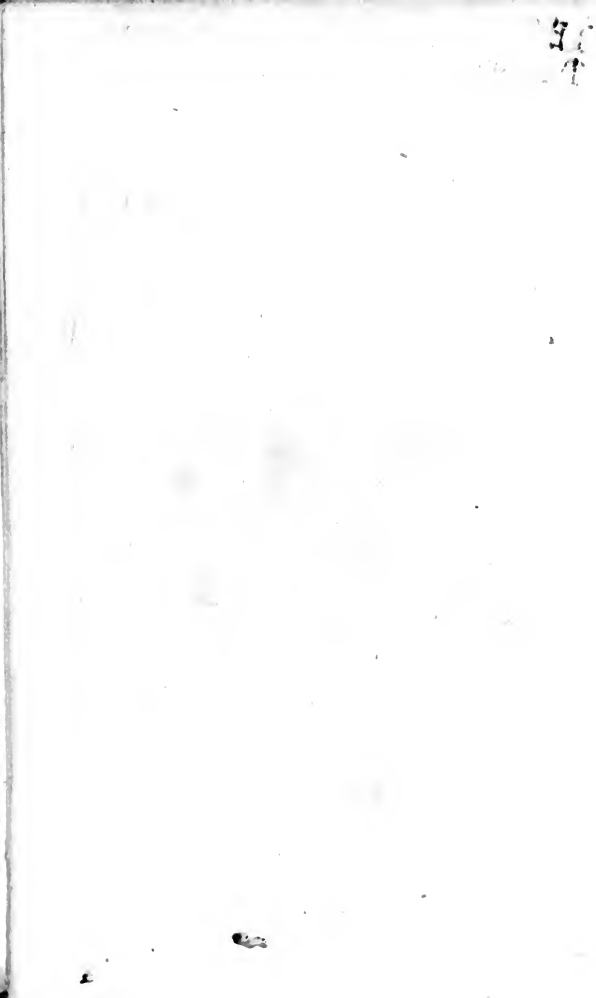
*Vide PRISON THOUGHTS.*

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EDINBURGH

Printed by OLIVER & BOYD, Caledonian Press,  
Netherbow.

1813.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

*Originally prefixed to the Prison Thoughts.*

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THE following Work, as the dates of the respective parts evince, was begun by its unhappy Author in his apartments at Newgate, on the evening of the day subsequent to his trial and conviction at Justice Hall; and was finished, amidst various necessary interruptions, in little more than the space of two months.

*Prefixed to the Manuscript is the ensuing Note.—*

April 23, 1777.

“ I began these Thoughts merely for the impression of  
“ my mind, without plan, purpose, or motive, more than  
“ the situation and state of my soul. I continued them  
“ on a thoughtful and regular plan; and I have been enabled  
“ wonderfully—in a state, which in better days I  
“ should have supposed would have destroyed all power  
“ of reflection—to bring them nearly to a conclusion. I  
“ dedicate them to God, and to the *reflecting Serious* among  
“ my fellow-creatures; and I bless the Almighty for the ability  
“ to go through them, amidst the terrors of this dire  
“ place and the bitter anguish of my disconsolate mind!

“ The Thinking will easily pardon all inaccuracies, as I  
“ am neither *able* nor *willing* to read over these melancholy  
“ lines with a *curious* and *critical* eye! They are imperfect,  
“ but the language of the heart; and, had I time and  
“ inclination, might and should be improved.

“ But—————

“ W. D.”

The few little pieces subjoined to the *Thoughts*, and the Author's *Last Prayer*, were found amongst his papers. Their evident connection with the Poem was the inducement for adding them to the volume.

THE Work now offered a fifth time to the Public, was the last performance of one who often afforded amusement and instruction ; who possessed the talents of pleasing in a high degree, whose labours were devoted to advance the interests of Religion and Morality, and who, during the greater part of his life, was esteemed, beloved, and respected, by all to whom he was known. Unhappily for himself and his connections, the dictates of prudence were unattended to amidst the fashionable dissipation of the times. With many advantages both natural and acquired, and with the most flattering prospects before him, he, by an act of folly, to give it no worse a name, plunged himself from a situation, in which he had every happiness to expect, into a state, which, to contemplate, must fill the mind with astonishment and horror. It was in some of the most dreadful moments of his life, when the exercise of every faculty might be presumed to be suspended, that the present work was composed : a work which will ever be read with wonder, as exhibiting an extraordinary exertion of the mental powers in very unpropitious circumstances, and affording, at the same time, a lesson worthy of the most attentive consideration of every one into whose hands it may chance to fall. As the curiosity of the World will naturally follow the person whose solitude and confinement produced the instruction to be derived from this performance, a short Account of the Life of the Author is now prefixed. To enlarge on the merit of this Poem will be unnecessary. The feelings of every reader will estimate and proportion its value. That it contains an awful admonition to the gay and dissipated, will be readily acknowledged by every reflecting mind, especially when it is considered as the bitter fruit of those fashionable indulgences which brought disgrace and death upon its unhappy author, in spite of learning and genius, accomplishments the most captivating, and services the most important to mankind.

*THE LIFE*  
OF THE  
REV. WILLIAM DODD, I. L. D.

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WILLIAM DODD was the eldest son of a clergyman of the same name, who held the vicarage of Bourne, in the county of Lincoln, where he died the 8th day of August 1756, at the age of 54 years. His son was born at Bourne, on the 29th of May 1729, and, after finishing his school education, was admitted a Sizar of Clay Hall, Cambridge, in the year of 1745, under the tuition of Mr John Courtail, afterwards Archdeacon of Lewis. At the university he acquired the notice of his superiors by a close application to his studies: and in the year 1749-50 took his first degree of Bachelor of Arts with considerable reputation, his name being in the list of wranglers on that occasion. It was not, however, only in his academical pursuits that he was emulous of distinction. Having a pleasing form, a genteel address, and a lively imagination, he was equally celebrated for accomplishments which seldom accompany a life of learned retirement. In particular, he was fond of the elegancies of dress, and became, as he ludicrously expressed it, a zealous votary of the God of Dancing, to whose service he dedicated much of that time and attention, which he could borrow from his more important avocations.

The talents which he possessed he very early displayed to the public: and by the time he had attained the age of eighteen years, prompted by the desire of fame, and perhaps to increase his income, commenced author, in which character he began to obtain some degree of reputation.

At this period of life, young, thoughtless, volatile, and inexperienced, he precipitately quitted the university, and, relying entirely on his pen, removed to the metropolis, where he entered largely into the gaieties of the town, was a constant frequenter of all places of public diversion, and followed every species of amusement with the most dangerous avidity. In this course, however, he did not continue long. To the surprise of his friends, who least suspected him of taking such a step, without fortune, with few friends, and destitute of all means of supporting a family, he hastily united himself on the 15th of April 1751. in marriage with Miss Mary Perkins, daughter of one of the domestics of Sir John Dolben, a young lady then residing in Frith Street, Soho, who, though largely endowed with personal attractions, was certainly deficient in those of birth and fortune. To a person circumstanced as Mr Dodd then was, no measure could be more imprudent, or apparently more ruinous and destructive of his future prospects in life. He did not, however, seem to view it in that light, but, with a degree of thoughtlessness natural to him, immediately took and furnished a house in Wardour Street. Thus dancing on the brink of a precipice, and careless of to-morrow, his friends began to be alarmed at his situation. His father came to town in great distress upon the occasion, and by parental injunction he quitted his house before winter. By the same advice he probably was induced to adopt a new plan for his future subsistence. On the 19th of October, in that year, he was ordained a deacon by the bishop of Ely, at Caius College, Cambridge; and, with more prudence than he had ever shewn before, devoted himself with great assiduity to the study and duties of his profession. In these pursuits he appeared so sincere, that he even renounced all attention to his favourite objects, Polite Letters. At the end of his preface to the *Beauties of Shakespeare*, published in this year, he says, "For my own part, better and more important things henceforth demand my attention: and I here with no small pleasure take leave of Shakespeare and the Critics: as this work was begun and finished before I entered upon the sacred function in which I am now happily employed, let me trust this juvenile performance will prove no objec-

tion, since graver, and some very eminent members of the church, have thought it no improper employ to comment, explain, and publish the works of their own country poets."

The first service in which he was engaged as a clergyman, was to assist the Rev. Mr Wyatt, vicar of West Ham, as his curate: thither he removed, and there he spent the happiest and more honourable moments of his life. His behaviour was proper, decent, and exemplary. It acquired him the respect, and secured him the favour of his parishioners so far, that, on the death of their lecturer, in 1752, he was chosen to succeed him. His abilities had at this time every opportunity of being shewn to advantage; and his exertions were so properly directed, that he soon became a favourite and popular preacher. Those who remember him at this period will bear testimony to the indefatigable zeal which he exerted in his ministry, and the success which crowned his efforts. The follies of his youth seemed entirely extinguished, his friends viewed his conduct with the utmost satisfaction, and the world promised itself an example to hold out for the imitation of his brethren.

At this early season of his life he entertained favourable sentiments of the doctrine of Mr Hutchinson, and was suspected to incline towards the opinions of the methodists. A more mature age, however, induced him to renounce the one, and to disclaim the other. In 1752, he was appointed lecturer of St James, Garlick Hill, which two years afterwards he exchanged for the same post at St Olave, Hart Street. About the same time he was appointed to preach Lady Mayer's lectures at St Paul's; where, from the visit of three angels to Abraham, and other similar passages from the Old Testament, he endeavoured to prove the commonly received doctrine of the Trinity. On the establishment of the Magdalen House, in 1758, he was amongst the first and most active promoters of that charitable institution, which received great advantage from his zeal for its prosperity, and, even to the conclusion of his life, continued to be materially benefited by his labours.

From the time Mr Dodd entered into the service of the church, he resided at West Ham, and made up the deficiencies of his income by superintending the education of

some young gentlemen who were placed under his care. In 1759 he took his degree of Master of Arts. In the year 1763 he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, and about the same became known to Dr Squire, bishop of St David's, who received him into his patronage, presented him to the prebend of Brecon, and recommended him to the Earl of Chesterfield, as a proper person to be intrusted with the tuition of his successor in the title. The next year saw him chaplain to his Majesty. In 1766, he took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge. He had some expectations of succeeding to the rectory of West Ham; but having been twice disappointed, he resigned his lectureship both there and in the city, and quitted the place; "a place (says he to Lord Chesterfield) ever dear to and ever regretted by me, the loss of which, truly affecting to my mind, (for there I was useful, and there I trust I was loved), nothing but your lordship's friendship and connection could have counterbalanced." From a passage in his *Thoughts in Prison*, it may be inferred, that he was compelled to quit this his favourite residence; a circumstance which he pathetically laments, and probably with great reason, as the first step to that change in his situation which led him insensibly to his last fatal catastrophe.

On his leaving West Ham he removed to a house in Southampton Row, and at the same time launched out into scenes of expense, which his income, by this time not a small one, was unequal to support. He provided himself with a country house at Ealing, and exchanged his chariot for a coach, in order to accommodate his pupils, who, besides his noble charge, were in general persons of family and fortune. About the same time it was his misfortune to obtain a prize of £1000 in the state lottery. Elated with this success, he engaged with a builder in a plan to erect a chapel near the palace of the Queen, from whom it took its name. He entered also into a like partnership at Charlotte Chapel, Bloomsbury: and both these schemes were for some time very beneficial to him, though much inferior to his then expensive habits of living. His expectations from the former of these undertakings were extremely sanguine. It is reported, that, in fitting up his chapel near the palace, he flattered himself with the hopes

of having some young royal auditors, and in that expectation assigned a particular pew or gallery for the heir apparent. But in this, as in many other of his views, he was disappointed.

In the year 1772, he obtained the rectory of Hockliffe, in Bedfordshire; the first cure of souls he ever had. With this also he held the vicarage of Chalgrove; and the two were soon after consolidated. An accident happened about this time, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Returning from his living, he was stopt near Pancras by a highwayman, who discharged a pistol into the carriage, which happily, as it was then thought, only broke the glass. For this fact the delinquent was tried, and on Dr Dodd's evidence, convicted and hanged. Early in the next year Lord Chesterfield died, and was succeeded by our author's pupil, who appointed his preceptor his chaplain.

At this period Dr Dodd appears to have been in the zenith of his popularity and reputation. Beloved and respected by all orders of people, he would have reached, in all probability, the situation which was the object of his wishes, had he possessed patience enough to have waited for it, and prudence sufficient to keep himself out of difficulties which might prove fatal to his integrity. But the habits of dissipation and expense had acquired too much influence over him. He had, by their means, involved himself in considerable debts. To extricate himself from them, he was tempted to an act which entirely cut off every hope he could entertain of rising in his profession, and totally ruined him in the opinion of the world. On the translation of Bishop Moss, in February 1774, to the see of Bath and Wells, the valuable rectory of St George, Hanover Square, fell to the disposal of the Crown, by virtue of the King's prerogative. Whether from the suggestions of his own mind, or from the persuasion of some friends, is uncertain; but on this occasion he took a step of all others the most wild and extravagant, and least likely to be attended with success. He caused an anonymous letter to be sent to Lady Apsley, offering the sum of £3000, if by her means he could be presented to the living. The letter was immediately communicated to the Chancellor, and, after being traced to the sender, was laid before his

Majesty. The insult offered to so high an officer by the proposal, was followed by instant punishment. Dr Dodd's name was ordered to be struck out of the list of chaplains. The press teemed with satire and invective; he was abused and ridiculed in the papers of the day; and to crown the whole, the transaction became a subject of entertainment in one of Mr Foote's pieces at the Haymarket.

As no explanation could justify so absurd a measure, so no apology could palliate it. An evasive letter in the newspapers, promising a justification at a future day, was treated with universal contempt. Stung with remorse, and feelingly alive to the disgrace he had brought on himself, he hastily quitted the place where neglect and insult attended him, and went to Geneva to his pupil, who presented him to the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, which he held, with Hockliffe, by virtue of a dispensation. Though incumbered with debts, he might still have retrieved his circumstances, if not his character, had he attended to the lessons of prudence; but his extravagance continued undiminished, and drove him to schemes which overwhelmed him with additional infamy. He descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper, and is said to have attempted to disengage himself from his debts by a commission of bankruptcy, in which he failed. From this period every step led to complete his ruin. In the summer of 1776 he went to France, and, with little regard to decency, paraded it in a phaeton at the races on the Plains of Sablons, dressed in all the foppery of the kingdom in which he then resided. He returned to England about the beginning of winter, and continued to exercise the duties of his function, particularly at the Magdalen Chapel, where he was still heard with approbation, and where his last sermon was preached, February 2, 1777, two days only before he signed the fatal instrument which brought him to an ignominious end.

Pressed at length by creditors, whose importunities he was unable longer to sooth, he fell upon an expedient, from the consequences of which he could not escape. He forged a bond, from his pupil, Lord Chesterfield, for the sum of £4000, and upon the credit of it obtained a considerable sum of money. Detection of the fraud almost in-



mediately followed. He was taken before a magistrate, and committed to prison. At the sessions held at the Old Bailey, February 24, his trial commenced; and the commission of the offence being clearly proved, he was pronounced guilty; but the sentence was postponed, until the sentiments of the judges could be taken respecting the admissibility of an evidence, whose testimony had been made use of to convict him.

This accident suspended his fate until the ensuing session. In the meantime, the doubt which had been suggested, as to the validity of the evidence, was removed, by the unanimous opinion of the judges, that the testimony of the person objected to had been properly and legally received. This information was communicated to the criminal on the 12th of May; and on the 26th of the same month he was brought to the bar, to receive his sentence. Being asked what he had to allege why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he addressed the court in the following animated and pathetic speech, in the composition of which he is said to have been materially assisted by a very eminent writer.—

“ MY LORD,

“ I now stand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon public life with the expectations common to young men whose education has been liberal, and whose abilities have been flattered, and, when I became a clergyman, considered myself as not impairing the dignity of the order. I was not an idle, nor, I hope, an useless minister. I taught the truths of Christianity with the zeal of conviction, and the authority of innocence. My labours were improved, my pulpit become popular; and I have reason to believe, that of those who heard me some have been preserved from sin, and some have been reclaimed. Condescend, my Lord, to think, if these considerations aggravate my crime, how much they must embitter my punishment.

“ Being distinguished and elated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myself: and thinking my integrity what others thought it, established in sincerity, and fortified by religion, I did not consider the danger of vanity, nor suspect the deceitfulness of my own

heart. The day of conflict came, in which temptation surprised and overwhelmed me. I committed the crime, which I entreat your Lordship to believe that my conscience hourly represents to me in its full bulk of mischief and malignity. Many have been overpowered by temptation, who are now among the penitent in heaven.

“To an act now waiting the decision of vindictive justice, I will not presume to oppose the counterbalance of almost thirty years (a great part of the life of man) passed in exciting and exercising charity ; in relieving such distresses as I now feel, in administering those consolations which I now want. I will not otherwise extenuate my offence, than by declaring, what many circumstances make probable, that I did not intend to be finally fraudulent. Nor will it become me to apportion my punishment, by alleging that my sufferings have been not much less than my guilt. I had fallen from reputation, which ought to have made me cautious ; and from a fortune, which ought to have given me content. I am sunk at once into poverty and scorn ; my name and my crime fill the ballads in the street, the sport of the thoughtless, and the triumph of the wicked.

“It may seem strange, that, remembering what I have lately been, I should wish to continue what I am. But contempt of death, how speciously soever it might mingle with Heathen virtues, has nothing suitable to Christian penitence. Many motives impel me to beg earnestly for life. I feel the natural horror of a violent death, and the universal dread of untimely dissolution. I am desirous of recompensing the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world, and to religion, and to efface the scandal of my crime by the example of my repentance. But, above all, I wish to die with thoughts more composed, and calmer preparation. The gloom of a prison, the anxiety of a trial, and the inevitable vicissitudes of passion, leave the mind little disposed to the holy exercises of prayer and self-examination. Let not a little time be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, be prepared to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and support the presence of that Judge who shall distribute to all according to their works, who will receive to pardon the repenting sinner, and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy.

“ For these reasons, amidst shame and misery, I yet wish to live: and most humbly intreat, that I may be recommended by your Lordship to the clemency of his Majesty.”

Having made this speech to the Court, the Doctor, with two other capital convicts, received sentence of death.

From this time the friends of Dr Dodd were assiduously employed in endeavouring to save his life. Besides the petitions of many individuals, the members of the several charities which had been benefited by him, joined in applications to the throne for mercy: the City of London likewise, in its corporate capacity, solicited a remission of the punishment, in consideration of the advantages which the public had derived from his various and laudable exertions. The petitions were supposed to be signed by near thirty thousand persons. They were however of no avail. On the 15th of June the Privy Council assembled, and deliberated on the cases of the several prisoners then under condemnation; and in the end a warrant was ordered to be made out for the execution of Dr Dodd, on the 27th of the same month.

On the day preceeding that of his execution he took leave of his wife and some friends, after which he declared himself ready to atone for the offence he had given to the world.

He published many productions both in prose and verse: among which, that particularly noticed is his Novel, entitled “ The Sisters,” a work calculated to promote morality, and at the same time furnish the reader both with entertainment and instruction. His religious tracts are admirable, and his political productions pointed with very severe satire.

Of his behaviour at this awful juncture, a particular account was given by Mr Vilette, ordinary of Newgate, in the following terms.—

“ On the morning of his death I went to him with the Rev. Mr Dobey, chaplain of the Magdalen, whom he had desired to attend him to the place of execution. He appeared composed; and when I asked him how he had been supported, he said he had some comfortable sleep, by which he should be the better enabled to perform his duty.

“ As we went from his cell in our way to the chapel,

we were joined by his friend, who had spent the foregoing evening with him, and also by another clergyman. When we were in the vestry adjoining to the chapel, he exhorted his fellow-sufferer, who had attempted to destroy himself, but had been prevented by the vigilance of the keeper. He spoke to him with great tenderness and emotion of heart, entreating him to consider that he had but a short time to live, and that it was highly necessary that he as well as himself, made good use of their time, implored pardon of God under a deep sense of sin, and looked to that Lord by whose merits alone sinners could be saved. He desired me to call in the other gentleman, who likewise assisted him to move the heart of the poor youth : but the Doctor's words were the most pathetic and effectual. He lifted up his hands, and cried out, ' O Lord Jesus, have mercy on us, and give, O give unto him, my fellow-sinner, that as we suffer together, we may go together to heaven ! ' His conversation to this poor youth was so moving, that tears flowed from the eyes of all present.

" He prayed God to bless his friends who were present with him, and to give his blessing to all his brethren the clergy ; that he would pour out his Spirit upon them, and make them true ministers of Jesus Christ, and that they might follow the divine precepts of their heavenly Master. Turning to one who stood near him, he stretched out his hand, and said, Now, my dear friend, speculation is at an end ; all must be real ! what poor ignorant beings we are ! He prayed for the Magdalens, and wished they were there, to sing for him the 23d Psalm.

" After he had waited sometime for the officers, he asked what o'clock it was ; and being told that it was half an hour after eight, he said, ' I wish they were ready, for I long to be gone.' He requested of his friends who were in tears about him, to pray for him : to which he was answered by two of them,—We pray more than language can utter. He replied, ' I believe it.'

" At length he was summoned to go down into a part of the yard which is inclosed from the rest of the gaol, where the two unhappy convicts and the friends of the Doctor were alone. On his seeing two prisoners looking out of the windows, he went to them and exhorted them

so pathetically, that they both wept abundantly. He said once, 'I am now a spectacle to men, and shall soon be a spectacle to angels.'

"Just before the sheriff's officers came with the halters, one who was walking with him told him that there was yet a little solemnity he must pass through before he went out. He asked, 'What is that?' 'You will be bound.' He looked up, and said, 'Yet I am free; my freedom is there,' pointing upwards.—He bore it with Christian patience, and beyond what might have been expected; and when the men offered to excuse tying his hands, he desired them to do their duty, and thanked them for their kindness. After he was bound, I offered to assist him with my arm in conducting him through the yard, where several people were assembled to see him; but he replied, with seeming pleasure, 'No, I am as firm as a rock.'—As he passed along the yard, the spectators and prisoners wept and bemoaned him; and he, in return, prayed God to bless them.

"On the way to execution he consoled himself in reflecting and speaking on what Christ had suffered for him: lamenting the depravity of human nature, which made sanguinary laws necessary; and said he could gladly have died in the prison-yard, as being led out to public execution tended greatly to distress him. He desired me to read to him the 51st Psalm, and also pointed out an admirable penitential prayer from Russell's Prisoner's Directory. He prayed again for the King, and likewise for the people.

"When he came near the street where he formerly dwelt, he was much affected and wept. He said probably his tears would seem to be the effect of cowardice, but it was a weakness he could not well help; and added, he hoped he was going to a better home.

"When he arrived at the gallows, he ascended the cart, and spoke to his fellow-sufferer. He then prayed, not only for himself, but also for his wife and the unfortunate youth that suffered with him; and declaring that he died in the true faith of the gospel of Christ, in perfect love and charity with all mankind, and with thankfulness to his friends, he was launched into eternity, imploring mercy for his soul, for the sake of his blessed Redeemer.

"His corpse, on the Monday following, was carried to Cowley, in Buckinghamshire, and deposited in the church there.

*A few Days before Dr Dodd suffered Death, the following Observations on the Propriety of pardoning him, were written and sent to the Public Papers by Dr Johnson.*

YESTERDAY was presented to the Secretary of State, by the Earl Percy, a Petition in favour of Dr Dodd, signed by twenty-three thousand hands. On this occasion it is natural to consider,

That in all countries penal laws have been relaxed as particular reasons have emerged :

That a life eminently beneficent, a single action eminently good, or even the power of being useful to the public, have been sufficient to protect the life of a delinquent :

That no arbiter of life and death has ever been censured for granting the life of a criminal to honest and powerful solicitations :

That the man for whom a nation petitions, must be presumed to have merit uncommon in kind or in degree : for however the mode of collecting subscriptions, or the right of judgment exercised by the subscribers, may be open to dispute, it is at least plain that something is done for this man, that was never done for any other ; and Government, which must proceed upon general views, may rationally conclude that this man is something better than other offenders have been, or has done something more than others have done :

That though the people cannot judge of the administration of justice so well as their governors, yet their voice has always been regarded :

That this is a case in which the petitioners determine against their own interest ; those for whose protection the law was made, entreat its relaxation : and our governors cannot be charged with the consequences which the people bring upon themselves :

That as this is a case without example, it will probably be without consequences, and many ages will elapse before such a crime is again committed by such a man :

That though life be spared, justice may be satisfied with ruin, imprisonment, exile, infamy, and penury.

# THOUGHTS IN PRISON,

COMMENCED

*Sunday Evening, Eight o'Clock,\* Feb. 23, 1777.*

---

## WEEK THE FIRST.

### *The Imprisonment.*

My friends are gone! Harsh on its sullen hinge  
Grates the dread door: the massy bolts respond  
Tremendous to the surly keeper's touch.  
The dire keys clang, with movement dull and slow  
While their behest the ponderous locks perform;  
And fastened firm, the object of their care  
Is left to solitude,—to sorrow left!

But wherefore fastened? Oh! still stronger bonds  
Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten brass,  
To solitude and sorrow would consign  
His anguish'd soul, and prison him, tho' free!  
For, whither should he fly, or where produce  
In open day, and to the golden sun,  
His hapless head! whence every laurel torn,  
On his bald brow sits grinning Infamy:  
And all in sportive triumph twines around  
The keen, the stinging adders of disgrace!

Yet what's disgrace with man? or all the stings  
Of pointed scorn? What the tumultuous voice  
Of erring multitudes? Or what the shafts  
Of keenest malice, levelled from the bow  
Of human inquisition?—if the God,  
Who knows the heart, looks with complacence down  
Upon the struggling victim, and beholds  
Repentance bursting from the earth-bent eye,  
And faith's red cross held closely to the breast?

Oh Author of my being, of my bliss  
Beneficent dispenser! wond'rous power,

\* The hour when they lock up in this dismal place.

Whose eye, all-searching, thro' this dreary gloom  
 Discerns the deepest secrets of the soul,  
 Assist me ! With thy ray of light divine  
 Illumine my dark thoughts ; upraise my low ;  
 And give me wisdom's guidance, while I strive  
 Impartially to state the dread account,  
 And call myself to trial ! ' Trial far  
 Than that more fearful—tho' how fearful that  
 Which trembling late I prov'd ! Oh aid my hand  
 To hold the balance equal, and allow  
 The few sad moments of remaining life  
 To retrospection useful ! make my end,  
 As my first wish (thou know'st the heart) has been,  
 To make my whole of being to my friends,  
 My fellow-pilgrims through this world of woe,  
 Instructive !—Oh could I conduct but one,  
 One only with me, to our Canaan's rest,  
 How could I meet my fate, nor think it hard !

Not think it hard ;—Burst into tears my soul ;  
 Gush every pore of my distracted frame,  
 Gush into drops of blood !—But one ; save one,  
 Or guide to Canaan's rest !—when all thy views  
 In better days were delicate alone  
 To guide, persuade to that celestial rest,  
 Souls which have listen'd with devotion's ear  
 To Sion's song enchanting from thy lips,  
 And tidings sweet of Jesu's pardoning love !

But one, save one !—Oh, what a rest is this !  
 Oh what a Sabbath in this dungeon's gloom,  
 This prison-house, meet emblem of the realm  
 Reserv'd for the ungodly ! Hark, methinks  
 I hear the cheerful melody of praise  
 And penitential sweetness !\* 'Tis the sound,  
 The well-known sound, to which my soul attun'd,

\* Referring more immediately to the duty of the Magdalen Chapel.



For year succeeding year, hath harken'd glad,  
 And still with fresh delight : while all my powers  
 In blest employ, have prest the saving truths  
 Of grace divine, and faith's all-conquering might,  
 On the sure Rock of Ages grounded firm.

Those hours are gone ! and here, from heaven  
 shut out,

And heavenly works like these, on this lov'd day,  
 Rest of my God—I only hear around  
 The dismal clang of chains, the hoarse rough shout  
 Of dissonant imprecation, and the cry  
 Of misery and vice, in fearful din  
 Impetuous mingled ; while my frighted mind  
 Shrinks back in horror ! while the scalding tears,  
 Involuntary starting, furrow down  
 My sickly cheeks ; and whirling thought confus'd  
 For giddy moments, scarce allows to know  
 Or where, or who, or what a wretch I am !

Not know?—Alas ! too well it strikes my heart,  
 Emphatical it speaks ! while dungeons, chains,  
 And bars and bolts proclaim the mournful truth,  
 'Ah what a wretch thou art ! how sunk, how fall'n,  
 From what high state of bliss, into what woe !'†  
 Fall'n from the topmost bough that plays in air  
 E'en of the tallest cedar ; where aloft  
 Proud happiness her tow'ring eyry built,  
 Built, as I dreamt, for ages. Idle dream !  
 And yet, amongst the millions of mankind,  
 Who sleep like me, how few like me deceiv'd,  
 Do not indulge the same fantastic dream !

Give me the angel's clarion !—Let me sound  
 Loud as the blast which shall awake the dead ;  
 Oh let me sound, and call the slumberers forth  
 To view the vision which delusion charms ;

To shake the potent incantation off;  
 Or ere it burst in ruin on their souls,  
 As it has burst on mine.—Not on my soul!  
 Retract the dread idea: Righteous God!  
 Not on my soul! Oh thou art gracious all;  
 And with an eye of pity from thy throne  
 Of majesty supernal, thou behold'st  
 The creatures of thy hand, thy feeble sons,  
 Struggling with sin, with Satan, and the world,  
 Their sworn and deadly foes; and having felt  
 In human flesh the trials of our kind,  
 Know'st sympathetic how to aid the tried!

Rock of my hope! the rash, rash phrase forgive;  
 Safe is my soul: nor can it know one fear,  
 Grounded on Thee unchangeable! Thee first,  
 Thee last, great Cleanser of all human sin!

But though secure the vessel rides in port,  
 Held firm by faith's strong anchor—well it suits  
 The mariner to think by what strange means  
 Through perils unconceivable he pass'd,  
 Thro' rocks, sands, pirates, storms and boister-  
 ous waves,

And happily obtain'd that port at last,

On these my thoughts are bent; nor deem it  
 wrong,

Min'st'ring angels! whose benignant task,  
 Assign'd by Heav'n, is to console distress,  
 And hold up human hearts amidst the toil  
 Of human woe!\*—Blest spirits, who delight  
 In sweet submissive resignation's smile,  
 To that high will you know for ever right:—  
 Deem it not wrong, that with a weeping eye,  
 Deem it not wrong, that with a bleeding heart,  
 I dwell a while, unworthiest of my race,

\* See Psalm xxxiv. 7. Heb. i. 11.

On those black rocks, those quicksands, waves,  
 and storms,  
 Which in a sea of trouble have engulf'd  
 All, all my earthly comforts; and have left  
 Me, a poor naked, shipwreck'd, suffering wretch,  
 On this bleak shore, in this confinement drear;  
 At sight of which, in better days, my soul  
 Hath started back with horror! while my friend,  
 My bosom-partner in each hour of pain,  
 With antidotes preventive kindly arm'd,  
 Trembling for my lov'd health; when Christian  
 calls

And zeal for other's welfare, haply brought  
 My steps attendant on this den of death!

O dismal change! now not in friendly sort  
 A Christian visitor, to pour the balm  
 Of Christian comfort in some wretch's ear,—  
 I am that wretch myself! and want, much want,  
 'The Christian consolation I bestow'd,  
 So cheerfully bestow'd! want, want, my God,  
 From Thee the mercy, from my fellow-man  
 The lenient mercy, which, great Judge of hearts,  
 To Thee I make the solemn, sad appeal—  
 That mercy which 'Thou know'st my gladsome soul  
 Ever sprang forth with transport to impart!

Why then, mysterious Providence, pursued  
 With such unfeeling ardour? why pursued  
 To death's dread bourn, by men to me unknown!  
 Why—Stop the deep question; it o'erwhelms my  
 soul;

It reels, it staggers—Earth turns round! my brain  
 Whirls in confusion! my impetuous heart  
 Throbs with pulsations not to be restrain'd?  
 Why?—where?—Oh Chesterfield! my son, my  
 son!

Nay, talk not of composure! I had thought  
 In olden time, that my weak heart was soft,  
 And pity's self might break it.—I had thought  
 That marble-eyed severity would crack  
 The slender nerves which guide my reins of sense,  
 And give me up to madness. 'Tis not so:  
 My heart is callous, and my nerves are tough:  
 It will not break! they will not crack; or else  
 What more, just Heaven, was wanting to the deed,  
 Than to behold—Oh that eternal night  
 Had in that moment screen'd me from myself!—  
 My Stanhope to behold, whose filial ear  
 Drank pleas'd the lore of wisdom from my tongue.  
 My Stanhope to behold!—Ah piercing sight!  
 Forget it;—'tis distraction:—Speak who can  
 But I am lost! a criminal adjudg'd!

A guilty miscreant! Canst thou think, my friend,  
 Oh Butler—midst a million faithful found?  
 Oh canst thou think, who know'st, who long  
 hast known,

My inmost soul! oh canst thou think that life,  
 From such rude outrage for a moment sav'd,  
 And sav'd almost by a miracle,† deserves  
 The languid wish, or e'er can be sustain'd?

It can—it must! That miracle alone  
 To life gives consequence. Oh deem it not  
 Presumptuous, that my grateful soul thus rates  
 The present high deliverance it hath found;—  
 Sole effort of thy wisdom, Sovereign Power,  
 Without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls!  
 O may I cease to live, ere cease to bless  
 That interposing hand, which turn'd aside—

† Referring to the case reserved for the solemn decision of the twelve judges; and which gave the prisoner a much longer space than his most sanguine friends could have expected, from the complexion of the process. See *the London Chronicle* for Feb. 1777.

Nay to my life and preservation turn'd  
 The fatal blow precipitate, ordain'd  
 To level all my little hopes in dust,  
 And give me to the grave! Rather, my hand,  
 Forget thy cunning! Rather shall my tongue  
 In gloomy silence bury every note  
 To my glad heart, respondent, than I cease  
 To dedicate to Him who spar'd my life,  
 Each breath, each power, while he vouchsafes to  
 lend

The precious boon!—To Him be all its praise!  
 To Him be all its service! Long or short,  
 The gift's the same: to live or die to him  
 Is gain sufficient, everlasting gain;  
 And may that gain be mine!—I live, I live!  
 Ye hours, ye minutes, bounty of his grace,  
 Fleet not away without improvement due:  
 Rich on your wings bear penitence and prayer  
 To Heaven's all-clement Ruler; and to man  
 Bear all the retribution man can make!  
 Ye precious hours, ye moments snatch'd from death,  
 Replete with incense rise—that my cheer'd soul,  
 When comes the solemn call, may spring away,  
 Delighted, to the bosom of its God!

Who shall condemn the trust?—proud rationals  
 (That deep in speculation's 'wilder maze  
 Bemuse themselves with error, and confound  
 The laws of men, of nature, and of Heav'n)  
 Presumptuous in their wisdom, dare dethrone  
 Even from his works the Maker: and contend  
 That he who form'd it governs not the world:  
 While, steep'd in sense's Lethe, sons of earth  
 From the world's partial picture gaily draw  
 Their mad conclusions. Bold broad-staring vice,  
 Lull'd on the lap of every mundane bliss,

At meek-eyed Virtue's patient suffering scoffs,  
And dares with dauntless insolence the God  
Regardless of his votaries!—Vain and blind!  
Alike through wisdom or through folly blind—  
Whose dim contracted view the petty round,  
The mere horizon of the present hour  
In darkness terminates! Oh could I ope  
The golden portals of eternal day;  
Pour on your sight the congregated blaze  
Of light, of wisdom bursting from the throne  
Of universal glory; on the round  
The boundless cycle of His moral plan,  
Who, hid in clouds terrific, master sits  
Of subject men and worlds: and sees at once  
The ample scene of present, future, past,  
All naked to his eye of flame:—all rang'd  
In harmony complete to work his will,  
And finish with the plaudit of the skies!

But—while this 'whelming blazon may not burst  
On the weak eyes of mortals.; while confin'd  
Thro' dark dim glass, with dark dim sight to look  
All trembling to the future, and collect  
The scatter'd rays of wisdom; while referred  
Our infant reason to the guiding hand  
Of faith strong-eyed, which never quits the view  
Of Jesus, her great pole-star! from whose words,  
Irradiate with the lustre of his love,  
She learns the mighty Master to explore  
In all his works: and from the meanest taught  
Beholds the God, the Father.—Scorn ye not,  
My fellow-pilgrims, fellow-heirs of death,  
Aed, oh triumphant thought!—my fellow-heirs  
Of life immortal:—if not sold to sense  
And infidelity's black cause, you cast  
Ungracious from yourselves the proffer'd boon:

—Then scorn not, oh my friends! when Heaven  
vouchsafes

To teach, by meanest objects, reptiles, birds,  
To take one lesson from a worm like me!

Proof of a gracious providence I live;—

To him be all the glory! Of his care

Paternal, his supporting signal love,

I live each hour and argument. Away

The systematic dulness of dispute!

Away, each doating reasoner!—I feel,

Feel in my inmost heart the conscious sense,

The grateful pressure of distinguish'd grace,

And live, and only wish for life to praise it.

For say, my soul—nor 'midst this silence sad,

This midnight, awful, melancholy gloom,

Nor in this solemn moment of account

'Twixt thee and Heaven—when on his altar lies

A sacrifice thy naked bleeding heart!

Say, nor self-flattering, to thy conscience hold

The mirror of deceit: could'st thou have thought

Thy nerves, thy head, thy heart, thy frame, thy

sense,

Sufficient to sustain the sudden shock,

Rude as a bursting earthquake, which at once

Toppled the happy edifice adown,

Whelm'd thee and thine beneath its ruinous crash,

And buried all in sorrow!—Torn away

Impetuous from thy home, thy much-lov'd home,

Without one moment to reflection giv'n!

By soothing, solemn promise, led to place

Ingenuous all thy confidence of life

In men, assuming gentle pity's guise!

Vain confidence in ought beneath the sun!

Behold the hour, the dreadful hour arriv'd:

The prison opes its ruthless gates upon thee!

O horror ! But what's this, this fresh attack !  
'Tis she, 'tis she ! my weeping, fainting wife !  
" And hast thou faithful found me ? Has thy love  
Thus burst thro' ev'ry barrier ? Hast thou trac'd  
—Depress'd in health, and timid as thou art—  
At midnight trac'd the desolate wild streets,  
Thus in a prison's gloom to throw thy arms  
Of conjugal endearment round the neck  
Of thy lost husband ?—Fate, exact thy worst ;  
The bitterness is past."—Idea vain !  
To tenfold bitterness drench'd in my deep cup  
Of gall the morning rises ! Statue like,  
Inanimate, half dead, and fainting half,  
To stand a spectacle !—the prætor stern  
Denying to my pleading tears one pang  
Of human sympathy ! Conducted forth,  
Amidst th' unfeeling populace ; pursued  
Like some deer, which from the hunter's aim  
Hath ta'en its deadly hurt ; and glad to find—  
Panting with woe—my refuge in a goal !  
Can misery stretch more tight the torturing cord ?  
But hence this softness ! Wherefore thus lament  
These petty poor escutcheons of thy fate,  
When lies—all worthy of thyself and life,  
Cold in the herse of ruin ?—Rather turn  
Grateful thine eyes, and raise, tho' red with tears,  
To his high throne, who looks on thy distress  
With fatherly compassion ; kindly throws  
Sweet comfort's mixture in thy cup, and sooths  
With Gilead's balm thy death-wound. He it is  
Who, midst the shock disrupting, holds in health  
Thy shatter'd frame, and keeps thy reason clear ;  
He, He it is, whose pitying powers supports  
Thy humbled soul, deep humbled in the dust,  
Beneath the sense of guilt ; the mournful sense



Of deep transgression 'gainst thy fellow men,  
Of sad offence 'gainst Him, thy Father God ;  
Who, lavish in his bounties, woo'd thy heart  
With each paternal blessing ;—ah ingrate,  
And worthless ! Yet—(His mercies who can count,  
Or truly speak his praise !) —Yet thro' this gloom  
Of self-conviction, lowly He vouchsafes  
To dart a ray of comfort, like the sun's,  
All-cheering through a summer's evening shower !  
Arch'd in his gorgeous sky, I view the bow  
Of grace-fix'd emblem ! 'Tis that grace alone  
Which gives my soul its firmness ; builds my hope  
Beyond the grave ; and bids me spurn the earth !

First of all blessings, hail ! Yet Thou from whom,  
Both first and last, both great and small proceed ;  
Exhaustless Source of every good to man,  
Accept for all, the tribute of my praise ;  
For all are thine !—Thine the ingenuous friends,  
Who solace with compassion sweet my woe ;  
Mingle with mine their sympathetic tears ;  
Incessant and disinterested toil  
To work my weal ; and delicately kind,  
Watch every keener sensibility  
That lives about my soul. Oh, more than friends,  
In tenderness my children !—Thine are too  
The very keepers of the rugged jail,  
—Ill school to learn humanity's soft lore !—  
Yet here humanity their duty pays,  
Respectably affecting ! Whilst they tend  
My little wants, officious in their zeal,  
They turn away, and fain would hide the tear  
That gushes all unbidden to their eye,  
And sanctifies their service. —On their heads  
Thy blessing, Lord of Bounty !—

—But, of all,

All thy choice comforts in this drear distress,  
 God of our first young love ! Thine is the Wife  
 Who with assiduous care, from night to morn,  
 From morn to night, watches my every need ;  
 And, as in brightest days of peace and joy,  
 Smiles on my anguish, while her own poor breast  
 Is full almost to bursting ! Prostrate, Lord,  
 Before thy footstool—Thou whose highest style  
 On earth, in heaven, is love !—Thou who hast  
     breath'd

Through human hearts the tender charities,  
 The social fond affections which unite  
 In bonds of sweetest amity those hearts,  
 And guide to every good !—Thou, whose kind eye  
 Complacent must behold the rich, ripe fruit,  
 Mature and mellow'd on the generous stock  
 Of thy own careful planting !—Low on earth  
 And mingled with my native dust, I cry ;  
 With all the Husband's anxious fondness cry ;  
 With all the friend's solicitude and truth ;  
 With all the teacher's fervour—" God of Love,  
 Vouchsafe thy choicest comforts on her head !  
 Be thine my fate's decision : To thy will  
 With angel-resignation, lo, we bend !"

But hark ! what sound, wounding the night's  
     dull ear,  
 Burst sudden on my sense, and makes more horrible  
 These midnight horrors ?—" 'Tis the solemn bell,  
 Alarm to the prisoners of death !"  
 Hark ! what a groan, responsive from the cells  
 Of condemnation, calls upon my heart,  
 My thrilling heart, for intercession strong,

\* This alludes to a very striking and awful circumstance. The bellman of St Sepulchre's, near the prison, is by long and pious custom appointed to announce at midnight to the condemned criminals in their cells, *That the hour of their departure is at hand !*

And pleading in the sufferer's behalf—

My fellow-sufferers, and my fellow-men!

Cease then awhile the strain, my plaintive soul,  
And veil thy face of sorrow! Lonely hours  
Soon will return thee to thy midnight task.

For much remains to sing; sad themes, unsung,  
As deem'd perchance too mournful;—yet, what else  
Than themes like these can suit a muse like mine!

—And might it be, that while ingenuous woe  
Bleeds thro' my verse; while the succeeding page  
Weaving with my sad story the detail

Of crimes, of punishments, of prisons drear,

Of present life and future—sad discourse

And serious shall contain; O might it be,

That human hearts may listen and improve;

Oh might it be, that benefit to souls

Flow from the weeping tablet: though the Man

In torture die—the Painter shall rejoice!

END OF THE FIRST WEEK.

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## WEEK THE SECOND.

*The Retrospect. Sunday, March 2, 1777.*

Oh, not that thou goest hence—sweet drooping  
flower,

Surcharg'd with sorrow's dew!—Not that thou  
quitt'st

This pent and feverish gloom, which beams with  
light,

With health, with comfort by thy presence cheer'd,

Companion of my life, and of my woes

Blest soother! Not that thou goest hence to drink

A purer air, and gather from the breath

Of balmy spring new succour, to recruit

Thy waning health, and aid thee to sustain,  
With more than manly fortitude, thy own  
And my afflictive trials ! Not, that here,  
Amidst the glories of this genial day,  
Immur'd, through iron bars I peep at Heaven  
With dim, lack-lustre eye ! — Oh, 'tis not this  
'That drives the poison'd point of torturous thought  
Deep to my spring of life ! It is not this  
That prostrate lays me weeping in the dust,  
And draws in sobs the life-blood from my heart !

Well could I bear thy absence : well, full well ;  
Tho' angel comforts in thy converse smile,  
And make my dungeon Paradise ! Full well  
Could I sustain through iron bars to view  
The golden Sun, in bridegroom-majesty  
Taking benignant nature to his love,  
And decking her with bounties ! Well, very well  
Could I forego the delicate delight  
Of tracing nature's germins as they bud ;  
Of viewing spring's first children as they rise  
In innocent sweetness, or beneath the thorn  
In rural privacy ; or on gay parterre  
More artful, less enchanting ! — Well, very well  
Could I forego to listen — in this house  
Of unremitted din — and nought complain ;  
To listen as I oft' have stood with thee  
Listening in fond endearment to the voice  
Of stock-dove, through the silence of the wood  
Hoarse murmuring ! — Well, oh could I forego  
These innocent, though exquisite delights,  
Still new, and to my bosom still attun'd  
In moral, mental melody ! — Sweet Spring !  
Well could I bear this sad exile from Thee.  
Nor drop one tear reluctant ; for my soul  
Strong to superior feelings, soars aloft

To eminence of misery!—Confin'd  
 On this blest day—the Sabbath of my God!  
 —Not from his House alone, not from the power  
 Of joyful worship with assembling crowds,\*  
 But from the labours once so amply mine,  
 The labours of his love. Now, laid aside,  
 Cover'd my head with ignominious dust,  
 My voice is stopp'd! and had I e'en the power,  
 Strong shame, and stronger grief, would to that  
     voice

Forbid all utterance!—Ah, thrice hapless voice,  
 By Heaven's own finger all indulgent tun'd  
 To touch the heart, and win th' attentive soul  
 To love of truth divine, how useless now,  
 How dissonant, unstrung!—Like Salem's harps,  
 Once fraught with richest harmony of praise,  
 Hung in sad silence by Euphrates' stream,  
 Upon the mournful willows! There they wept,  
 Thy captive people wept, O God!—when thought  
 To bitter memory recall'd the songs,  
 The dulcet Songs of Sion! Oh blest songs,  
 Transporting chorus of united hearts,  
 In cheerful music mounting to the praise  
 Of Sion's King of Glory!—Oh the joy  
 Transcendant, of petitions wing'd aloft  
 With fervour irresistible from throngs  
 Assembled in thy earthly courts, dread King  
 Of all-dependant nature!—looking up  
 For all to Thee, as do the servant's eyes  
 Up to their fostering Master! Joy of joys,  
 Amidst such throng'd assemblies to stand forth,  
 To blow the Silver Trumpet of thy Grace;  
 The gladsome year of jubilee to proclaim,  
 And offer to the aching sinner's heart

Redemption's healing mercies ! And methinks  
 (—Indulge the pleasing reverie, my soul !  
 The waking dream, which in oblivion sweet  
 Lulls thy o'erlabour'd sense !) methinks convey'd  
 To Ham's lov'd shades—dear favourite shades,  
     by peace

And pure religion sanctify'd—I hear  
 The tuneful bells their hallow'd message sound  
 To Christian hearts symphonious ! Circling time  
 Once more hath happily brought round the day  
 Which calls us to the temple of our God :  
 Then let us haste, in decent neatness clad,  
 My cheerful little household, to his courts,  
 So lov'd, so truly honour'd ! There we'll mix  
 In meek, ingenuous deprecation's cry ;  
 There we'll unite in full thanksgiving's choir,  
 And all the rich melodiousness of praise.

I feel, I feel the rapture ! David's harp  
 Concordant with a thousand voices sounds :  
 Prayer mounts exulting : Man ascends the skies  
 On wings of angel-fervour ! Holy writ  
 Or speaks the wonders of Jehovah's power,  
 Or tells in more than mortal majesty,  
 The greater wonders of his love to man !  
 Proofs of that love, see where the mystic signs,  
 High emblems of unutterable grace,  
 Confirm to man the zeal of Heaven to save,  
 And call to gratitude's best office !

—————Wise

In all thy sacred institutions, Lord,  
 Thy Sabbaths with peculiar wisdom shine ;  
 First and high argument, creation done,  
 Of thy benign solicitude for man,  
 Thy chiefest, favourite creature. Time is thine ;  
 How just to claim a part, who giv'st the whole !

But oh, how gracious, to assign that part  
 To man's supreme behoof, his soul's best good ;  
 His mortal and his mental benefit ;  
 His body's genial comfort ! Savage else,  
 Untaught, undisciplin'd, in shaggy pride  
 He'd rov'd the wild, amidst the brutes a brute  
 Ferocious ; to the soft civilities  
 Of cultivated life, Religion, Truth,  
 A barbarous stranger. To thy Sabbaths then  
 All hail, wise Legislator ! 'Tis to these  
 We owe at once the memory of thy works,  
 Thy mighty works of nature and of grace ;—  
 We owe divine Religion : and to these  
 The decent comeliness of social life.

Revere, ye earthly magistrates, who wield  
 The sword of Heaven.—the wisdom of Heaven's  
                   plan,

And sanctify the Sabbath of your God !  
 Religion's all : With that or stands or falls  
 Your country's weal ! but where shall she obtain,  
 —Religion, sainted pilgrim—shelter safe  
 Or honourable greeting ;—through the land,  
 If led by high and low, in giddy dance.  
 Mad profanation on the sacred day  
 Of God's appointed rest, her revel-rout  
 Insulting heads, and leaves the temple void !  
 —Oh, my lov'd country ! oh, ye thoughtless great,  
 Intoxicate with draughts, that opium-like  
 For transient moments stupify the mind  
 To wake in horrors, and confusion wild !—

But soft, and know thyself ! 'Tis not for thee,  
 Poor destitute ! thus groveling in the dust  
 Of self-annihilation, to assume  
 The Censor's office, and reprove mankind.  
 Ah me—thy day of duty is declin'd !

Thou rather, to the quick probe thine own wounds,  
And plead for mercy at the judgment-seat,  
Where conscience smites thee for the offence de-  
plor'd.

Yet not presumptuous deem it, Arbiter  
Of human thoughts, that thro' the long, long gloom  
Of multiply'd transgressions, I behold  
Complacent smiling on my sickening soul,  
“ Delight in thy lov'd Sabbaths !” Well Thou  
know'st—

For thou know'st all things--that the cheerful sound  
Of that blest day's return, for circling weeks,  
For months, for years, for more than thrice seven  
years,

Was music to my heart ! My feet rejoic'd  
To bear me to thy temples, haply fraught  
With Comfort's tidings ; with thy gospel's truth,  
The gospel of thy peace ! Oh, well Thou know'st,  
Who knowest all things, with what welcome toil,  
What pleasing assiduity I search'd

Thy heavenly word, to learn thy heavenly will ;  
That faithful I might minister its truth,  
And of the high commission nought kept back  
From the great congregation !\* well thou know'st,

—Sole, sacred Witness of my private hours—

How copiously I bath'd with pleading tears,  
How earnestly in prayer consign'd to Thee  
The humble efforts of my trembling pen ;  
My best, weak efforts in my Master's cause ;  
Weak as the feather 'gainst the giant's shield,  
Light as the gos'mer floating on the wind,  
Without thy aid omnipotent ! Thou know'st  
How, anxious to improve in every grace,  
That best to man's attention might commend



Th' important message, studious I apply'd  
My feeble talents to the holy art  
Of 'suasive elocation ; emulous  
Of every acquisition which might clothe  
In purest diguity the purest work,  
The first, the highest office man can bear,  
“ The Messenger of God ! ” And well Thou  
know'st,

—For all the work, as all the praise is thine—  
What sweet success accompanied the toil :  
What harvests bless'd the seed-time ! Well thou  
know'st

With what triumphant gladness my rapt soul  
Wrought in the vineyard ! how it thankful bore  
The noon-day's heat, the evening's chilly frost,  
Exulting in its much-lov'd Master's cause  
To spend, and to be spent ! and bring it home  
From triple labours of the well-toil'd day,  
A body by fatigue o'erborne ; a mind  
Replete with glad emotions to its God !

Ah, my lov'd household ! ah, my little round  
Of social friends ! well do you bear in mind  
Those pleasing evenings, when, on my return,  
Much-wish'd return—serenity the mild,  
And cheerfulness the innocent, with me  
Enter'd the happy dwelling ! Thou, my Ernest,  
Ingenuous youth ! whose early spring bespoke  
Thy summer, as it is, with richest crops  
Luxuriant waving ; gentle youth, canst thou  
Those welcome hours forget ? or thou—oh thou !  
—How shall I utter from my beating heart  
Thy name, so musical, so heavenly sweet  
Once to these ears distracted !—Stanhope, say,  
Canst thou forget those hours, when, cloth'd in  
smiles

Of fond respect, thou and thy friend have strove  
 Whose little hands should readiest supply  
 My willing wants; officious in your zeal  
 To make the Sabbath evenings, like the day,  
 A scene of sweet composure to my soul !\*  
 Oh happy Sabbaths !—Oh my soul's delight !  
 Oh days of matchless mercy ! matchless praise !  
 Gone, gone, for ever gone ! How dreadful spent,  
 Useless in tears, and groans, and bitter woe,  
 In this wild place of horrors !† —Oh, return,  
 Ye happy Sabbaths ! or to that lov'd realm  
 Dismiss me, Father of compassions, where  
 Reigns one eternal Sabbath ! Though my voice,  
 Feeble at best, be damp'd, and cannot soar  
 To strains sublime, beneath the sorrowing sense  
 Of base ingratitude to thee, my God,  
 My Father, Benefactor, Saviour, Friend—  
 Yet in that realm of rest 'twill quickly catch  
 Congenial harmony ! 'twill quickly rise  
 Even from humility's weak, trembling touch ;  
 Rise with the glowing Seraph in the choir,  
 And strive to be the loudest in thy praise.

Too soaring thought ! that in a moment sunk  
 By sad reflection and convicting guilt,  
 Falls prostrate on the earth.—So, pois'd in air,  
 And warbling his wild notes about the clouds,  
 Almost beyond the ken of human sight ;  
 Clapp'd to his side his plummy steerage, down  
 Drops—instantaneous drops the silent lark !  
 —How shall I mount to heaven ? how join the  
 choir

\* Good-Friday, Easter, &c. once so peculiarly happy—yet how past here !—What a sad want of the spirit of reformation !

† Boethius has a reflection highly applicable to the sense of our Author :—“ Nec insidiari possum prosperitatis meæ velocissimum cursum, sed hoc est, quod recolentem me vehementius coquit. Nam in omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicitissimum genus est, infortunii, fuisse felicem.”  
*De Consol.* l. 2. Pro. 4.

Celestial of bright Seraphim ? depreſt  
Beneath the burden of a thouſand ſins,  
On what bleſt dove-like wing ſhall I ariſe,  
And fly to the wiſh'd reſt ?

—Of counſel free,  
Some to my aching heart, with kind intent,  
Offer the poiſonous baſam of deſert ;  
“ Bid me take comfort from the cheering view  
Of deeds benevolent, and active life  
Spent for the weal of others !” Syren-ſongs,  
Soon huſh'd by howlings of ſevere reproach,  
Unfeeling, uncompaſſionate, and rude,  
Which o'er my body, panting on the earth,  
With wounds incurable, insulting, whirls  
Her iron ſcourge : accumulates each ill  
That can to man's beſt fame damnation add :  
Spies not one mark of white throughout my life :  
And, groaning o'er my anguiſh to deſpair,  
As my ſoul, ſad reſource, indignant points !

But not from you—ah cruel, callous foes,  
Thus to exult and preſs a fallen man !—  
Nor even from you, tho' kind, miſtaken friends,  
Admit we counſel here. Too deep the ſtake,  
Too awful the enquiry—how the ſoul  
May ſmile at death, and meet its God in peace—  
To reſt the answer on uncertain man !  
Alike above your frienſhip or your hate,  
Here, here I tour triumphant, and behold  
At once confirm'd ſecurity and joy,  
Beyond the reach of mortal hand to ſhake,  
Or for a moment cloud.—Hail, bleeding Love !  
In thy humiliation deep and dread,  
Divine Philanthropiſt, my ranſom'd ſoul  
Beholds its triumph, and avows its cure !  
Its perfect, free ſalvation, knows or feels

No merit, no dependence, but thy faith,  
Thy hope and love consummate ! All abjures ;  
Casts all—each care, each burden, at the foot  
Of thy victorious cross ; is heart and life  
One wish, one word uniting—ever may  
That wish and word in me, blest Lord, unite !—  
“ Oh, ever may in me ‘Thy will be done !’ ”

Firm and unshaken, as old Sion’s Hill,  
Remains this sure foundation : who on Christ,  
The Corner-Stone, build faithful, build secure,  
Eternity is theirs. Then talk no more,  
Ye airy, vague, fantastic reasoners,  
Of the light stubble, crackling in the fire  
Of God’s investigation ; of the chaff  
Dispers’d, and floating ’fore the slightest wind—  
The chaff of human merit ! gracious God !  
What pride, what contradiction in the term !  
Shall man, vain man, drest in a little power  
Deriv’d from Nature’s Author ; and that power,  
Holding, an humble tenant, at the will  
Of him who freely gave it ; His high will,  
The dread Supreme Disposer, shall poor man,  
A beggar, indigent and vile, enrich’d  
With every precious faculty of soul,  
Of reason, intellect ; with every gift  
Of animal life luxuriant—from the store  
Of unexhausted bounty ; shall he turn  
That bounty to abuse ; lavish defy  
The Giver with his gifts—a rebel base !  
And yet, presumptuous, arrogant, deceiv’d,  
Assume a pride for actions not his own,  
Or boast of merit, when his all’s for God.  
And he that all has squander’d ! Purest saints,  
Brightest archangels, in the choir of heaven,  
Fulfilling all complete his holy will,

Who plac'd them high in glory as they stand,  
Fulfil but duty ! nay, as owing more  
From love's supreme distinction, readier veil  
Their radiant faces with their golden plumes,  
And fall more humbled 'fore the throne they hymn  
With gratitude superior. Could bold pride  
One moment whisper to their lucid souls  
Desert's intolerable folly—down,  
Like Lucifer, the Morning-star, they'd fall  
From their bright state obscur'd ! Then, proud,  
poor worm,

Conceiv'd in sin. offending from thy youth,  
In every point transgressor of the law  
Of righteousness : of merit towards God,  
Dream, if thou can'st : or, madman if thou art,  
Stand on that plea for heav'n—and be undone !

Blest be thy tender mercy, God of Grace !  
That 'midst the terrors of this trying hour,  
When in this midnight, lonely, prison gloom,  
My inmost soul hangs naked to thy view ;  
When, undissembled in the search, I fain  
Would know, explore, and balance every thought,  
(For oh, I see Eternity's dread gates  
Expand before me, soon perhaps to close !)—  
Blest be thy mercy, that, subdued to thee,  
Each lofty vain imagination bows ;  
Each high idea humbled in the dust,  
Of self-sufficient righteousness my soul  
Disclaims, abhors, with reprobation full,  
The slightest apprehension !—Worthless, Lord,  
Even of the meanest crumb beneath thy board.

Blest be thy mercy, that, so far from due,  
I own thy bounties, manifold and rich,  
Upon my soul have laid a debt so deep,  
That I can never pay !—And oh ! I feel

Compunction inexpressible, to think  
How I have us'd those bounties ! sackcloth-clad,  
And cover'd o'er with ashes, I deplore  
My utter worthlessness ; and, trembling, own  
Thy wrath and just displeasure well might sink  
In deeper floods than these, that o'er my head  
Roar horrible—in fiery floods of woe,  
That know nor end nor respite ! but, my God,  
Blest be thy mercy ever ! Thou'st not left  
My soul to Desperation's dark dismay !  
On Calvary's Hill, my mourning eye discerns,  
With faith's clear view, that Spectacle which wipes  
Each tear away, and bids the heart exult !  
There hangs the Love of God ! There hangs of man  
The Ransom ; there the Merit ; there the Cure  
Of human grief—The Way, the Truth, the Life !

Oh Thou, for sin burnt-sacrifice complete !  
Oh Thou, of holy life th' exemplar bright !  
Perfection's lucid mirror ! while to Thee  
Repentance scarce dare lift her flowing eyes,  
Though in his strong arms manly Faith supports  
The self-convicted mourner !—Let not love,  
Source of thy matchless mercies, aught delay,  
Like Mary, with humility's meek hand  
Her precious box of costly Nard to pour  
On thy dear feet, diffusing through the house  
The odour of her unguents ! Let not Love,  
Looking with Gratitude's full eye to Thee,  
Cease with the hallow'd fragrance of her works  
To cheer thy lowliest members ; to refresh  
Thee in thy saints afflicted ! Let not Love  
Cease with each spiritual grace, each temper mild ;  
Fruits of the Holy Spirit—to enrich,  
To fill, perfume, and sanctify the soul  
Assimilate to Thee, sweet Jesu ! Thee

That soul's immortal habitant. How blest,  
 How beyond value rich the privilege,  
 To welcome such a Guest ! how doubly blest  
 With such a signature—the royal stamp  
 Of thy resemblance, Prince of Righteousness,  
 Of Mercy, Peace, and Truth ! Oh more and more  
 Transform me to that Image ! More and more  
 Thou New Creation's Author, form complete  
 In me the birth divine ; the heavenly mind,  
 The love consummate—all-performing love,  
 Which dwelt in Thee, its Pattern and its Source ;  
 And is to man, happy regenerate man,  
 Heaven's surest foretaste, and its earnest too.

The thought delights and cheers, tho' not elates :  
 Through pensive Meditation's sable gloom  
 It darts a ray of soft, well-temper'd light,  
 A kind of lunar radiance on my soul,  
 Gentle, not dazzling ! Thou who knowest all,  
 Know'st well, thrice gracious Master ! that my heart  
 Attun'd to thy dear love, howe'er seduc'd  
 By worldly adulation from its vows,  
 And for a few contemptible, contemn'd  
 Unhappy moments faithless ; well thou know'st  
 That heart ne'er knew true peace but in thy love :  
 That heart hath in thy love known thorough peace !  
 Hath frequent panted for that love's full growth ;  
 And sought occasions to display its warmth  
 By deeds of kindness, mild humanity,  
 And pitying mercy to its fellow men !

And thou hast blest me ! and I will rejoice  
 That thou hast blest me ! thou hast giv'n my soul  
 The Luxury of Luxuries to wipe  
 The tear from many an eye ; to stop the groan  
 At many an aching heart. And Thou wilt wipe  
 The tears from mine, and Thou the groan repress :

And Thou—for oh, this beating heart is thine;  
 Fram'd by thy Hand to pity's quickest touch—  
 Thou wilt forgive the sinner; and bestow  
 Mercy, sweet mercy! which, inspir'd by Thee,  
 He never had the power, and ne'er the will,  
 To hold from others where he could bestow!

Shall he not then rest happily secure  
 Of mercy, thrice blest mercy from mankind?  
 Where rests it?—Resignation's meek-ey'd power  
 Sustain me still; Composure still be mine:  
 Where rests it?—Oh mysterious Providence!  
 Silence the wild idea:—I have found  
 No mercy yet; no mild humanity:  
 With cruel unrelenting rigour torn,  
 And, lost in prison, wild to all below!

So from his daily toil, returning late  
 O'er Grison's rugged mountains, clad in snow,  
 The peasant with astonish'd eyes beholds  
 A gaunt wolf, from the pine-grove howling rush!  
 Chill horror stiffens him, alike to fly;  
 Unable to resist; the monster feeds  
 Blood-happy, growling, on his quivering heart!  
 Meanwhile light blazes in his lonely cot  
 The crackling hearth; his careful wife prepares  
 Her humble cates; and thro' the lattic'd light  
 His little ones, expecting his return,  
 Peep, anxious! Ah, poor victim, he nor hearth  
 Bright blazing, nor the housewife's humble cates,  
 Nor much-lov'd children henceforth more shall see!

But soft: 'Tis calm reflection's midnight hour;  
 'Tis the soul's solemn inquest. Broods a thought  
 Resentful in thy bosom? Art thou yet,  
 Penitent Pilgrim, on earth's utmost bourn,  
 And candidate for Heaven—art thou yet  
 In love Imperfect? and has malice place,



With dark revenge and unforgiving hate,  
 Hell's blackest offspring?—Glory to my God!  
 With triumph let me sing, and close my strain.

Abhorrent ever from my earliest youth  
 Of these detested passions in this hour,  
 This trying hour of keen oppressive grief,  
 My soul superior rises; nor of these  
 Malevolent, a touch, the slightest touch  
 Feels, or shall ever harbour! Though it feels  
 In all their amplitude, with all their weight,  
 Ungentlest treatment, and a load of woe,  
 Heavy as that which fabling poets lay  
 On proud Enceladus! Though life be drawn  
 By cruelty's fierce hand down to the lees,  
 Yet can my heart with all the truth of prayer,  
 With all the fervour of sincere desire,  
 Looking at Thee, thou love of God and man;  
 Yet can my heart in life or death implore,  
 "Father, forgive them as Thou pitiest me!"

O where's the wonder, when thy cross is seen!  
 Oh, where's the wonder, when thy voice is heard;  
 Harmonious intercession! Son of God!  
 Oh, where's the wonder—or the merit where,  
 Or what's the task to love-attuned souls—  
 Poor fellow-creatures pitying, to implore  
 Forgiveness for them? Oh, forgive my foes!  
 Best friends, perchance, for they may bring to  
 Thee!

—Complete forgiveness on them, God of Grace!  
 Complete forgiveness, in the dreadful hour,  
 When most they need forgiveness! And oh! such  
 As in that dreadful hour, my poor heart wants,  
 And trusts, great Father, to receive from Thee,  
 Such full forgiveness grant;—and my glad soul  
 Shall fold them then, my brethren, in thy house!

Thus do I sooth, and while away with song  
 My lonely hours, in drear confinement past,  
 Like thee, oh gallant Raleigh!—or like thee,  
 My hapless ancestor, fam'd Overbury!  
 But oh, in this how different is our fate!  
 Thou to a vengeful woman's subtle wiles  
 A hapless victim fall'st; while my deep gloom,  
 Brighten'd by female virtue and the light  
 Of conjugal affection—leads me oft,  
 Like the poor prison'd linnet to forget  
 Freedom, and tuneful friends, and russet heath,  
 Vocal with native melody; to swell  
 The feeble throat, and chant the lowly strain;  
 As in the season, when from spray to spray  
 Flew liberty, on light elastic wing  
 She flies no more:—Be mute my plaintive lyre!

END OF THE SECOND WEEK.

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### WEEK THE THIRD.

*Public Punishment. March 18, 1777.*

VAIN are thy generous efforts, worthy Bull,\*  
 Thy kind compassion's vain! The hour is come:  
 Stern fate demands compliance: I must pass  
 Thro' various deaths, keen torturing, to arrive  
 At that my heart so fervently implores;  
 Yet fruitless. Ah! why hides he his fell front  
 From woe, from wretchedness, that with glad  
     smiles  
 Would welcome his approach; and tyrant-like,  
 Delights to dash the jocund roseate cup  
 From the full hand of gaudy luxury  
 And unsuspecting ease! Far worse than death  
 That prison's entrance, whose idea chills

\* Frederick Bull, Esq. Alderman of London; to whose kindness and humanity the Author has expressed the highest obligations.

With freezing horror all my curdling blood ;  
Whose very name, stamping with infamy,  
Makes my soul frighted start, in frenzy whirl'd,  
And verging near to madness ! See, they ope  
Their iron jaws ! See the vast gates expand,  
Gate after gate—and in an instant twang,  
Clos'd by their growling keepers ; when again,  
Mysterious powers ! oh when to ope on me ?  
Mercy, sweet Heaven, support my faltering steps,  
Support my sickening heart ! My full eyes swim :  
O'er all my frame distils a cold damp sweat.  
Hark—what a rattling din ! on every side  
The congregated chains clank frightful : Throngs  
Tumultuous press around, to view, to gaze  
Upon the wretched stranger ; scarce believ'd  
Other than visitor within such walls,  
With mercy and with freedom in his hands  
Alas, how chang'd ! Sons of confinement, see  
No pitying deliverer, but a wretch  
O'erwhelm'd with misery, more hapless far  
Than the most hapless 'mongst ye ; loaded hard  
With guilt's oppressive irons ! His are chains  
No time can loosen, and no hand unbind :  
Fetters which gore the soul. O horror, horror !  
Ye massive bolts, give way : ye sullen doors,  
Ah, open quick, and from this clamorous rout,  
Close in my dismal, lone, allotted room  
Shroud me ;—for ever shroud from human sight,  
And make it, if 'tis possible, my grave !

How truly welcome then ! Then would I greet  
With hallow'd joy the drear, but blest abode ;  
And deem it far the happiest I have known,  
The best I e'er inhabited. But alas !  
There's no such mercy for me. I must run  
Misery's extremest round ; and this must be

Awhile my living grave; the doleful tomb,  
Sad sounding with my unremitted groans,  
And moisten'd with the bitterness of tears!

Ah, mournful dwelling! destin'd ne'er to see  
The human face divine in placid smiles,  
And innocent gladness cloth'd: destin'd to hear  
No sounds of genial heart-reviving joy!  
The sons of sorrow only are thy guests,  
And thine the only music of their sighs,  
Thick sobbing from the tempest of their breasts!  
Ah mournful dwelling! never hast thou seen,  
Amidst the numerous wretched ones immur'd  
Within thy stone-girt compass, wretch so sunk,  
So lost, so ruin'd, as the man who falls  
Thus in deep anguish, on thy ruthless floor,  
And bathes it with the torrent of his tears.

And can it be? or is it all a dream?  
A vapour of the mind?—I scarce believe  
Myself awake or acting. Sudden thus  
Am I—so compass'd round with comforts late,  
Health, freedom, peace, torn, torn from all and lost!  
A prisoner in—Impossible!—I sleep!  
'Tis fancy's coinage! 'tis a dream's delusion!

Vain dream! vain fancy! Quickly I am rous'd  
To all the dire reality's distress;  
I tremble, start, and feel myself awake,  
Dreadfully awake to all my woes; and roll  
From wave to wave on Sorrow's ocean tost!

Oh for a moment's pause—a moment's rest,  
To calm my hurried spirits! to recal  
Reflection's staggering pilot to the helm,  
And still the maddening whirlwind in my soul!  
—It cannot be! The din increases round:  
Rough voices rage discordant; dreadful shrieks!  
Hoarse imprecations dare the thunderer's ire,

And call down swift damnation ! thousand chains  
 In dismal notes clink, mirthful ! Roaring bursts  
 Of loud obstreperous laughter and strange choirs  
 Of gutterals, dissonant and rueful, vex  
 E'en the dull ear of Midnight ! Neither rest,  
 Nor peaceiul calm, nor silence of the mind,  
 Refreshment sweet, nor interval or pause  
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn, is found  
 Amidst the surges of this troubled sea !\*

So, from the Lemane Lake th' impetuous Rhone  
 His blue waves pushes rapid, and bears down  
 (Furiate to meet Saone's pellucid stream,  
 With roar tremendous thro' the craggy straits  
 Of Alpine rocks) his freight of waters wild :  
 Still rushing in perturbed eddies on ;  
 And still from hour to hour, from age to age,  
 In conflux vast and unremitting, pours  
 His boisterous flood to old Lugdunim's wall !

Oh my rack'd brain—oh my distracted heart !  
 The tumult thickens ; wild disorder grows  
 More painfully confus'd !—And can it be ?  
 Is this the mansion—this the house ordain'd  
 For recollection's solemn purpose !—this  
 The place from whence full many a flitting soul  
 (The work of deep repentance—mighty work,  
 Still, still to be perform'd) must mount to God,  
 And give its dread account ! is this the place  
 Ordain'd by justice, to confine awhile  
 The foe to civil order, and return  
 Reform'd and moraliz'd to social life !

\* It is but a just tribute to Mr Akerman, the keeper of this dismal place, to observe, that all the evils here enumerated are the immediate consequences of promiscuous confinement, and no way chargeable to Mr A's account. It is from the strictest observation, I am persuaded, that no man could do more in the present circumstances. His attention is great, and his kindness and humanity to those in sickness or affliction peculiarly pleasing. I can bear testimony to many signal instances, which I have remarked since my sad confinement.

This den of drear confusion, wild uproar,  
Of mingled riot and unblushing vice !  
This school of infamy ! from whence, improv'd  
In every hardy villany, returns  
More harden'd, more a foe to God and man,  
The miscreant, nurs'd in its infectious lap ;  
All cover'd with its pestilential spots,  
And breathing death and poison wheresoe'er  
He talks contagious ! from the lion's den  
A lion more ferocious as confin'd !

Britons, while sailing in the golden barge  
Of giddy dissipation, on the stream,  
Smooth silver stream of gorgeous luxury,  
Boast gaily—and for ages may they boast,  
And truly ! for through ages we may trust  
'Twill interpose between our crimes and God,  
And turn away his just avenging scourge—  
“ The national Humanity !” Hither then,  
Ye sons of pity, and ye sons of thought !—  
Whether by public zeal and patriot love,  
Or by compassion's gentle stirrings wrought,  
Oh hither come, and find sufficient scope  
For all the patriot's, all the Christian's search !  
Some great, some salutary plan to frame,  
Turning confinement's curses into good ;  
And, like the God who but rebukes to save,  
Extracting comfort from correction's stroke !

Why do we punish ? why do penal laws  
Coercive, by tremendous sanctions bind  
Offending mortals—Justice on her throne  
Rigid on this hand to example points ;  
More mild to reformation upon that ;  
—She balances, and finds no ends but these.

Crowd then, along with yonder revel-rout,  
To exemplary punishment, and mark

The language of the multitude, obscene,  
Wild, blasphemous, and cruel ! Tent their looks  
Of madding, drunken, thoughtless, ruthless gaze,  
Or giddy curiosity and vain !  
Their deeds still more emphatic, note ; and see  
By the sad spectacle unimpress'd, they dare  
Even in the eye of death, what to their doom  
Brought their expiring fellows ! Learn we hence,  
How to example's salutary end  
Our justice sagely ministers ! But one—  
Should there be one—thrice hapless—of a mind  
By guilt unhardened, and above the throng  
Of desperate miscreants, thro' repeated crimes  
In stupor lull'd, and lost to every sense ;—  
Ah me, the sad reverse !—should there be one  
Of generous feelings ; whom remorseless fate,  
Pallid necessity, or chill distress,  
The family's urgent call, or just demand  
Of honest creditor—(solicitudes  
To reckless, pamper'd worldlings all unknown)  
Should there be one, whose trembling, frightened hand  
Causes like these in temporary guilt,  
Abhorrent to his inmost soul, have plung'd,  
And made obnoxious to the rigid law !  
Sentenc'd to pay—and, wearied with its weight,  
Well-pleas'd to pay with life that laws demand,  
Awful dispensers of strict justice, say,  
Would ye have more than life ? or, in an age,  
A country, where humanity reverts  
At torture's bare idea, would you tear  
Worse than on racking wheels a soul like this,  
And make of the stupid crowd a gaze  
For lingering hours ?—drag him along to death  
An useless spectacle ; and more than flay  
Your living victim ?—! Death is your demand ;

Death your law's sentence : then this life is yours.  
Take the just forfeit ; you can claim no more !

Foe to my infidelity—and griev'd  
That he avows not from the Christian source,  
The first great Christian duty, which so well,  
So forcibly he paints !—Yet let me greet  
With heart-felt gratulations thy warm zeal,  
Successful in that sacred duty's cause,  
The cause of our humanity, Voltaire !  
Torture's vile agents trembling at thy pen :  
Intolerance and Persecution gnash  
Their teeth, despairing at the lucid rays  
Of truth all prevalent, beaming from thy page.  
The rack, the wheel, the dungeon, and the flame,  
In happier Europe useless and unknown,  
Shall soon—oh speed the hour, Compassion's God,  
Be seen no more ; or seen as prodigies,  
Scarce credited, of Gothic barbarous times.

Ah, gallant France, for milder manners fam'd,  
How wrung it my sad soul, to view expos'd  
On instruments of torture—mangled limbs  
And bleeding carcasses, beside thy roads,  
Thy beautiful woods and avenues ! Fam'd works,  
And worthy well the grandeur of old Rome !

We too, who boast of gentler laws, reform'd  
And civiliz'd by liberty's kind hand :  
Of mercy boast, and mildest punishments :  
Yet punishments of torture exquisite  
And idle ; painful ruinous parade !  
We, too, with Europe humaniz'd, shall drop  
The barbarous severity of death,  
Example's bane, not profit ; shall abridge  
The savage base ovation ; shall assign  
The wretch, whose life is forfeit to the laws,  
With all the silent dignity of woe,  
With all the mournful majesty of death,



Retir'd and solemn, to his awful fate !  
Shall to the dreadful moment, moment still  
To souls best fitted, give distinction due ;  
Teach the well-order'd sufferer to depart  
With each impression serious ; nor insult,  
With clamorous crowds and exultations base,  
A soul, a fellow soul, which stands prepar'd  
On time's dread verge, to take its wondrous flight  
To realms of immortality ! Yes, the day  
—I joy in the idea—will arrive,  
When Britons philanthropic shall reject  
The cruel custom, to the sufferer cruel,  
Useless and baneful to the gaping crowd !  
The day will come, when life, the dearest price  
Man can pay down, sufficient forfeit deem'd  
For guilty man's transgression of the law,  
Shall be paid down, as meet for such a price  
Respectful, sad ; with reverence to a soul's  
Departure hence ; with reverence to the soul's  
And body's separation, much-lov'd friends !  
Without a torture to augment its loss,  
Without an insult to molest its calm ;  
To the demanded debt no fell account  
Of curious, hissing ignominy annex'd :  
Anguish, beyond the bitterest torture keen ;  
Unparallel'd in realms where bigotry  
Gives to the furious sons of Dominic  
Her sable flag, and marks their way with blood:  
Hail, milder sons of Athens ! civiliz'd  
By arts ingenious, by the 'suasive power  
Of humanizing science ! well ye thought,  
Like you may Britons think, that 'twas enough,  
The sentence pass'd, a Socrates should die !  
The sage, obedient to the law's decree ;  
Took from the weeping executioner

The draught, resign'd: amidst his sorrowing friends,  
Full of immortal hopes, convers'd sublime;  
And, half in Heaven— compos'd himself, and died!

Oh envy'd fate! oh happiness supreme!  
So let me die; so, 'midst my weeping friends,  
Resign my life! I ask not the delay  
Ev'n of a moment. Law, thou'dst have thy due!  
Nor thou, nor justice, can have more to claim.

But equal laws, on truth and reason built,  
Look to humanity with lenient eye,  
And temper rigid justice with the claims  
Of heaven-descended mercy! to condemn  
Sorrowing and slow; while studious to correct,  
Like man's all-gracious parent, with the view  
Benign and laudable, of moral good,  
And reformation perfect. Hither then,  
Ye sons of sympathy, of wisdom; friends  
To order, to compassion, to the state,  
And to your fellow being; hither come,  
To this wild realm of uproar! hither haste,  
And see the reformation, see the good  
Wrought by confinement in a den like this!

View, with unblushing front, undaunted heart,  
The callous harlot in the open day  
Administer her poisons 'midst a rout  
Scarcely less bold or poison'd than herself!  
View, and with eyes that will not hold the tear  
In gentle pity gushing for such griefs—  
View, the young wretch, as yet unfledg'd in vice,  
Just shackled here, and by the veteran throng,  
In every infamy and every crime  
Grey and insulting, quickly taught to dare,  
Harden'd like them in guilt's opprobrious school;  
Each bashful sentiment, incipient grace,  
Each yet remorseful thought of right and wrong

Murder'd and buried in his darken'd heart!—  
 Hear how these veterans clank—ev'n jovial clank  
 —Such is obduracy and vice—their chains! \*  
 Hear, how, with curses hoarse and vauntings bold,  
 Each spirits up, encourages and dares  
 His desperate fellow to more desperate proofs  
 Of future hardy enterprise : to plans  
 Of death and ruin ! Not exulting more  
 Heroes or chiefs for noble acts renown'd,  
 Holding high converse, mutually relate  
 Gallant achievements worthy, than the sons  
 Of plunder and of rapine here recount  
 On peaceful life their devastations wild,  
 Their dangers, hair-breadth 'scapes, atrocious  
     feats,  
 Confederate, and confederating still  
 In schemes of deathful horror ! Who, surpris'd,  
 Can such effects contemplate, upon minds  
 Estrang'd to good ; fermenting on the lees  
 Of pregnant ill ; associate and combin'd  
 In intercourse infernal, restless, dire ;  
 And goading constant each to other's thoughts  
 To deeds of desperation from the tale  
 Of vaunting infamy oft told : sad fruit  
 Of the mind's vacancy ! and to that mind  
 Employment none is offered : not an hour  
 To secret recollection is assign'd ;  
 No seasonable sound instruction brought,  
 Food for their thoughts, self-gnawing. Not the  
     day

\* This circumstance is slightly mentioned before, and alludes to a fact  
 equally singular and disgusting. The rattling of their fetters is fre-  
 quently, and in a wanton manner, practised amongst some of the worst  
 offenders ; as if an amusement, or to shew their insensibility to shame.  
 How shocking to see human nature thus in ruins ! Here it is emphatical-  
 ly so, worse than in Bedlam, as madness with reason is more dreadful  
 than without it.

To rest and duty dedicate, finds here  
 Or rest or duty ; revel'd off, unmark'd ;  
 Or like the others undistinguish'd, save  
 By riot's roar, and self-consuming sloth !  
 For useful occupation none is found,  
 Benevolent to employ their listless hands,  
 With indolence fatigued ! Thus every day  
 Anew they gather Guilt's corrosive rust ;  
 Each wretched day accumulates fresh ills ;  
 And horribly advanc'd, flagitious grown  
 From faulty, they go forth, tenfold of Hell,  
 More the devoted children : to the state  
 Tenfold more dangerous and envenom'd foes  
 Than first they enter'd this improving school !  
 So, cag'd and scanty fed, or taught to rage  
 By taunting insults, more ferocious burst  
 On man the tiger or hyæna race  
 From fell confinement, and with hunger urg'd,  
 Gnash their dire fangs, and drench themselves in  
 blood.

But should the felon fierce, th' abandon'd train,  
 Whose inroads on the human peace forbid,  
 Almost forbid Compassion's mild regard ;  
 (Yet ah ! what man with fellow-man can fall  
 So low as not to claim soft Pity's care !)  
 Should these ought justify the rigid voice,  
 Which to severe confinement's durance dooms  
 Infallible the body and the soul  
 To bitterest, surest ruin, shall we not  
 With generous indignation execrate  
 The cruel indiscriminating law,  
 Which turns misfortune into guilt and curse,  
 And with the felon harden'd in his crimes  
 Ranks the poor hapless debtor !—Debt's not guilt :  
 Alas ! the worthiest may incur the stroke  
 Of worldly infelicity ! What man,

How high soe'er he builds his earthly nest,  
Can claim security from fortune's change,  
Or boast him of to-morrow ! Of the east  
Greatest and chief, lo !, humbled in the dust,  
Sits Job, the sport of misery ! Wealthiest late  
Of all blest Araby's most wealthy sons,  
He wants a potsherd now to scrape his wounds ;  
He wants a bed to shroud his tortur'd limbs,  
And only finds a dunghill ! Creditor,  
Would'st thou add sorrow to this sorrowing man ?  
Tear him from ev'n his dunghill, and confine  
'Midst recreant felons in a British jail !—  
Oh British inhumanity ! Ye climes,  
Ye foreign climes—Be not the truth proclaim'd  
Within your streets, nor be it heard or told ;  
Lest ye retort the cruelty we urge,  
And scorn the boasted mildness of our laws !

Blest be the hour—amidst my depth of woe,  
Amidst this perturbation of my soul,  
God of my life, I can, I will exult !—  
Blest be the hour, that to my humble thought  
Thy spirit, sacred source of every good,  
Brought the sublime idea, to expand  
By charity, the angels grace divine,  
The rude, relentless, iron prison-gates,  
And give the pining debtor to the world,  
His weeping family and humble home !  
Blest be the hour, when, heedful to my voice,  
Bearing the prisoners' sad sighs to their ears,  
Thousands, with soft commiseration touch'd,  
Delighted to go forth, and visit glad  
Those prisoners in their woe, and set them free !

God of the merciful ! thou hast announc'd  
On mercy, thy first, dearest attribute,  
Chosen beatitude. Oh pour the dew,  
The fostering dew of mercy on their gifts,

Their rich donations grateful ! May the prayers  
 Of those enfranchis'd by their bounteous zeal  
 Arise propitious for them ! and, when hers'd  
 In death's cold arms this hapless frame shall lie,  
 —The generous tear, perchance, not quite with-  
 held ;—

When friendly memory to reflection brings  
 My humble efforts and my mournful fate,  
 On stable basis founded, may the work  
 Diffuse its good through ages ! nor withhold  
 Its rescuing influence, till the hour arrives  
 When wants, and debts, and sickness, are no more,  
 And universal freedom blesseth all !

But, till that hour, on Reformation's plan,  
 Ye generous sons of Sympathy, intent,  
 Boldly stand forth. The cause may well demand,  
 And justify full well your noblest zeal.  
 Religion, policy, your country's good,  
 And Christian pity for the souls of men,  
 To prisons call you ; call to cleanse away  
 The filth of these foul dens ; to purge from guilt,  
 And turn them to Morality's fair school.

Nor deem impossible the great attempt,  
 Augæan tho' it seem : yet not beyond  
 The strength of those, that, like Alcides, aim  
 High to be rank'd amidst the godlike few,  
 Who shine eternal on Fame's amplest roll :  
 Honour'd with titles, far beyond the first  
 Which proudest monarchs of the globe can give ;  
 " Saviours and benefactors of mankind !"

Hail, generous Hanway ! To thy noble plan,  
 Sage sympathetic,\* let the muse subscribe,  
 Rejoicing ! In the kind pursuit, good luck  
 She wisheth thee, and honour. Could her strain

\* See Mr Hanway's pamphlet, entitled, " Solitude in Imprisonment."

Embellish aught, or aught assist thy toils  
 Benevolent, 'twould cheer her lonely hours,  
 And make the dungeon smile. But toils like thine  
 Need no embellishment ; need not the aid  
 Of muse or feeble verse. Reason approv'd  
 And Charity sustain'd, firm will they stand,  
 Under his sanction, who on Mercy's works  
 E'er looks complacent ; and his sons on earth,  
 His chosen sons, with angel-zeal inspires  
 To plan and to support. And thine well-plann'd,  
 Shall be supported. Pity for thy brow,  
 With policy the sage, shall shortly twine  
 The garland, worthier far than that of oak,  
 So fam'd in ancient Rome—the meed of him  
 Who sav'd a single citizen. More bless'd  
 Religion mild, with gentle mercy join'd  
 Shall hail thee—for the citizens, the souls  
 Innumerable restor'd to God, the state,  
 Themselves, and social life, by Solitude,  
 Devotion's parent, Recollection's nurse,  
 Source of repentance true ; of the mind's wounds  
 The deepest prober, but the safest cure !\*  
 Hail, sacred Solitude ! these are thy works,  
 True source of good supreme ! Thy blest effects  
 Already on my mind's delighted eye  
 Open beneficent. E'en now I view  
 The revel rout dispers'd ; each to his cell  
 Admitted, silent ! The obstreperous cries  
 Worse than infernal yells ! the clank of chains—  
 Opprobrious chains, to man severe disgrace,  
 Hush'd in calm order, vex the ears no more !  
 While, in their stead, Reflection's deep-drawn sighs,  
 And prayers of humble penitence are heard,  
 To heaven well-pleasing, in soft whispers round !

\* Vide Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, part ii. p. 42.

No more, 'midst wanton idleness the hours  
 Drag wearisome and slow : kind industry  
 Gives wings and weight to every moment's speed ;  
 Each minute marking with a golden thread  
 Of moral profit. Harden'd vice no more  
 Communicates its poison to the souls  
 Of young associates, nor diffuses wide  
 A pestilential taint. Still thought pervades  
 The inmost heart : Instruction aids the thought ;  
 And blest Religion with life-giving ray  
 Shines on the mind sequester'd in its gloom :  
 Disclosing glad the golden gates, through which  
 Repentance, led by Faith, may tread the courts  
 Of Peace and Reformation ! Cheer'd and chang'd,  
 —His happy days of quarantine perform'd—  
 Lo, from his solitude the captive comes  
 New-born, and opes once more his grateful eyes  
 On day, on life, on man, a fellow-man

Hail sacred Solitude ! from thee alone  
 Flow these high blessings. Nor be't deem'd severe,  
 Such sequestration ; destin'd to retrieve  
 The mental lapse ; and to its powers restore  
 The Heaven-born soul, incrust'd with foul guilt ;  
 'Tis tenderest mercy, 'tis Humanity  
 Yearning with kindest softness : while her arm  
 From ruin plucks, effectuates the release,  
 And gives a ransom'd man to earth—to Heaven

To the sick patient, struggling in the jaws  
 Of obstinate disease, e'er knew we yet  
 Grateful and pleasing from physician's hand  
 The rough, but salutary draught ?—For that  
 Do we withhold the draught ? and, falsely kind,  
 Hang sighing o'er our friend—allow'd to toss  
 On the hot fever's bed, rave on and die,  
 Unmedicin'd, unreliev'd ? But sages, say,



Where is the medicine? Who will prescribe a cure,  
Or adequate to this corroding ill,  
Or in its operation milder found?

See on old Thames's waves indignant ride,  
In sullen terror, yonder sable bark  
By state physicians lately launch'd, and hight  
Justitia!\* dove-eyed Pity, if thou canst,  
That bark ascend with me, and let us learn  
How, temper'd with her sister Mercy, there  
Reigns Justice; and effective to the ill  
Inveterate grown, her lenient aid supplies.

And rolls this bark on Thames's generous flood—  
Flood that wafts freedom, wafts the high-born sons  
Of gallant liberty to every land?

See the chain'd Britons, fetter'd man by man!  
See in the stiff'd hold—excluded whence  
Man's common blessing, air ne'er freely breathes—  
They mingle, crowded! To our pamper'd steeds  
Inferior how in lodging! Tainted food  
And poison'd fumes their life-springs stagnant  
rank,

They reel aloft for breath: their tottering limbs  
Bend weak beneath the burden of a frame  
Corrupted, burning; with blue feverous spots  
Contagious; and unequal to the toil,  
Urg'd by tax-masters, vehement, severe,  
On the chill sand-bank!—by despair and pain.  
Worn down and wearied, some their being curse,  
And die, devoted to Destruction's rage  
Society's whole race detested! Some,  
More mild, gasp out in agonies of soul  
Their loth'd existence; which nor physic's aid,

\* The Author seems chiefly to have formed his idea of the mode of treating convicts on the Thames from a late pamphlet published by Dr. Smith: but we are informed that the evils here complained of have been already, in a great measure, and we trust will soon wholly removed.

Nor sweet Religion's interposing smile,  
 Soothes with one ray of comfort ! Gracious God !  
 And this is mercy !—Thus, from sentenc'd death  
 Britons in pity respite, to restore  
 And moralize mankind ! Correction this,  
 Just Heaven, design'd for reformation's end !  
 Ye slaves, that, bred in tyranny's domains,  
 Toil at the galleys, how supremely blest,  
 How exquisite your lot (so much deplor'd  
 By haughty sons of freedom) to the fate  
 Experienc'd hourly by her free-born sons,  
 In our Britannia's vaunted residence ;\*  
 Sole chosen residence of faith refin'd,  
 And genuine liberty ! Ye senators,  
 Ye venerable sages of the law,  
 In just resentment for your country's fame,  
 Wipe off this contradictory reproach  
 To manners, and to policy like yours !  
 Correct, but to amend : 'Tis God's own plan.  
 Correct, but to reform ; then give to men  
 'The means of reformation ! Then, restor'd  
 To recollection, to himself, to God,  
 The criminal will bless your saving hand ;  
 And brought to reason, to religion brought,  
 Will own that solitude, as solely apt  
 For work so solemn, has that work achiev'd,  
 Miraculous, and perfect of his cure.

Ah me ! to sentiments like these estrang'd,  
 Estrang'd as ignorant, and never pent  
 'Till this sad chance within a prison's wall,  
 With what deep force, experienc'd, can I urge

\* There is a thought in Lucan to the same purpose elegantly expressed :

" Felices Arabes, Medique, Eoque Tellus,  
 Quam sub perpetuis tenuerunt facta tyrannis.  
 Ex populis, qui regna ferunt, Sors ultima nostra est,  
 Quos servire pudet." *Pharsal. Lib. 7.*

The truths momentous ! How their power I feel  
In this my solitude, in this lone hour,  
This melancholy midnight hour of thought,  
Encircled with the unhappy ! firmly clos'd  
Each barricaded door, and left, just God,  
Oh blessing—left to pensiveness and Thee !

To me how high a blessing, nor contains  
Seclusion aught of punishment ; to mix  
With wretches here were punishment indeed !  
How dread a punishment !—In life's best days,  
Of all most chosen, valu'd, and belov'd,  
Was soft retirement's season. From youth's dawn  
To solitude inur'd " ne'er less alone  
Than when alone," with him so truly fam'd  
In wisdom's school, my heart could ever beat  
Glad unison. To Meditation's charms,  
Pleas'd votary, how have pass'd my sweetest hours  
In her secrete and calm society !  
Still Meditation, Solitude's fair child,  
Man's dearest friend—Oh happy be the time  
That introduc'd me to thy hallow'd train ;  
That taught me thro' thy genial lessons sage  
My best, my truest dignity to place  
In thought, reflection deep, and studious search,  
Divinest recreations of the mind !  
Oh, happy be the day which gave that mind  
Learning's first tincture—blest thy fostering care,  
Thou most belov'd of parents, worthiest sire !  
Which, taste-inspiring, made the letter'd page  
My favourite companion : most esteem'd,  
And most improving ! Almost from the day  
Of earliest childhood to the present hour  
Of gloomy, black misfortune, books, dear books,  
Have been, and are my comforts. Morn and night,  
Adversity, prosperity, at home,

Abroad, health, sickness—good or ill report,  
 The same firm friends; the same refreshment rich,  
 And source of consolation! Nay, e'en here  
 Their magic power they lose not: still the same,  
 Of matchless influence in this prison house,  
 Unutterably horrid; in an hour  
 Of woe, beyond all Fancy's fictions drear.

Drear hour!—What is it?—Lost in poignant  
 thought,

Lost in the retrospection manifold  
 Of thee, lov'd study—and of thee my sire,  
 Who, to the fountain fair of Science led  
 My infant feet—I lose all count of time,  
 I lose myself. List!—'tis dread midnight's hour  
 When waking Fancy with invention wild  
 (By ages hallow'd) hath to spirits assign'd  
 —Spirits of dear departed friends—to walk  
 The silent gloom, and bring us from the dead  
 Tales harrowing up the soul aghast!—And, hark!  
 Solemn and slow the iron tongue of night  
 Resounds alarming! My o'er-harass'd soul,  
 Confus'd, is lost in sorrows: down mine eyes  
 Stream the full tears, distress is all alive,  
 And quick Imagination's pulse beats high.

“Dear father, is it thou?” Methought his ghost  
 Glided in silence by me! Not a word—  
 While mournfully he shakes his dear pale face!  
 O stay, thou much lov'd parent! stay, and give  
 One word of consolation; if allow'd  
 To son, like whom no son hath ever lov'd,  
 None ever suffer'd! See, it comes again;  
 August it flits across th' astonish'd room!  
 I know thee well, thy beauteous image know:  
 Dear spirit stay, and take me to the world  
 Where thou art. And where thou art, oh my father,

I must, I must be happy. Every day  
 Thou know'st, remembrance hath embalm'd thy  
     love;

And wish'd thy presence. Melancholy thought  
 At last to meet thee in a place like this!

Oh stay and waft me instant—But, 'tis gone,  
 The dear delusion! He nor hears my words,  
 My filial anxiety, nor regards

My pleading tears. 'Twas but a coinage vain  
 Of the distemper'd fancy! Gone, 'tis gone,  
 And here I'm left a trembling wretch to weep  
 Unheard, unpitied left, to weep alone!

Nor thou, Maria, with me! O, my wife,  
 And is this bitter with the bitterest mix'd,  
 That I must lose thy heavenly company,  
 And consolation soothing! Yet, 'tis best:  
 Thy tenderness, thy presence, doth but wound  
 And stab to the keenest quick my bursting heart!  
 "I have undone thee!" Can I then sustain  
 Thy killing aspect, and that tender tear  
 Which secret steals a-down thy lovely face,  
 Dissembling smiles to cheer me—cheer me,  
     Heavens!

Look on the mighty ruin I have pluck'd,  
 Pluck'd instant, unsuspected, in the hour  
 Of peace and dear security, on her head!  
 And where—O where can cheerfulness be found?  
 Mine must be mourning ever. Oh my wife,  
 "I have undone thee!"—What th' infuriate hand  
 Of foes vindictive could not have achiev'd,  
 In mercy would not, I have wrought! Thy husband!  
 Thy husband, lov'd with such unshaken truth,  
 Thy husband, lov'd with such a steady flame,  
 From youth's first hour! Ev'n he hath on thee  
     pluck'd,

On thee, his soul's companion, life's best friend,  
Such desolation, as to view would draw  
From the wild savage Pity's deepest groan !

Yes, yes, thou coward mimic, pamper'd Vice,  
High praise be sure is thine. Thou hast obtain'd  
A worthy triumph !\* Thou hast pierc'd to the  
quick

A weak, an amiable female heart,  
A conjugal heart most faithful, most attach'd :  
Yet can I pardon thee ; for, poor buffoon,  
Thy vices must be fed : and thou must live,  
Luxurious live, a foe to God and man ;  
Commission'd live, thy poison to diffuse,  
And taint the public virtue with thy crimes.  
Yes, I can pardon thee—low as thou art,  
And far too mean an object ev'n of scorn ;  
For thou her merits knew'st not. Hadst thou  
known,

Thou—callous as thou art to every sense  
Of human feeling, every nobler touch  
Of generous sensibility—even thou  
Couldst not have wanton pierc'd her gentle breast ;  
But at a distance awful would have stood,  
And, like thy prototype of oldest time,  
View'd her just virtues pass in triumph by,  
And own'd, howe'er reluctant——

*March 30, 1777.*

END OF THE THIRD WEEK.

\* Alluding to the character of Mrs Simony, introduced by Mr Foote in his play of *The Cozeners*.

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## WEEK THE FOURTH.

### *The Trial.*

DREAD'ST thou an earthly bar? Thou who so oft  
In contemplation serious hast employ'd  
Thy dearest meditations on a bar  
Tremendously decisive! who so oft  
That bar's important terrors hast display'd  
To crowds attentive; with the solemn theme  
Rapt in thought profound—And beats thy heart  
With throbs tumultuous—fail thy trembling knees,  
Now that in judgment thou must stand before  
Weak mortals, like thyself, and soon like thee,  
Shivering with guilt and apprehensions dire,  
To answer in dread judgment 'fore their God!

What gives that judgment terror? Guilt, pale  
guilt;

Conscience accusing stern; the fiery law,  
The terrible hand-writing on the wall!  
But vanish these—that mighty day's-man found  
Who, smiling on confession's genuine tear,  
The meek repenting aspect, and the hand  
With ready, perfect retribution fraught,  
Urges complete his ransom, and sets free  
Th' immortal prisoner.—But, ah me! on earth  
Such golden mercy reigns not: here is found  
No potent days-man: here no ransom full,  
No clement mediator. Here stern law,  
With visage all-unbending, eyes alone  
The rigorous act. Confession here is guilt,  
And restitution perfect, perfect loss!  
Ah me the while, here men the judges are;

And there, th' Omniscient mercy's source and stream!

Triumphant consolation! Firm in faith,  
And justify'd by him whose precious blood  
For man flow'd liberal, the soul secure  
Of future acceptation at that bar  
Of trial most momentous, soars above  
The world's severest trials,\* and can view  
Serene the horrors of an earthly bar,  
Tho' far than death more horrid. Yes, kind death,  
How preferable far thy sight to me  
Oh that, without this tedious, dread detail  
Of awful circumstance—this long, sad pomp  
Of ministering wretchedness, thy friendly shaft  
Had instant reach'd, and pierc'd my tortur'd heart;  
How had I blest the stroke, and been at peace!  
But through a dreary avenue of woe,

\* The verses subjoined were written by the King of Prussia, after a defeat, when one of his general officers had proposed to set him the example of self destruction:

Dans ces jours, pleins d'alarmes,  
La constance et la fermeté  
Sont les boucliers et les armes  
Que j'oppose à l'adversité:  
Que le Destin me persecute,  
Qu'il prepare ou hâte ma chute,  
Le danger ne peut m'embranler!  
Quand le vulgaire est plein de crainte,  
Que l'esperance simple, éteinte,  
L'homme sort doit signaler.

A friend having given Dr Dodd in prison a copy of these lines, he was much pleased with them, and immediately paraphrased them as follows:

In these sad moments of severe distress,  
When dangers threaten, and when sorrows press,  
For my defence behold what arms are given—  
Firmness of soul, and confidence in Heaven!  
With these, tho' Fortune hunt me thro' the land,  
Tho' instant utter ruin seems at hand,  
Compos'd and self-collected I remain,  
Nor start at perils, nor of ills complain.  
To mean despair, the low, the servile fly,  
When Hope's bright star seems darken'd in their sky:  
Then shines the Christian, and delights to prove  
His faith unshaken, and unchang'd his love!



A lengthen'd vault of black distress and shame,  
 With mournful melancholy sable hang,  
 Must I be led\*—or ere I can receive  
 Thine icy comforts to my chill'd life's blood!

Welcome, thrice welcome were they; but the call  
 Of Heaven's dread arbiter we wait: His will  
 Is rectitude consummate. 'Tis the will  
 Parental of high wisdom and pure love.  
 Then to that will, submissive bend my soul,  
 And, while meek resignation to the rod  
 Corrective of his justice and his love  
 Obedient bows—Oh for impartial search!  
 Oh for a trial strict, to trace the cause,  
 The fatal cause whence sprung the ill deplor'd!  
 And why—sad spectacle of woe—we stand  
 Thus, sin and sorrow sunk, at this dread bar!

Return, blest hours—ye peaceful days, return!  
 When, thro' each office of celestial love,  
 Ennobling Piety my glad feet led  
 Continual, and my head each night to rest  
 Lull'd on the downy pillow of Content!  
 Dear were thy shade, O Ham, and dear the hours  
 In manly musing 'midst thy forests pass'd,  
 And antique woods of sober solitude,  
 Oh Epping, witness to my lonely walks  
 By Heaven-directed Contemplation led!  
 Ye days of duty, tranquil nights, return!  
 How ill exchang'd for those, which busier scenes  
 To the world's follies dedicate, engross'd,  
 In specious trifling; all important deem'd,  
 While guilt, O Chesterfield, with seeming gold  
 Of prime refinement, thro' thy fostering smile,  
 And patronage auspicious!

\* *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit Spectator!* HOR.

Sought by thee,  
 And singled out, unpatroniz'd, unknown ;  
 By thee, whose taste consummate was applause,  
 Whose approbation merit ; forth I came,  
 And with me to the task, delighted, brought  
 The upright purpose, the intention firm  
 To fill the charge, to justify the choice,  
 Perchance too flattering to my heart ; a heart  
 Frank, inexpert, unhackney'd in the world,  
 And yet estrang'd to guile ! But ye, more skill'd  
 In that world's artful style, judges severe ;  
 Say, in the zenith of bright Stanhope's sun,  
 ('Though set that sun, alas, in misty clouds !)  
 Say 'midst his lustre, whom would not that choice  
 Have flatter'd ?—and still more, when urg'd, ap-  
 prov'd,  
 And bless'd by thee, St David's ! Honour'd friend ;  
 Alike in Wisdom's and in Learning's school.  
 Advanc'd and sage !—Short pause, my muse, and  
 sad,  
 Allow, while leaning on Affection's arm  
 Deep-sighing Gratitude, with tears of truth,  
 Bedews the urn, the happy urn, where rest  
 Mingled thy ashes, on my friend, and her's  
 Whose life bound up with thine amity  
 Indissolubly firm, felt thy last pang  
 Disrupting as her own ! gently sigh'd forth  
 The precious boon ! while sprung her faithful soul  
 Indignant without thee to rest below,  
 On wings of love, to meet thee in the skies !  
 Blest pair, and envied ! Envied and embalm'd  
 In our recording memory, my wife,  
 My friend, my lov'd Maria, be our lot  
 Like theirs !—But soft, ah my foreboding thoughts !  
 Repress the gushing tear ;—return my song.

Plac'd thus, and shelter'd underneath a tree,  
Which seem'd like that in visions of the night  
To Babylon's haughty prince pourtray'd,  
Whose height reach'd Heaven, and whose verdant  
boughs

Extended wide their succour and their shade,  
How did I trust, too confident! How dream  
That Fortune's smiles were mine; and how de-  
ceiv'd,

By gradual declension yield my trust,  
My humble happy trust on Thee, my God!  
How ill exchang'd for confidence in man,  
In Chesterfields, in princes!—Wider scenes;  
Alps still on Alps were open'd to my view;  
And, as the circle in the flood enlarg'd,  
Enlarg'd expenses call. Fed to the full  
With flattery's light food,\* and the puff'd wind  
Of promises delusive—"Onward still,  
Press onward," cried the world's alluring voice;  
"The time of retribution is at hand:  
See the ripe vintage waits thee!" Fool and blind,  
Still credulous I heard, and still pursued  
The airy meteor glittering thro' the mire,  
Thro' brake and bog, till more and more engulf'd  
In the deceitful quag, floundering I lay.  
Nor heard was then the world's alluring voice,  
Or promises delusive; then not seen  
The tree umbrageous, with its ample shade:  
For me, alas, that tree had shade no more!  
But, struggling in the gulf, my languid eye  
Saw only round the barren rushy moor,

\* So prisen babes the peacock's starry traine,  
And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;

But who rewards him e'er the more for thy?

Or feeds him once the fuller by a graine?—

Sike praise is smoke that sheddeth in the skie,

Sike words been winde, and wasten soon in vaine.

The flat, wide dreary desert :—Till a hope,  
 Dress'd by the tempter in an angel's form,  
 Presenting its fair hand—imagin'd fair,  
 Though foul as murkiest Hell, to drag me forth,  
 Down to the centre plung'd me, dark and dire  
 Of howling ruin ;—bottomless abyss  
 Of desolating shame, and nameless woe !

But, witness Heaven and earth, 'midst this brief  
 stage,

This blasting period of my chequer'd life,  
 Though by the world's gay vanities allur'd,  
 I danc'd, too oft, alas, with the wild rout  
 Of thoughtless fellow-mortals, to the sound  
 Of jolly's tinkling bells ; tho' oft, too oft,  
 Those pastimes shar'd enervating ; which ill  
 —Howe'er by some judg'd innocent—became  
 Religion's sober character and garb :  
 Tho' oft, too oft, by weak compliance led,  
 External seemings, and the ruinous bait  
 Of smooth politeness, what my heart condemn'd  
 Unwise it practis'd ; never without pang ;  
 Tho' too much influenc'd by the pleasing force  
 Of native generosity, uncurb'd  
 And unchastis'd (as reason, duty taught)  
 Prudent economy, in thy sober school  
 Of parsimonious lecture ; useful lore,  
 And of prime moment to our worldly weal ;  
 —Yet witness Heaven and earth, amidst this dream,  
 This transient vision, ne'er so slept my soul,  
 Or sacrific'd my hands at Folly's shrine,  
 As to forget Religion's public toil,  
 Study's improvement, or the pleading cause  
 Of suffering humanity. Gracious God,  
 How wonderful a compound, mixture strange,  
 Incongruous, inconsistent, is frail man !

Yes, my lov'd Charlottewhose top-stone with joy  
My careful hands brought forth, what time expell'd  
From Ham's lost paradise, and driv'n to seek  
Another place of rest ! Yes, beauteous fane,  
To bright religion dedicate, thou well  
My happy public labours can attest,  
Unwearied and successful in the cause,  
The glorious, honour'd cause of Him, whose love  
Bled for the human race. Thou canst attest  
The Sabbath-days delightful, when the throng  
Crowded thy hallow'd walls with eager joy,  
To hear truth evangelical ; the sound  
Of gospel comfort ! When attentive sat,  
Or at the holy altar humbly kneelt,  
Persuasive, pleasing patterns—Athol's Duke,  
The polish'd Harvey, Kingston the humane,  
Aylesbury and Marchmont, Romney, all-rever'd ;  
With numbers more—by splendid titles less  
Than piety distinguish'd and pure zeal.  
Nor, 'midst this public duty's blest discharge,  
Pas'd idle, unimproving, unemploy'd,  
My other days ; as if the Sabbath's task  
Fulfill'd, the business of the week was done,  
Or self-allow'd. Witness, thrice holy book,  
Pure transcript of th' Eternal Will to man :  
Witness with what assiduous care I turn'd  
Daily the hallow'd page ; with what deep search  
Explor'd thy sacred meaning : thro' the round  
Of learn'd expositors and grave, trod slow  
And painfully deliberating ; the while  
My labours unremitting to the world  
Convey'd instruction large ;—and shall convey  
When moulders in the grave the feeble hand,  
The head, the heart, that gave those labours\* birth.

\* Alluding to " Commentary on the Bible," in three volumes folio.

Oh happy toil, oh labours well employ'd,  
 Oh sweet remembrance to my sickening soul,  
 Blest volumes ! Nor tho' levell'd in the dust  
 Of self-annihilation, shall my soul  
 Cease to rejoice, or thy preventive grace  
 Adoring land, Fountain of every good !  
 For that no letter'd poison ever stain'd  
 My page, how weak soe'er : for that my pen,  
 However humble, ne'er had trac'd a line  
 Of tendency immoral, whose black guilt  
 It well might wish to blot with tears of blood ;  
 Dear to the Christian shall my little works,  
 —Effusions of a heart sincere, devote  
 To God and duty, happily survive  
 Their wretched master ; and thro' lengthen'd years  
 To souls oppress'd, comfort's sweet balm impart,  
 And teach the pensive mourner how to die.\*

Thou too, blest Charity, whose golden key  
 So liberal unlocks the prison's gate  
 At the poor debtor's call ; oh, witness thou,  
 To cruel taxers of my time and thought,  
 All was not lost, all were not misemploy'd,  
 Nor all humanity's fair rights forgot ;  
 Since thou, spontaneous effort of the last,  
 My pity's child, and by the first matur'd,  
 Amidst this flattering, fatal era, rose ;  
 Rose into being, to perfection rose,  
 Beneath my humble fostering ; and at length  
 Grown into public favour, thou shalt live ;  
 And endless good diffuse, when sleeps in dust  
 Thy hapless founder now, by direst fate,  
 Lock'd in a prison, whence thy bounty sets,  
 And shall—oh comfort—long set thousands free.

\* Referring to " Comfort for the Afflicted," and " Reflections on Death."

Happy, thrice happy, had my active zeal—  
 Already deem'd too active chance, by some,  
 Whose frozen hearts, in icy-fetters bound  
 Of sordid selfishness, ne'er felt the warmth,  
 The genial warmth of pure benevolence,  
 Love's ardent flame aspiring ; had that flame  
 Kindled my glowing zeal into effect,  
 And to thy counterpart\* existence giv'n,  
 Lov'd institution ; with its guarded aid  
 Protecting from the prison's ruinous doors,

\* He intended to have established a "Charity for the Loan of Money, without interest, to industrious tradesmen." Necessary papers for that end were collected from Dublin, &c. ; and the following address, which he wrote, and inserted in the Public Ledger of the 1st January, 1776, will, in some measure, explain his purpose:

*To the Wealthy in the Commercial World.*

I have often wished most sincerely to see a charitable fund established in this great and trading city, for the beneficent purpose of "lending to honest and industrious tradesmen small sums without interest, and on a reasonable security."

The benefits which would arise from such an establishment are too obvious to need enumeration. Almost every newspaper tends more and more to convince me of the necessity of such a plan ; for in almost every newspaper we read advertisements from tradesmen, soliciting little sums in their distress, and offering—poor unhappy men ! even premiums for those little sums.

It is not possible but that persons occupied in trade and commerce must feel for the difficulties of their brethren, and be ready to promote the undertaking I would wish to recommend, although on no interested motives ; for I am no tradesman, nor can any way be benefited by the plan. Pure good will, and a compassionate respect to the hardships and distresses of my fellow-creatures, actuate my heart ; and from these motives I shall be happy to proceed upon, and prosecute this plan, with all the efforts and assiduity I am able, if it shall be approved by the benevolent ; and they will testify that approbation, and desire of concurrence, by a line directed to D. at Anderson's Coffee-house, Fleet-Street. In consequence of which, should a probability of success appear, a meeting shall speedily be advertised in the papers, and all measures pursued to put the good design into immediate execution, which on such a meeting may be judged advisable. It may be proper just to observe, that in many cities abroad—at Rome in particular—there are institutions of this sort ; and there has been one established for many years at Dublin, which is found productive of the happiest consequences.

It is made in Scripture one characteristic of the good man, "that he is merciful, and lendeth !" and a very small sum, thus given to a permanent establishment, may enable a man to lend for perpetuity !

How can we better begin the new year, my worthy and humane countrymen, than by entering on a work which may draw down upon us God's blessing, by our charitable relief to many sons and daughters of honest and laborious industry ? —

HUMANITY.

Those whom thy kindly mercy rescues thence,  
 Or, had that zeal on firm foundation fix'd  
 Like thine my favourite Magdalen—the plan,  
 Preservative of tender female fame,\*  
 Fair innocence and virtue from those ills  
 Destructive, complicate, which only find  
 Relief beneath thy hospitable roof,  
 How had I died exulting!—But, oh raise,  
 Inspire some godlike spirit, some great soul,  
 Father of mercies, of all love, all good,  
 Author and finisher;—these and every work  
 Beneficent with courage to pursue,  
 With wisdom to complete! Oh crown his zeal;  
 While sorrowing human nature, by his hand  
 Cherish'd and sooth'd, to latest times shall tell,  
 And bless with tears of gratitude his name!

Mine is a different fate—confess'd, just Judge,  
 The need of human mixture in my works  
 Imperfect, frail; and needing, even the best,  
 Thy pardon and the cleansing of thy blood,  
 Else whence the frequent retributions base,  
 Calumnious and ungrateful, for the deeds  
 Of private pity? Whence, for public acts,  
 The stab opprobrious, and the slanders vile!  
 Or whence, at this dread moment—from the sight  
 Shroud me in tenfold darkness!—Mercy, Heaven!

And is it He—th' ingenuous youth so oft  
 Of all my being, fortune, comfort, deem'd  
 The generous, ample source!—And is it He,  
 In whom, thro' drear misfortune's darkest night,  
 I saw Hope's day-star rising!—Angel of peace,  
 Amidst his future hours, my life's sad loss,  
 Let not accusing conscience to his charge

\* “A plan for a National Female Seminary”—since found amongst the Author's papers; and which appears to have undergone the inspection, and received the approbation, of some very distinguished names.



Impute, distracting—to my crimson'd guilt  
 Oh let him lay it, as the forfeit due,  
 And justly paid! Would Heaven that it were paid!  
 Oh, that with Rome's first Cæsar, in my robe  
 From sight so killing, mantled up mine eyes,  
 I might receive the welcome stab; sigh forth,  
 "My Philip, my lov'd Stanhope—Is it thou?  
 Then let me die."——

Yet, though thus wounded at this bar I stand  
 In pangs unutterable, witness Heaven,  
 With deep commiseration do I view  
 Their sedulous anxiety to prove  
 A guilt my heart—too wounded to deny,  
 Wounded by that guilt's sense, its bitterest part—  
 Instant avow'd. What need then all this toil?  
 The deed is done. Wound not the fall'n hart,  
 'Tis cruel—that lies bleeding at your feet:  
 'I own the whole; I urge no legal plea.  
 On dire necessity's imperious call,  
 (Sons of the robe, of commerce, sons of men,  
 That call imperious have you never heard!)  
 On full intention to repay the whole.  
 And on that intention's perfect work,  
 Free restoration and complete; on wrong  
 Or injury to none design'd or wrought,  
 I rest my claim:—I found my sole defence?  
 "Groundless"—'tis thunder'd in my ears—"and  
 weak:

For in the rigid courts of human law,  
 No restitution wipes away th' offence,  
 Nor does intention justify." So spoke,  
 (And who shall argue?) Judgment's awful voice!  
 Haste then, ye weeping jurymen, and pass  
 Th' awarded sentence. To the world, to fame,  
 To honour, fortune, peace, and Stanhope lost,

What have I more to lose ? or can I think  
Death were an evil to a wretch like me !

Yet, oh ye sons of justice !—ere we quit  
This awful court, expostulation's voice  
One moment hear impartial. Give a while  
Your honest hearts to nature's touches true,  
Her fine resentments faithful. Draw aside  
That veil from reason's clear reflecting view,  
Which practice long, and rectitude suppos'd  
Of laws establish'd, hath obstructive hung.  
But pleads, or time, or long prescription aught  
In favour or abatement of the wrong  
By folly wrought, or error ? Hoary grown,  
And sanctify'd by custom's habit grey,  
Absurdity stalks forth, still more absurd,  
And double shame reflects upon an age  
Wise and enlighten'd. Should not equal laws  
Their punishments proportionate to crimes ;\*  
Nor, all Draconic, ev'n to blood pursue  
Vindictive, where the venial poor offence  
Cries loud for mercy ? Death's the last demand  
Law can exact : the penalty extreme  
Of human crime ! and shall the petty thief  
Succumb beneath its terrors, when no more  
Pays the bold murderer, crimson'd o'er with guilt ?

Few are the crimes against or God or man,  
—Consult th' eternal code of right or wrong—  
Which e'er can justify this last extreme,†  
This wanton sporting with the human life,

\* Horace's precept must for ever stand forth as irrefragably just :

—————“ Adsit

Regula ! peccatis quæ poenas irroget æquas :  
Ne Scutica dignum horribili sectiêre flagello.”

SAT. 3. Lib. 1.

† “ He had sometimes expressed his thoughts about our penal laws, that they were too sanguinary ; that they were against not only the laws of God, but of nature : that his own case was hard, that he should die for an act which he always declared to be wrong, but by which he never

This trade in blood. Ye sages, then, review,  
 Speedy and diligent, the penal code,  
 Humanity's disgrace ; our nation's first  
 And just reproach, amidst its vaunted boasts  
 Of equity and mercy :—Shiver not  
 Full oft your inmost souls, when from the bench  
 Ye deal out death tremendous ; and proclaim  
 Th' irrevocable sentence on a wretch  
 Pluck'd early from the paths of social life,  
 And immature, to the low grave consign'd  
 For misdemeanours trivial ! Runs not back,  
 Affrighted, to its fountain, your chill'd blood,  
 When deck'd in all the horrid pomp of death,  
 And Gothic rage surpassing, to the flames  
 The weaker sex—incredible—you doom ;  
 Denouncing punishments the more severe,  
 As less of strength is found to bear their force ?  
 Shame on the savage practice ! Oh stand forth  
 In the great cause—Compassion's, Equity's,  
 Your Nation's, Truth's, Religion's, Honour's cause,  
 —Stand forth reflecting Eden !\* Well thou'st  
 toil'd

Already in the honourable field :  
 Might thy young labours animate, the hour  
 Auspicious is arriv'd. Sages esteem'd,  
 And venerably learn'd, as in the school  
 Of legal science, so in that of worth  
 And sentiment exalted, fill the bench :  
 And lo ! the imperial Muscovite, intent  
 On public weal, a bright example shines

intended to injure any one individual ; and that, as the public had forgiven him, he thought he might have been pardoned. But now (the day before his execution) he laid all these thoughts touching himself aside, though he continued to think in the same manner of the penal laws to his end." See the Ordinary's account.

\* See Mr Eden's admirable book on Penal Laws.

Of civilizing justice. Sages rise :  
 The cause the animating pattern calls.  
 Oh, I adjure you with my parting breath,  
 By all your hopes of mercy and of peace,  
 By all the blood henceforth unjustly spilt,  
 Or wantonly by all the sorrows deep,  
 And scalding tears shed for that blood so spilt;  
 In God's tremendous name, lo ! I adjure,  
 Without procrastination to the task  
 Important that you haste ! With equal hand  
 In scales of temperate justice, balance well  
 The claims of pleading mercy ! Unto crimes  
 Inflictions just and adequate assign  
 On reformation or example sole,  
 And all impartial, constantly intent,  
 Banish the rage for blood ! for tortures fell  
 Savage, reproachful. Study to restore  
 Its young, its useful members to the state,  
 Well disciplin'd, corrected, moraliz'd ;  
 Preserv'd at once from shame, from death, from  
     Hell,  
 Men, rationals, immortals.—Sons of God,  
 Oh, prosperous be your labours, crown'd your  
     zeal !

So shall the annals of our Sovereign's reign,  
 Distinguish'd by your virtue—noble fruit  
 Of that high independence He bestow'd\*  
 So freely from the treasury of his love  
 To genuine justice—down to future times,  
 Transmitting the rich blessing, shine renown'd,  
 With truest glory ; not by lie's surpass'd,  
 Th' immortal Legislator of the north !

Ah me unhappy ! to that Sovereign's ear

\* Referring to the independence of the judges, settled by the King, as almost one of the first acts of his reign.

Resolv'd to bring those truths which, labouring  
long,

Have lain and tost upon my anxious thoughts :\*  
Thence too am I excluded ! Fatal stroke,  
And wounding to my peace ! Rigour extreme  
Of angry vengeance ! “ Nay it recks not now,”  
Oft, 'midst the tempest of my grief, I cried,  
“ It recks not now what falls me ! From the house  
Of him I honour'd, shut ! Him whose lov'd sire  
My muse in strains elegiac weeping sung,†  
Mixing her tribute with a nation's tears !  
Him to whose high-born race—of liberty  
Firm friends and fautors—from my earliest youth,  
My heart, devoted, willing homage paid,  
And sacred reverence : so paternal love  
And so my college taught, delightful Clare !”  
Dear ever to my memory for hours  
In innocence and peaceful study past ;  
Nor less for thee, my friend, my Lancaster !  
Blest youth, in early hour from this life's woe  
In richest mercy borne ! Had I but died,  
Oh had I died for thee, how had I shunn'd  
This harsh severity—exclusion sad  
From my lov'd royal master ! how escap'd  
Its ill attendant !—Reputation dies,  
The darling of my soul, beneath the stroke !  
Wild, wanton curses tear my mangled frame !  
My sphere of usefulness contracted shrinks ;  
And infamy herself with “ ghastly smiles”  
My ruin ridicules ! Turn, turn my brain,  
Distracted, madden'd, turn ! Of reason more,  
Religion, duty, eminence, dream not :

\* See my Sermon on the Injustice, &c. of Capital Punishments.

† See my “ Elegy on the Death of Frederic, Prince of Wales.”  
*Poems*, p. 68.

The door of mercy's clos'd. Thee—oft from thee  
Mercy, sweet Heaven, have I sought and found;  
From fellow-mortals seldom could I find,  
How humbled e'er, or penitent for faults!  
—And who of erring mortals faultless breathes?  
Mercy, that gift of thine, which most adorns  
The judge's vestment, and the monarch's crown.

Adieu then to its hope; its earthly hope,  
Elsewhere we'll seek it.—Forth—oh forth, my  
friends;

My generous, supporting, weeping friends,  
Forth from the bar conduct me. It is past.  
Justice has done her office. Mercy's fled;  
And smiling, lo! she sits upon a cloud  
Of fleecy whiteness, ting'd with azur'd gold,  
And beams ineffable composure on me!  
Light sits my bosom'd master on his throne;  
Airy and disencumber'd feels my soul;  
And, panting, wishes to spring instant up  
To that white cloud—the golden vehicle  
To realms of rest immortal! In my eyes,  
So languid late, and all suffus'd with tears;  
Methinks I see Hope's lamp rekindled bright;  
A living lustre; shedding, like the sun  
After thick mists, illumination's smile  
O'er all my countenance, marr'd, dimm'd, and wan.

Cheerly, my friends, oh cheerly! Look not thus  
With pity's melting softness! That alone  
Can shake my fortitude. All is not lost.  
Lo! I have gain'd, on this important day,  
A victory consummate o'er myself,  
And o'er this life a victory. On this day  
My birth-day to eternity—I've gain'd  
Dismission from a world, where for a while,  
Like you, like all, a pilgrim passing poor,

A traveller, a stranger, I have met  
 But stranger treatment; rude and harsh! So much  
 The dearer, more desir'd, the home I seek  
 Eternal of my Father and my God!

Ah, little thought ye, prosecutors prompt,  
 To do me good like this! little intend  
 For earthly poverty to give the exchange  
 Of wealth eternal! Cheronea's sage,  
 Thy dogmas here, so paradoxal deem'd  
 By weak half-thinkers\*—see how amply prov'd,  
 How verify'd by men I judg'd my foes;—  
 Friends in disguise, Heav'n's instruments of good!  
 Freely, triumphantly, my soul forgives  
 Each injury, each evil they have wrought,  
 Each tear they've drawn, each groan they've cost  
 my heart,

Guiltless tow'rd's them, uninjur'd. Hapless men!  
 Down do I look with pity: fervent beg,  
 And unremitting, from all-gracious Heaven  
 Eternal blessings on you! Be your lives,  
 Like mine, true convertites to grace, to God!  
 And be our deaths—ah, there all difference ends—  
 Then be our deaths like his, th' atoning just;  
 Like his, the only righteous, our last end!

But oh, oblivious memory! baneful woe;  
 Which thus in dull forgetfulness can steep  
 My faculties;—forgetfulness of her  
 My better self; for whom alone I wish,  
 Thus fallen to remember that I am!  
 My wife, my soul's dear partner in distress,  
 Where sits she? lives she? Ah not lives, but drags  
 The tedious, torturing, horrid, anxious hours  
 Of this dire day!—In solemn silence wrapt,  
 —Expressive silence motionless, compos'd

\* See Plutarch "On the Benefits deducible from Enemies." *Morals*, vol. I.

The melancholy mourner meekly waits  
 The awful issue! From her lovely eyes  
 Drops not a tear! nor ev'n a sigh is heard  
 From her deep-wounded heart: Nor thro' her lips,  
 Unsever'd from the luckless morn till night,  
 Mute sufferer, steals a murmur!\* Gentle dove,  
 So, in the mournful absence of thy mate,  
 Perhaps, or levell'd by the fowler's art,  
 Or lur'd in net insidious, sittest thou alone  
 Upon the bared bough; thy little head  
 Nestling beneath thy silvery wings: while hang  
 Thy pinions, late so glossy, shivering down  
 Unplum'd, neglected, drooping! Thro' the day  
 So tried, my tender friends—another task,  
 And heavier yet, remains to be perform'd.  
 Oh! with the balm of comfort, with the voice  
 Of soothing softness, the sad truth unfold!  
 Approach the beauteous mourner, all-rever'd;  
 And tell her, "that her husband triumphs, lives;—  
 Lives, tho' condemn'd; lives to a nobler life!  
 Nor in the gladsome view of that high life,  
 Feels he to death reluctance: Blest with her,  
 Indifferent in his choice to live or die!"

Be the decision thine, Father of life!  
 Thou gavest, thou hast right to take away;  
 In each alike beneficent! If thou  
 Hast pleasure in me, once more shall I share  
 The hallow'd services, my heart's chief joy;  
 If not with happy David—oh like his  
 Could my song flow repentant—every thought  
 Uniting cries with resignation's voice,  
 "Do with me, Lord, as it shall seem Thee good!"†

\* "I speechless sat;—nor plaintive word,  
 Nor murmur, from my lips was heard." *Merrick's Psalms*, p. 59.

† 2 Sam. xv. 25, 26.



Thus supplicating, down my weary head  
To slumber on its wretched pillow sunk,  
O'erpower'd, oppress'd. Nor on the main-mast  
high,

Rock'd by the bellowing tempest, and the dash  
Of furious surges, the poor ship-boy sleeps  
More soundly, than my powers o'erwrought amidst  
The din of desperate felons, and the roar  
Of harden'd guilt's mad midnight orgies loud!

But fancy free, the busy soul was wake;  
Anticipation pleasing of its state,  
When sleeps its clayey prison in the grave,  
And forth it bursts to liberty!—Methought  
—Such was the vision—in a lowly vale  
Myself I found, whose living green was deck'd  
With all the beauteous family of spring;  
Pale primrose, modest violet, hare-bell blue,  
Sweet-scented eglantine of fragrance rich,  
And permanent the rose: golden jonquil,  
And polyanthus variegate of hue,  
With lilies dale delighting. Thro' the midst  
Meandering of pure crystal flow'd a stream  
The flowery banks reflecting: On each side,  
With homely cots adorn'd, whose 'habitants.  
When sorrow-sunk, my voice of comfort sooth'd;  
When sickness-worn my hand of care reliev'd,  
Tending, and ministering to all their wants,  
Instructed in the language of the skies.  
Dear was the office, cheering was the toil,  
And something like angelic felt my soul!

When lur'd, methought, by one of glittering hue  
(Bright gleam'd the coronet upon his brow,  
Rich glow'd his robe of crimson, ermine deck'd)  
I toil'd to gain a neighbouring mountain's top  
Where blaz'd preferment's temple. So my guide

With smile complacent taught and led me on,  
Softening with artful speech the tedious way,  
And arduous ever. As I rose, the view  
Still gloomier seem'd, and dreary ; the strait  
path

Still straiter, and more sharp the pointed briars  
Entangling ! With insulting sneers the crowd,  
Pressing the same bad road, jostled me by,  
Or threw me prostrate : till fatigu'd and faint,  
With feeble voice, exhausted quite, I cried,  
“ Oh to my vale restore me ! to my cots,  
Illustrious guide ! my ministrations blest,  
Angelical and blessing ! ” — With a look  
Of killing scorn he eyed me : Instant down,  
Precipitate dash'd o'er me craggy rocks,  
Tumbling tumultuous ; and in dungeon dark,  
Illumin'd only by the furious glare  
Of lynx and tygers' eyes, thro' hunger fierce,  
And eager to devour, trembling I lay !

When, in a moment, thro' the dungeon's gloom  
Burst light resplendent as the mid-day sun,  
From adamant shield of Heavenly proof,  
Held high by one,\* of more than human port,  
Advancing slow : while on his tow'ring crest  
Sat fortitude unshaken : At his feet  
Crouch'd the half-famish'd savages ; From earth  
He rais'd me, weeping, and with look of peace  
Benignant, pointed to a crimson cross  
On his bright shield pourtray'd. A milder form,  
Yet of celestial sweetness—such as oft  
My raptur'd eyes have in the tablet trac'd  
Of unaffected penitence ; of her  
Pleasing similitude—the weeping fair  
Early from royal, but unhallow'd love,

To God's sole service flying\*—Fam'd Le Brun,  
 Thy glowing pencil's master-piece!—Such seem'd  
 Repentance, meek approaching. From the den,  
 Illumin'd and defended by Faith's shield,  
 My trembling feet she led: and having borne  
 Thro' perils infinite, and terrors wild  
 And various, fainting almost my sick soul—  
 She left me at a gate of glittering gold,  
 Which open'd instantaneous at the touch  
 Of homely porter, † clad in wolsey grey;  
 And ever bending lowly to the ground  
 His modest countenance! But what a scene  
 —Admitted thro' the portal—on my sight  
 Transported, rush'd! High on a sapphire throne,  
 Amidst a flame like carbuncle, sat Love,  
 Beaming forth living rays of light and joy  
 On choral crowds of spirits infinite,  
 In immortality and glory cloth'd;  
 And hymning lofty strains to minstrelsy  
 Of golden harps accorded in his praise,  
 Love, uncreate, essential! Love, which bled;  
 Which bleeding blanch'd to purest white their robes,  
 And with eternal gold adorn'd their brows!

Dissolv'd, methought, and all my senses rapt  
 In vision beatific, to a bank  
 Of purple amaranthus was I borne  
 By a superior genius. His white wings  
 Distilling panacea, dove-like spread  
 Refreshing fragrance o'er me: Firm of brow  
 And masculine he seem'd—th' ennobling power  
 Angelic, destin'd in the human heart  
 To nourish friendship's flame! Uprais'd my eyes

\* Madame de la Valiere. This fine picture is in the Chapel of the Carmelite Nuns at Paris.

† Humility.

As from a trance returning—"Spirit belov'd,  
 And honour'd ever!" anxious strait I cried,  
 "Thrice welcome to my wishes! Oh impart—  
 For you can tell—in these delightful realms  
 Of happiness supernal, shall we know—  
 Say, shall we meet and know those dearest friends,  
 Those tender relatives, to whose concerns  
 You minister appointed? Shall we meet  
 In mutual amity? mutual converse hold;  
 And live in love immortal? Oh relieve  
 My aching heart's solicitude; and say,  
 Here shall I meet, here know, in boundless bliss,  
 Here view transported, her, my life's best friend,  
 My sorrow's faithful soother!"—Gushing tears  
 Impetuous stopt my voice; and I awoke  
 To earth, to night, to darkness, and a jail!

*April 14, 1777*

END OF THE FOURTH WEEK.

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## WEEK THE FIFTH.

*Futurity.*

"To death devote!" Thus in the vernal bloom  
 Of redolent youth and beauty, on the cross  
 Hung high her motto;\* she, in name and choice  
 Of that far better part, like her so fam'd  
 In story evangelical—sweet saint,  
 Friend of my soul, and soother of my grief,  
 Shall I then dread in age, and worn with woe,  
 'To meet the king of terrors?—Coward fear

\* Miss Mary Bosanquet, whose motto, encircling a cross, is, "Devoted to Death." From fourteen years of age she dedicated herself to sincere religion, and to the present hour has persevered in the most exemplary line of duty. Her letters to the author, in his last distress, afforded him peculiar comfort.

Of what we all must meet: The primal curse  
Of our first father rests on all his race,  
And "Dust to dust," the charter of mankind!

But, were it possible, oh, who would wish  
To stretch the narrow span, grown tedious, stale,  
With dull recurrence of the same dull acts,  
Ev'n in its happiest state! A toilsome care,  
A wearying round of clothing, food, and sleep:  
While chequer'd over with a thousand ills  
Inevitably painful!—In our frame  
Dwell (death's artillery) diseases dire,  
And potent to dislodge the brittle life  
With agonies heart-rending! In the soul  
Lurks sin, the serpent, with her fiery sting  
Of sorrow, rankling on the conscience deep,  
Source of all mental misery!—From without,  
In close battalion, a black troop of ills  
Level their deep-drawn arrows at our peace;  
And fail not, as we pass thro' life's bad road,  
To wound th' unguarded traveller! witness you  
Who groan distress'd beneath oppression's scourge;  
Ingratitude's sharp tooth; the canker'd tongue  
Of slander; fortune's loss; or bitterer far  
The loss of fame, and soul-connected friends!

Thus tax'd, thus wretched, can the man be wise  
Who wishes to retain so poor a boon?  
Who fears to render the deposit up  
To his blest hands who gave it? And who thus  
Beneficent hath rang'd his moral plan,  
Thus good with evil mix'd; from earth's poor love  
(School of probation) suffering man to wean,  
And raise his hopes to heaven! Silence then  
The whisper of complaint; low in the dust  
Dissatisfaction's demons growl unheard!  
All, all is good, all excellent below:

Pain is a blessing ; sorrow leads to joy,  
 Joy permanent and solid ! Every ill  
 Bears with its love paternal : nay, ev'n death,  
 Grim death itself, in all its horrors clad,  
 Is man's supremest privilege ! It frees  
 The soul from prison, from foul sin, from woe,  
 And gives it back to glory, rest, and God !

When will its welcome message lay at peace  
 My burden'd, beating heart ?—Oh strange ! to point  
 Thy darts, inexorable tyrant, there,  
 Where life laughs crown'd with roses ; when these  
                   arms,

Familiar to thy sister Sorrow's fold,  
 Would so delighted hug thee ! But thou lov'st  
 Full oft the noblest quarry. highest aim :  
 Lov'st unsuspected, and with silent step,  
 To steal on the secure : Lov'st to deal round  
 Tremendous and impartial thy stern strokes,  
 Asserting terrible o'er human kind  
 Thy empire irresistible : And now  
 At monarchs, now at mimics, grinning scorn,  
 Thy hand indifferent hurls the twanging shaft.

Ah, what a group of primest deer lie pierc'd  
 Thou hunter all victorious, at thy feet ;  
 Since to that empire dedicate I fell  
 From life's bright hope, and languish'd in this grave,  
 This living, doleful sepulchre immur'd !

Not all thy gold or orient pearl could save  
 Thee, Lusitania's monarch, from the stroke  
 Impending long and dread ! Nor, Terrick,\* thee,  
 Thy mitre and thy rochet ! Ensigns blest,  
 When worn with sanctity ; then surely chang'd  
 For crown of gold, and robe of spotless white !

See, neither can the coronet, nor garb

Of ermin'd pomp, from Temple\* turn aside  
 The levell'd blow ; nor, higher far in price,  
 Th' uplifted shield of Jaussen's honest heart !  
 Lo ! too, as if in scorn of purpled pride,  
 And all life's glories, in this high parade  
 Funeral marches, tragic-actor now,  
 He who so late light on the comic sock  
 Trod the gay stage, and bade with laughter's burst  
 Involuntary the throng'd theatres resound !  
 And, food for worms, poor Woodward, thou no less  
 Than patriots, princes, countesses, and priests !  
 Death scorns distinctions : But, despotic power  
 Cloth'd in his direst terrors, here he reigns,  
 Here revels ! Here, with bitterest vengeance, shakes  
 O'er trembling convicts his determin'd shaft,  
 And gluts himself with horror ! See him lead  
 From yonder darksome cell, all pale with woe,  
 That stranger† sinking ! who, in luckless hour,  
 With rash hand pierc'd the bosom he ador'd,  
 Nor drank of comfort more ! half in his heart  
 The black lance festering sticks ; and death himself,  
 Howe'er relentless, ere he drives it home,  
 Of strange commiseration feels a pang,  
 Reluctant to his office !——

But, that shriek——

Thrilling with dread—whence is it ? 'Tis the voice  
 Of female misery, bursting thro' the crowd  
 To the lone dungeon : view that lovely form, ‡

\* Countess of Temple.

† Alluding to Tolosa, a poor unhappy Soaniard, lately executed for the murder of his female friend. He took scarce any sustenance from the time of the fact, and was more than half dead when conveyed to the place of execution.

‡ This also alludes to a miserable catastrophe, which happened here on the morning of a late execution. The poor young woman who came to visit her husband, had lain in but seven days. As soon as the husband's fetters were knocked off, he stepped aside, and cut his throat in

Deck'd in the neatest white—yet not so white  
 And wan as her wild visage: “Keep me not,”  
 Raving she cries, “Keep me not, cruel, from him.  
 He dies this morn; I know it: he's condemn'd;  
 The dreadful judge has done it! He must die,  
 My husband! and I'm come, clad in my best,  
 To go and suffer with him! I have brought  
 Sweet flowers to cheer him, and to strew his corse.  
 Pale, pale, and speechless lies it!—Husband, come!  
 The little infant, fruit of our glad loves,  
 Smil'd on me, as with parting breath I blest,  
 And kiss'd the dear babe for thee! 'Tis but young;  
 'Tis tender yet;—seven days is young in life:  
 Angels will guard my little innocent:  
 They'll feed it, tho' thou couldst not find it food,  
 And its poor mother too!—And so thou dy'st!  
 For me and it thou dy'st! But not alone;  
 Thou shalt not go alone: I will die with thee:  
 Sweet mercy be upon us! Hence, hence, hence!”  
 Impetuous then her white arms round his neck  
 She threw; and, with deep groans would pierce  
     a rock,  
 Sunk fainting. Oh the husband's, father's pangs,  
 Stopping all utterance! Up to heaven he roll'd  
 His frantic eyes; and, staring wildly round  
 In desperation's madness, to his heart  
 Drove the destructive steel!—Fell death,  
 Wouldst thou a fuller triumph!—Oh my wife,  
 How dismal to our ears the shrieks, the groans!—  
 And what a crowd of wild deas press  
 Distracting on the soul! “Merciful Heaven,  
 In pity spare us! Say, it is enough,  
 And bid the avenging ange stay his hand!”

a dismal manner, but not quite sufficiently to finish his existence!—and  
 in that shocking state—paid his debt—a the destined place.



Death bars the plea; and with his thundering  
stalk.

Brushing beside us, calls, in solemn sound,  
Heed to his dart grief-pointed. Its keen stroke,  
Ah, gentle Eleonora!\* gives at once  
Relief to thy o'er-burden'd breast! to ours  
Anguish unutterable! 'Tis ours he wounds,  
'Thou amiable friend!—whose languid eye  
Ne'er rais'd a look from earth since that sad hour  
When sunk my sun! Thou, who from earliest youth  
Hast humbly sought thy God, thou art at peace:  
Happy, thrice happy, on that golden shore,  
Where from the tossing of these troublous waves  
We soon shall land. Oh stay, affectionate,  
Oh wait and welcome us! Or, if in Heaven  
Blest saints retain concern for those on earth  
Held in the dearest amity, become  
Thy darling sister's guardian! As from youth,  
From childhood's dawn her dear maternal guide,  
Be now, lov'd spirit, in this hour of woe,  
Her angel-comfort, her support! Alas,  
What talk I of support! thou mercy's God!  
When all her conduct, by thy grace inspir'd—  
When all her patient gentleness and love,  
Her fortitude unparallel'd, and peace,  
Have thee their Author: Be the glory thine!

But say, my soul, 'midst these alarming calls,  
This dread familiarity with death;  
Our common debt, from infancy's first cry  
Denounc'd, expected, tho' its sure approach  
Larks in uncertainty's obscurest night;—  
Our common debt, which babes and palsied seers,  
Princes and pilgrims, equally must pay!—

\* Mrs\* Dodd's sister; who, in the midst of our sorrows, did—what she never did before—augment them, by dying of a heart broken with grief for our calamity. Oh misery!

Say, canst thou feel reluctance to discharge  
 The claim inevitable? Senseless he,  
 Who in life's gaudiest moments fondly strives  
 To turn his eyes unheeding from the view  
 Instructive. 'Midst those moments, deep it dwelt  
 On my reflecting mind!\* a mind which liv'd  
 More in the future than the present world;  
 Which, frequent call'd by duty's solemn voice  
 From earth's low scenes, on those sublimer far  
 Hath ever thought delighted; and those thoughts  
 Conveying to mankind, in them desires  
 Its real transcript, its resemblance true  
 May be survey'd—the picture of itself.  
 For, whatsoe'er may be our earthly state,  
 The mind's the man. My humble labours, then,  
 When rests my parts corporeal in the dust,  
 Hang up my living portrait!—And to give  
 Those labours all their force, summon'd I stand  
 By awful providence, to realize  
 The theoretic lessons I have taught.  
 And lo! compos'd, I fix my dying seal  
 In attestation to their truth, their power,  
 Felt at my heart, my inmost conscience felt;  
 Imparting triumph o'er life's love; o'er death  
 Consummate exultation! while my soul  
 Longs to go forth, and pants for endless day!  
 But who can wonder, that amidst the woes,  
 Like a swollen torrent, which with frightful roar  
 Have burst destructive o'er me; 'midst the loss  
 Of all things dear, Fame, Honour, Peace and  
 Rest;  
 Amidst the cruel spoiling of my goods,  
 The bitterest rancour of envenom'd spite,

\* Reflections on Death—Thoughts on Epiphany—Sermon on Mutual Knowledge, &c.

And calumny unfeeling ;\*—what surprise  
 That my wean'd soul, above this wordly wreck,  
 With anxious expectation waits the call  
 From melancholy mourning and dim grief,  
 To everlasting gladness? Powerful Hope,  
 And all-sufficient to sustain the soul,  
 Tho' walking thro' the darkest vale of woe!  
 Who shall disprove that Hope? or who pretend  
 By subtle sophistry that soul to rob  
 Of its chief anchor, choicest privilege  
 And noblest consolation—"Stedfast Faith  
 In great Futurity's extended scene :  
 Eternity of Being!" All things round  
 Arise in brightest proof : I see it, feel it,  
 Thro' all my faculties, thro' all my powers,  
 Pervading irresistible. Each groan  
 Sent from my sorrowing heart; each scalding tear  
 From my convicted eyes; each fervent prayer  
 By meek repentance offer'd up to Heaven,  
 Asserts my immortality! proclaims  
 A pardoning Deity and future world,  
 Nor less the thought, chill, comfortless, ab-  
     hor'd,  
 Of loath'd annihilation!—From the view  
 Humiliating, mean, unworthy man,  
 Almost unworthy reptiles, glad I turn,  
 And triumph in existence! Nay, each ill  
 And every mundane trouble preaches loud  
 The same important truth. I read it fair  
 And legibly engrav'd on all below :  
 On all the inequalities discern'd  
 In this perplexing, mix'd, and motley scene ;

\* Numberless letters of a most unchristian, horrid, and cruel nature,  
 were continually sent to him in the height of his distresses. Yet some  
 of these letters were subscribed, a Lady, a Christian, or a Christian  
 Brother.

In every rank and order of mankind ;\*  
 Nay, in the wisest system of our laws,  
 Inadequate, imperfect—and full oft  
 Unjust and cruel ; in this dismal jail,  
 And in the proudest palaces alike  
 I read, and glory to trace out the mark  
 Irrefragably clear of future life;  
 Of retribution's just and equal state.

So reason urges ; while fair Nature's self,  
 At this sweet season†, joyfully throws in  
 Her attestation lovely ; bids the sun,  
 All-bounteous, pour his vivifying light,  
 To rouse and waken from their wint'ry death  
 The vegetable tribe ! Fresh from their graves,  
 At his resistless summons, start they forth,  
 A verdant resurrection ! In each plant,  
 Each flower, each tree to blooming life restor'd,  
 I trace the pledge, the earnest, and the type  
 Of man's revival, of his future rise  
 And victory o'er the grave—compell'd to yield  
 Her sacred, rich deposit, from the seed  
 Corrupt and mortal, and immortal frame  
 Glorious and incorruptible ; like his,  
 The Sun of Righteousness, whose living power  
 The mighty work shall operate ! Yes, bright source  
 Of spiritual life !—the immaterial world  
 Pervading, quickening, gladdening—in the rays  
 Full-orb'd of Revelation, thy prime gift,  
 I view display'd, magnificent, and full,  
 What reason, nature, in dim darkness teach,  
 Tho' visible, not distinct : I read with joy

\* See Maclean's Answer to Jenyns, &c. p. 52.

† Spring. See my Poem on the Epiphany, ver. 151, &c. I would have that Poem considered, in dependence with this, as my serious thoughts on these awful subjects, in an early period of my life ; and which, in this last and dreadful one, I find no reason to alter.

Man's high prerogative ; transported read  
 The certain, clear discovery of life  
 And immortality, announc'd by thee,  
 Parent of truth, celestial Visitant,  
 Fountain of all intelligence divine !  
 Of that high immortality the King,  
 And of that life the Author ! How man mounts,  
 Mounts upon angel-wings, when fief'd, secur'd  
 In that sublime inheritance ! when seen  
 As a terrestrial stranger here ; a god  
 Confin'd awhile in prison of the flesh,  
 Soon, soon to soar, and meet his brother gods,  
 His fellows, in eternity !—How creeps,  
 How grovels human nature ! What a worm,  
 An insect of an hour, poor, sinful, sad ;  
 Despis'd and despicable, reptile-like  
 Crawls man, his moment on his ant-hill here :  
 —Marking his little shining path with slime—  
 If limited to earth's brief round  
 His painful, narrow views ! Like the poor moth,  
 By lights delusive to destruction led ;  
 Still struggling oft its horrors to evade,  
 Still more and more involv'd ; in flames he lives  
 His transient, toilsome minute, and expires  
 In suffocating smoke.

Hume, thou art gone !

Amidst the catalogue of those mow'd down  
 By time's huge scythe, late noted :\* Thou, be sure,  
 Wast not forgotten ! Author, thou hast gain'd  
 Thy vast ambition's summit : Fame was thine ;  
 Wealth too, beyond thy amplest wish's bound,  
 Encompass'd thee : And lo, the pageant ends !  
 For who, without compassion's generous tear,

\* See Mr Hume's Life, written by himself ; with a letter by Dr Smith, giving an account of his death.

Thy mind at once capacious and humane,  
Can view, to truth, to hope immortal dead?  
Thy penetrating reason, subtile, strong,  
Hoodwink'd by dark infatuation's veil;  
And all thy fine and manly sense employ'd,  
Ev'n on eternity's thrice awful verge,  
To trifle with the wonders of a state  
Respectably alarming! of a state  
Whose being gives to man—had given to thee  
(Accepted by the humble hand of faith)  
True glory, solid fame, and boundless wealth!  
Treasures that wax not old.

Oh the high blessings of humility!  
Man's first and richest grace! Of virtue, truth,  
Knowledge, and exaltation, certain source,  
And most abundant: Pregnant of all good;  
And, poor in show, to treasures infinite  
Infallibly conducting; her sure gift!  
So, when old Hyems has deform'd the year,  
We view, on fam'd Burgundia's craggy cliffs,  
The slow vines, scarce distinct, on the brown earth  
Neglected lie and grovelling;—promise poor  
From plaut so humble, of the swelling grape  
In glowing clusters purpling o'er the hills:—  
When all impregnating rolls forth the sun,  
And from the mean stalk pours a luscious flood  
Of juice nectareous thro' the laughing land!

Nervous essayist! haply had thy pen,  
Of masculine ability, this theme  
Pursu'd intelligent; from lowly heart  
Delineating true the features mild  
Of genuine humility; mankind  
Now 'wilder'd by thy sophistry, had bless'd  
And honour'd well thy teaching: Whilst thyself  
Secure had sail'd and happy: nor been cast

On pride's black rocks, or empty scorn's bleak shore!

Proud scorn, how poor and blind—how it at once  
Destroys the sight, and makes us think we see!  
While desperate ridicule in wit's wild hands  
Implants a dangerous weapon! How it warps  
From clear discernment, and conclusions just,  
Ev'n captive reason's self! How gay soe'er—  
(Ah misplac'd gaiety on such a theme)  
In life's last hour!—on Charon's crazy bark,  
On Tartarus and Elysium, and the pomp  
Solemn and dreaded of dark pagans' Hell!  
Thy reasoning powers knew well, full well to draw  
Deductions true from fables gross as these,  
By poets' fancy heighten'd! Well thou knew'st  
Fables like these, familiar to mankind  
In every nation, every clime, thro' earth  
Widely disseminate, thro' earth proclaim'd  
In language strong, intelligent and clear,  
“A future state retributive:” 'Thou knew'st,  
'That in each age the wise embrac'd the truth,  
And gloried in a hope, how dim soe'er,  
Which thou, amidst the blaze, the noon-day blaze  
Of Christian information, madly scorn'dst  
And diedst insulting! Hail of ancient times,  
Worthies and fam'd believers! Plato, hail!  
And thou, immortal Socrates, of Rome  
Prime ornament and boast! My Tully, hail!  
Friend and companion of my studious life;  
In eloquence and sound philosophy  
Alike superlative! with minds enlarg'd,  
Yet teachable and modest, how ye sought,  
You and your kindred souls—how daily dug  
For wisdom as the labourer in the mines!  
How grop'd, in fancy's and dark fable's night,

Your way assiduous, painful! How discern'd  
 By the mind's trembling, unassisted light—  
 (Or, haply, aided by a scatter'd ray  
 Of distant revelation, half extinct)  
 The glimmer of a dawn; the twinkling star  
 Of day-light far remote! how sigh'd sincere  
 For fuller information! and how long'd,  
 How panted for admission to that world  
 O'er which hung veils impervious! sages, yes,  
 Your search ingenuous proves it: every page  
 Immortal of your writings speaks this truth!  
 Here, ye minute philosophers; ye herd  
 Of mean half-thinkers, who chief glory place  
 In boldness to arraign and judge your God,  
 And think that singularity is sense!  
 Hear, and be humbled: Socrates himself\*—  
 And him you boast your master—would have fall'n  
 In humble, thankful reverence at the feet  
 Of Jesus, and drank wisdom from his tongue!

Divinest Fountain! from the copious stream  
 Then drink we freely, gladly, plenteous draughts  
 Of ever-living wisdom; knowledge clear,  
 And otherwise attainless of that state  
 Supernal, glorious; where, in angel-form  
 And angel-blessedness, from Death's dread pow'r,  
 From Sin's dominion, and from Sorrow's sense  
 Emancipated ever, we shall share  
 Complete, uninterrupted, boundless bliss;  
 Incessant flowing forth from God's right hand,  
 Well of perennial joy!† Our moral powers,  
 By perfect pure benevolence enlarg'd,  
 With universal sympathy, shall glow

\* Alluding to his celebrated wish of divine illumination from some superior power.

† See Psalm xlv. 2.



Love's flame ethereal ! And from God himself,  
 Love's primal source, and ever-blessing sun,  
 Receive, and round communicate the warmth  
 Of gladness and of glory ! Then shall rule,  
 From dregs of sordid interest defecate,  
 Immortal friendship. Then too shall we trace—  
 With minds congenial and a thirst for truth  
 Sincere and simple, the Creator's works,  
 Illumin'd by the intellectual soul,  
 Refin'd, exalted !—Animating thought !  
 To talk with Plato, or with Newton tread  
 Thro' empyrean space the boundless track  
 Of stars erratic, or the comet vague  
 With fiery lustre wandering thro' the depths  
 Of the blue void, exhaustless, infinite ;  
 While all its wonders, all its mystic use,  
 Expand themselves to the admiring sight !

Descending then from the celestial range  
 Of planetary worlds, how blest to walk  
 And trace with thee, nature's true lover, Hale,  
 —In science sage and venerable—trace  
 Thro' vegetation's principle, the God !  
 Read in each tube, capillary, and root,  
 In every leaf and blossom, fruit and flower,  
 Creative energy, consummate art,  
 Beauty and bounty blended and complete !  
 Oh what a burst of wisdom and delight,  
 Intelligence and pleasure, to engage  
 Th' enraptur'd mind for ages ! 'Twere too short  
 Eternity itself, with reasoning quest  
 To search, to contemplate great nature's God  
 Thro' all his nature's works ! Suns, stars, and skies,  
 With all their vast and elemental store :  
 Seas, with their finny myriads : birds that win  
 With glittering pinions the elastic air,

And fill the woods with music : Animals,  
That feed, that clothe, that labour for their lord,  
Proud man ; and half up to his reason climb  
By instinct marvellous ! Fruits, that infinite  
In glow and taste refresh creation's toil ;  
And flowers that rich in scent their incense sweet  
—Delicious offering both to God and man—  
Breathe free from velvet variegated hues,  
And speak celestial kindness then from these  
His lesser wonders—Fam'd anatomists,  
Ye, who with scrupulous, but still painful search,  
Pore doubtful in the dark recess of life ;—  
Then turn we, Cheselden, to man ; so form'd  
With fear and wonder by the master-hand,  
And learn we, from discovery of the springs  
Of this divine automation : the blood  
In nimble currents coursing thro' the veins  
And purple arteries ; the fibres fine ;  
The tubal nerves, so ramified and quick  
To keen sensation ; all the various parts  
So complicate, yet distinct ; adapted each  
Its functions with minuteness to fulfil,  
While to the one great end concurring all  
With harmony unvarying !—Learn we hence  
The wisdom exquisite, which gave to life,  
To motion, this his prime, his chief machine !  
And superadded, in his love's display,  
The soul's superior, intellectual rule,  
Connexion wonderful ! and till that hour  
Of all-expanding knowledge, to man's mind  
Inexplicable still, and still unknown !

How rise upon the thought, to truth attest,  
Truths new and interesting, 'midst this field  
Of universal science !—Nor shall then  
The spirits seat and influence on our frame,

Gross and material, be alone evolv'd  
 To our astonish'd view. Spirit itself,  
 Its nature, properties, distinctions, powers,  
 —Deep subject of investigation deep,  
 And chief resolver of man's anxious doubts ;  
 'Tho' to his sight impossible, or search,  
 While darken'd by mortality—shall rise,  
 Soon as he bursts the barrier of the grave,  
 Clear and familiar on his sight enlarg'd :  
 Seen in himself, beatify'd, and cloth'd  
 With spiritual glory : in the angelic world  
 Seen and admir'd. And—oh ecstatic view,  
 Whose sight is perfect bliss, transforming, pure\*—  
 Seen and ador'd in Thee, great first and last,  
 Sole, self-existing Thou the gracious cause  
 Of all existence ; infinitely blest,  
 Yet pleas'd with life and being to impart  
 That blessing to innumerable creatures round !  
 Spirit of the universe, thro' all diffus'd,  
 And animating all ! Dread Triune God, †  
 With beams exhaustless of eternal love,  
 Of life, of glory, from thy central throne  
 Shining beneficent : and kindling warm  
 In every being subject to thy rule,  
 Devotion's rapture and thanksgiving's song ;  
 Mellifluous songs, and hallelujahs high !  
 New wonders elevate ! For not alone

\* There must be sympathy in the future state, to render it uniformly complete and perfect. We can have no pleasure in God, or God in us, but from that sympathy arising from similitude. We must be made like God, to enjoy beatific vision. Bring a bad man to Heaven, with a soul incrustated and sensualized, he would have no pleasure in it ; nor could he endure the sight, any more than reptiles that grovel in a cave amidst filth and darkness, could endure the splendours of the mid day sun. Shakespeare's description is, in this view, highly animated :

“ For vice, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,  
 Would sate itself in a celestial bed,  
 And prey on garbage.”

† See Maclean's Answer to Jenyns, p. 72.

By contemplation up to nature's God  
From nature's works ascending, shall the soul  
Beatified receive in future bliss  
Accessions of delight thro' endless day :  
Lo, what a scene, engaging and profound,  
Presents itself, the darkening curtain drawn—  
From the high acts of Providence, display'd  
In one clear view consistent ; in one end  
Important, grand, concentrating : one design  
Superlatively gracious, through the whole  
Pursued invariable ; even from the hour  
When pass'd the sentence on the serpent's  
head,

To that thrice-awful moment, when the Son  
His victor-car o'er death and hell shall drive  
Triumphant, and bolt fast the gates of time !

Unroll'd the mystic volume, we behold,  
In characters of wisdom strong pourtray'd,  
The rise and fall of empires : in thy hand  
Omnipotent, or instruments of good,  
Or of thy justice punitive and dread  
Awful dispensers ! There, of heroes, kings,  
Sages, and saints, of prophets and of priests,  
Thy distributions, difficult but wise,  
Discerning, shall we gratefully adore :  
And in the long, long chain of seeming chance,  
And accidents fortuitous, shall trace  
Omniscience all-combining, guiding all !  
No dispensations then will seem too hard,  
Through temporary ills to blissful life  
Leading, tho' labyrinthal ! All will shine  
In open day : all, o'er the mighty plan,  
Discover Thee, with wisdom infinite  
Presiding glorious : All thy steadfast truth,  
And love paternal, manifest ; while falls

The prostrate world of spirits, angels, saints,  
In adoration's homage 'fore thy throne!

Not to our earth, or earth's poor confines bound:  
The soul dilated, glorified and free,  
On seraph's wings shall soar, and drink in glad,  
New draughts of high delight from each survey  
Of its Creator's kingdoms! Pleas'd shall pass  
From star to star; from planetary worlds,  
And systems far remote, to systems, worlds  
Remoter still, in boundless depths of space;  
Each peopled with its myriads: and shall learn  
The wise and strict dependence of the whole;  
Concatenation striking of thy works,  
All-perfect, mighty Master! Wonder-lost  
In the vast view of systems numberless,  
All regular, in one eternal round  
Of beauteous ordel rolling! All design'd  
With skill consummate, tending to one goal:  
And manifesting all, in characters  
Transparent as the diamond's brilliant blaze,  
Their Sovereign Ruler's unity of will,  
His all-efficient wisdom, and his love,  
In grace and glory infinite; the chain  
Connecting firm, and thro' its every link  
Transfusing life's ineffable delights!  
Oh goodness providential! sleepless care!  
Intent, as ever blest, to bless the whole!  
What plaudits from that whole are due, shall burst  
From full creation's universal choir!

Then, oh transporting! shall the scheme profound,  
Heaven's labour, and of angels anxious thought  
Sublimest meditation; then shall blaze  
In fullest glory on the race redeem'd,  
Redemption's boundless mercy!—High in Heav'n,

To millions blest, rejoicing in its grace,  
 And hymning all its bounties, shall the cross,  
 'Thy cross, all-conquering Saviour, be display'd,  
 While seraphs veil their glories, and while men  
 Thronging innumerable, prostrate fall  
 Before thy feet, and to the bleeding Lamb  
 Ascribe their free salvation!—

'Midst that throng  
 Of spirits justified, and thro' thy blood  
 Cleans'd, perfected, and blest, might I be found,  
 To scenes so high exalted; to such views  
 Ennobling brought, such intellect refin'd,  
 Such light and love, such holiness and peace;  
 Such spheres of science, and such realms of rest!  
 Ah, how I'd scorn the passage strait of death,  
 How doleful e'er and horrid! How I'd look  
 With steadfastness unshaken thro' the grave,  
 And smile o'er all its sadness! How I'd rise  
 Exulting, great Forerunner, o'er the waves  
 And bitterness of life! How, smiling, court  
 Ev'n the fell hand of horror, to dismiss  
 From earth, from darkness, my delighted soul  
 To heaven, to God, and everlasting day!

Teacher of truth, blest Jesu!—On the throne  
 Of majesty co-equal, thou who sitt'st  
 From all eternity in glory's blaze  
 With thy Almighty Father! Thou, benign,  
 From bosom of that Father hast brought down  
 Intelligence to man of this blest state  
 Consolatory, rational; and fraught  
 With every good beyond the highest reach  
 Of man's supreme conception! How shall then  
 In equal language man his homage pay,  
 Or grateful laud thy goodness! Sons of Greece,  
 Or ye, who in old times, of sevenfold Nile,

Proud Tiber, or the Ganges' sacred flood  
Religious drank, and to your demons dark  
Paid superstition's tribute ;—tho' I trace  
Delighted, in your visions of the world  
Beyond the grave, your dreams of future life—  
Proofs of that life's firm credence, of your faith  
In the soul's deathless nature ;—yet with tears  
Of human pity, humbled o'er the sense  
Of human imbecility, I read—  
Your future fables, puerile and poor ;  
To the soul's life, to virtue's godlike love  
Unanimating, useless ; while illum'd  
By gospel-splendor—else, no doubt, as dark  
And worthy pity—owns my heart rejoic'd,  
That gospel's eminence of wisdom, truth,  
And heavenly emanation, in its traits  
Of future life superlatively drawn !

And who could paint that life, that scene describe  
Immortal, and all-glorious, from the view  
Of mortals shrouded ever—save the Son,  
Who from Eternity that life enjoy'd ;  
And came in condescension to reveal  
A glimpse of its perfection to mankind ?

Presumption vain and arrogant in men,  
To think of sketching with his weak, faint line,  
A scene so much above him ! And behold  
That vain presumption punish'd as it ought,  
In Araby's Imposture, dark and lewd ;  
Who dar'd, with temporary follies fraught,  
And low self-interest, stalking in the van  
Of mad ambition's route—to cheat his train,  
Deluded by his darlings, with the hope  
Of sensual ravishment, and carnal joys  
Perpetual in the Paradise of God ;  
Reserv'd—for sons of murder and of lust !

Shame on the impious madness!—Nor less shame  
Must truth indignant dart on those who boast  
Exclusive Christianity ; yet dare,  
Presumptuous, in their fancied penal fire  
To fetter the free soul, “ till the foul sins  
Done in its days of nature be purg'd out  
And burn'd away ;” \* unless by lucky chance  
The oft-repeated mass, thro' potent gold—  
All-sacred influence !—gain'd, unlocks the door  
Of dismal prison-house, and gives the soul  
Enfranchis'd, up to Peter's better care !

Preposterous, weak delusion ! strange reproach  
To Christian sapience, and to manly sense !  
But not to Christ's true gospel, and the code  
Of Revelation pure ; before whose light,  
Resplendently informing, fables old  
Like these, and vain (of ignorance the birth,  
Of coinage, sacerdotal, in an age  
Of gross Cimmerian darkness) growling hide  
Their ignominious heads : as birds of night,  
Reptiles, and beasts of prey before the sun  
Mounting the misty hills, in splendor rob'd,  
And beaming all around refulgent day !

Other, far other from that luminous code  
Breaks on the rational, enlighten'd mind  
In perfect beauty that exalted state,  
Of whose high excellence our sight hath dar'd,  
How dim soe'er, to take an humble glimpse,  
And peep into its wonders ! But what tongue  
Of man in language adequate can tell,  
What mortal pencil worthily pourtray  
That excellence, those wonders—where nor death,  
Nor sin, nor pain shall enter ever ;—where,  
Each ill excluded, every good shall reign ;



Where day shall ne'er decline ; but ceaseless light  
The Lamb's eternal lustre—blazing bless,  
With salutary glory ! where shall smile  
One spring unvarying ; and glad nature teem  
Spontaneous with exuberance of bounty !  
Where, in immortal health, the frame sublim'd,  
Refin'd, exalted thro' the chymic grave,  
In union with the soul made perfect, pure,  
And to the likeness of its God transform'd,  
Shall find for every sense divine employ,  
Gratification ample, exquisite,  
Angelical, and holy : Chief in sight,  
In vision beatific of its God ;  
In blest communion of his love ; in praise  
High choral praise, strung to the golden harp  
In unison eternal, with the throng,  
Thousands of thousands that surround the throne,  
And feel his praise, their glory, and their bliss !  
There too his works constant th' adoring soul  
Shall pleas'd investigate ; and constant find  
Fresh well-spring of delight ; there constant share  
The lov'd society and converse high  
Of all the good, the wise, the truly great  
Of every age and clime ; with saints and seers  
Divine communication holding, rapt  
Perpetually in new and deep displays  
Of wisdom boundless, and of perfect love.  
Then too, oh joy ! amidst this blaze of good,  
This consummation rich of highest bliss ;  
Then shall we meet—meet never more to part,  
Dear, dear departed friends ! and then enjoy  
Eternal amity. My parents then,  
My youth's companions !\*—From my moisten'd  
cheeks

\* See Thoughts on the Epiphany, ver. 331, &c.

Dry the unworthy tear! Where art thou, Death?  
Is this a cause for mourning?—What a state  
Of happiness exalted lies before me!

Lo, my bared bosom! Strike: I court the blow:

I long, I pant for everlasting day,

For glory, immortality, and God!

But, ah! why droops my soul? why o'er me thus

Comes a chill cloud? Such triumph well besuits

The faithful Christian; thee had suited well,

If haply persevering in the course,

As first thy race exultingly began.

But thou art fallen, fallen! Oh my heart,

What dire compunction!—sunk in foul offence,

A prisoner, and condemn'd! an outcast vile,

By-word and scorn of an indignant world,

Who reprobate with horror thy ill deeds;

Turn from thee loath'd, and to damnation just

Assign, unpitying, thy devoted head,

Loaded with every infamy!

Dread God

Of justice and of mercy! wilt thou too,

In fearful indignation on my soul,

My anguish'd soul, the door of pity close,

And shut me from thee ever?—Lo! in dust,

Humiliant, prostrate, weeping 'fore thy throne—

Before thy cross, oh dying Friend of man,

Friend of repentant sinners, I confess,

And mourn my deep transgressions; as the sand

Innumerable, as the glowing crimson red:

With every aggravation, every guilt

Accumulate and burden'd! Against light,

'Gainst love and clearest knowledge perpetrate!

Stamp'd with ingratitude's most odious stain;

Ingratitude to thee; whose favouring love

Had bless'd me, had distinguish'd me with grace,

With goodness far beyond my wish or worth !  
Ingratitude to man ; whose partial ear  
Attended to my doctrine with delight ;  
And from my zeal conspicuous justly claim'd  
Conspicuous example !—— Lord, I sink  
O'erwhelm'd with self-conviction, with dismay,  
With anguish and confusion past compare !  
And could I weep whole seas of briny tears  
In painful penitence ; could I deplore  
From my heart's aching fountain, drop by drop,  
My crimes and follies ; my deep grief and shame,  
For vile dishonour on thy gospel brought ;  
For vile discredit to my order done ;  
For deep offence against my country's laws !  
For deep offence to pity and to man—  
A patriarchal age would be too short  
To speak my sorrows and lament my sins ;  
Chief, as I am of sinners ! Guiltier far  
Than he, who, falling, at the cock's shrill call  
Rose, and repented weeping : guiltier far—  
I dare not say, than Judas ; for my heart  
Hath ever lov'd—could never have betray'd,  
O never, never Thee, dear Lord ! to death ;  
Tho' cruelly, unkindly and unwise,  
That heart hath sacrific'd its truth and peace,  
—For what a shameful, what a paltry price !—  
To sin, detested sin ; and done Thee wrong,  
Oh blessed source of all its good, its hope !  
For, tho' thus sunk, thus sinful, sorrowing thus,  
It dare not, cannot Judas' crime commit—  
Last crime—and of thy mercy, Lord, despair !  
But, conscious of its guilt ; contrite and plung'd  
In lowest self-abjection, in the depths  
Of sad compunction, of repentance due  
And undissembled, to thy cross it cleaves,

And cries for—ardent cries for mercy, Lord !  
Mercy, its only refuge ! Mercy, Christ !  
By the red drops that in the garden gush'd  
'Midst thy soul's anguish from thee ! By the drops  
That down thy precious temples from the crown  
Of agony distill'd ! By those that flow'd,  
From thy pierc'd hands, and blessed feet, so free ;  
By all thy blood, thy sufferings, and thy death,  
Mercy, oh Mercy. Jesus ! Mercy Thou,  
Who erst on David with a clement eye,  
When mourning at thy footstool, deigns to look,  
Thou, who th' adulterous Magdalen forgav'st,  
When in the winning garb of penitence  
Contrite she knelt, and with her flowing tears  
Wash'd lowly thy lov'd feet ! Nor thou the thief,  
Ev'n in the last, the bitterest hour of pain,  
Refusedst, gracious ! Nor wilt thou refuse  
My humble supplication, nor reject  
My broken bleeding heart, thus offer'd up  
On true contrition's altar ; while thro' Thee,  
Only thro' Thee acceptance do I hope,  
Thou bleeding Love ! consummate Advocate,  
Prevailing Intercessor, great High Priest,  
Almighty Sufferer ! Oh look pitying down !  
On thy sufficient merits I depend ;  
From thy unbounded mercies I implore  
The look of pardon and the voice of grace—  
Grace, grace ! Victorious Conqueror over sin,  
O'er death, o'er hell, for me, for all mankind ;  
For grace I plead : repentant at thy feet  
I throw myself, unworthy, lost, undone ;  
Trusting my soul, and all its dear concerns,  
With filial resignation, to thy will :  
Grace—still on grace my whole reliance built ;  
Glory to grace triumphant !—and to thee,

Dispenser of that sovereign grace !  
Jesus, thou King of glory ! at thy call  
I come obedient : lo, the future world  
Expands its views transporting ! Lord, I come ;  
And in that world eternal trust to 'plaud,  
With all redemption's sons, thy glorious grace !  
Then farewell, oh, my friends ! light o'er my  
grave

The green sod lay, and dew it with the tear  
Of memory affectionate ! and you  
—The curtain drop decisive, oh my foes,  
Your rancour drop ; and, candid, as I am  
Speak of me, hapless ! Then you'll speak of one  
Whose bosom beat at pity's gentlest touch  
From earliest infancy ; whose boyish mind  
In acts humane and tender ever joy'd ;  
And who—that temper by his inmost sense  
Approv'd and cultivate with constant care—  
Melted thro' life at Sorrow's plaintive tale,  
And urg'd, compassionate with pleasure ran  
To sooth the sufferer and relieve the woe !  
Of one, who, though to humble fortune bred,  
With splendid generosity's bright form  
Too ardently enamour'd, turn'd his sight,  
Deluded, from frugality's just care,  
And parsimony needful ! One who scorn'd  
Mean love of gold, yet to that power—his scorn  
Retorting vengeful—a mark'd victim fell !  
Of one, who, unsuspecting, and ill-form'd  
For the world's subtleties, his bare breast bore  
Unguarded, open ; and ingenuous thought  
All men ingenuous, frank and open, too !  
Of one, who, warm with human passions, soft  
To tenderest impressions, frequent rush'd  
Precipitate into the tangling maze

Of error ;—instant to each fault alive ;  
 Who, in this little journey thro' the world—  
 Misled, deluded oft, mistook his way ;  
 Met with bad roads and robbers, for his steps  
 Insidious lurking : and by cunning craft  
 Of fellow-travellers sometimes deceiv'd,  
 Severely felt of cruelty and scorn,  
 Of envy, malice, and of ill report,\*  
 The heavy hand oppressive ! One who brought  
 —From ignorance, from indiscretion blind—  
 Ills numerous on his head ; but never aim'd,  
 Nor wish'd an ill or injury to man ;  
 Injur'd, with cheerful readiness forgave ;  
 Nor for a moment in his happy heart  
 Harbour'd of malice or revenge a thought ;  
 Still glad and blest to avenge his foes despite  
 By deeds of love benevolent !—Of one—  
 Oh painful contradiction, who in God,  
 In duty plac'd the summit of his joy ;  
 Yet left that God, that blissful duty left,  
 Preposterous, vile deserter ! and receiv'd

\* The following is a striking instance, and an alarming proof, that calumny and slander will one day grievously afflict the conscious mind: A clergyman with whom I had lived in much friendship, always ready to show him every proof of civility, and for whom I had much esteem, after an absence of a twelvemonth and more, sent me a line, that he was then in a dangerous state, apprehensive of a speedy death. I flew to my friend with all zeal and speed ; and found him, as it seemed, in a very dangerous way. Almost as soon as he saw me he burst into tears, and clasping my hands vehemently, said, " Oh, my dear Doctor, I could not die in peace without seeing you, and earnestly imploring your pardon: for a midst all the seeming friendship I showed, I have been your bitter enemy : I have done all I could on every occasion to traduce and lessen you ; envy, base envy alone, being my motive: for I could not bear the brilliancy of your reputation, and the splendour of your abilities. —Can you forgive me ?

I was shocked, but with great truth told him to be perfectly at peace ; that he had my most sincere forgiveness.---I did all I could to sooth his mind. He recovered, and surely must ever be my friend ! Would to God what he then suffered may be a warning to him, and to all, how they indulge such diabolical passions ; which, as being most opposite to the God who is love, cannot but sooner or later woefully distract the heart !

A just return—"Desertion from his God,  
And consequential plunge into the depth  
Of all his present—of all human woe!"

Then hear his sufferings! Hear (if found too  
faint

His feeble song to win attention) hear  
And heed his dying counsel! Cautious, shun  
The rocks on which he split. Cleave close to  
God,

Your Father, sure Protector, and Defence:  
Forsake not his lov'd service; and your cause  
Be sure he'll ne'er forsake. Initiate once,  
Happy and prosperous, in religion's course  
Oh persevere unfainting! Nor to vice  
Or tempting folly slightest parley give!  
Their black tents never enter: On the watch  
Continue unremitting, nor e'er slack  
The necessary guard. Trivial neglects,  
Smallest beginnings\*, to the wakeful foe  
Open the door of danger;—and down sinks,  
Thro' the minutest leak once sprung, the ship  
In gayest and most gallant tackle trim,  
By small neglects he fell!—

Oh! could ye rise,

Blest ministers of peace, by his sad fall:  
Gather increase of caution and of zeal;  
And seeing on what slippery edge ye stand,  
Of foul and fatal lapse take the more heed;—  
With deeper thankfulness he'd bow the knee,  
While thus his fate productive prov'd of good  
To you, of truth blest heralds! whom he views

\* Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur  
Cum mala per longas convaluerint inoras.  
Sed propterea; nec te venturas differ in horas,  
Quil non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.  
Ov. R. A. lib. 1. l. 91.

With heart-felt anguish scandaliz'd, impugn'd  
By his atrocious follies : But for that  
Not honour'd less, or honourable, if rous'd  
Ev'n by his errors, wisely you maintain  
Your high profession's dignity, and look  
With single eye intent on the great work,  
Thrice holy, of your calling ; happiest work  
Of mortals here, " Salvation of men's souls."

Oh envied pastor, who thus occupied  
Looks down on low preferment's distant views  
Contemptible ; nor e'er his plotting mind  
To little, mean servilities, enslaves ;  
Forgetting duty's exercise sublime,  
And his attachments heavenly ! Who nor joins  
In frivolous converse on the rise of this,  
Nor prospects flattering of that worldly clerk ;  
Strange inconsistency ! marching aloft  
With step superior, and ambition's paw,  
To dignity's wish'd summit !—Nor allows  
Envious, or spreads malicious, the low tales  
Diminishing of brethren, who by zeal,  
Or eminence of merit in the cause,  
The common cause of Christ, distinguish'd shine :  
Of futile politics and partly rage  
Who, heedless, ever for the powers that be  
In meek sincerity implores ; and lives  
Only to spread around the good, the peace,  
The truth, the happiness, his open heart  
Innocuous possesses, as the gift  
Of him the God of peace he serves and loves !  
Much envied pastor ! Ah, ye men of God,  
Who crowd the levee, theatre, or court ;  
Foremost in each amusement's idle walk ;  
Of vice and vanity the sportive scorn,  
The vaunted pillars ;—ah ! that ye were all



Such happy, envied pastors! how mankind  
With eyes of reverence would devoutly look,  
How would yourselves with eyes of pleasure look  
On characters so uniform! while now,  
What view is found less pleasing to the sight!

Nor wonderful, my aged friends! For none  
Can inward look complacent where a void  
Presents its desolations drear and dark.  
Hence 'tis your turn (incapable to bear  
Reflection's just resentment) your lull'd minds  
To infantine amusements, and employ  
The hours—short hours, indulgent Heaven affords  
For purposes most solemn—in the toil  
Of busy trilling; of diversions poor,  
Which irritate as often as amuse:  
Passions most low and sordid! With due shame,  
With sorrow I regret—Oh pardon me  
This mighty wrong!—that frequent by your side  
Silent I've sat, and with a pitying eye  
Your follies mark'd, and unadmonish'd left,  
Tho' tenderly lamenting! Yet, at last,  
—If haply not too late my friendly call  
Strike on dead ears, oh profit by that call!  
And, to the grave approaching, its alarms  
Weigh with me all considerate! Brief time  
Advances quick in tread; few hours and dark  
Remain, those hours in frivolous employ  
Waste not impertinent; they ne'er return!  
Nor deem it dullness to stand still and pause  
When dread eternity hath claims so high.  
Oh be those claims fulfill'd!

Nor, my young friends,  
Whom life's gay sunshine warms with laughing joy,  
Pass you those claims unheeding!—In the bud  
Of earliest rose oft have I sorrowing seen

The canker-worm lurk blighting ; oft, ere noon,  
The tulip have beheld drop its proud head  
In eminent beauty open'd to the morn !  
In youth, in beauty, in life's outward charms  
Boast not self-flattering ; virtue has a grace,  
Religion has a power, which will preserve  
Immortal your true excellence ! O give  
Early and happy your young hearts to God,  
And God will smile in countless blessings on you !  
Nor, captivate by fashion's idle glare,  
And the world's shows delusive, dance the maze,  
The same dull round, fatiguing and fatigu'd,  
Till, discontented, down in folly's seat  
And disappointments, worthless, toil'd you sink,  
Despising and despis'd ! Your gentle hearts  
To kind impressions yet susceptible,  
Will amiably hear a friend's advice ;  
And if, perchance, amidst the giddy whirl  
Of circling folly, his unheeded tongue  
Hath whisper'd vanity, or not announc'd  
Truth's salutary dictates to your ears,  
Forgive the injury, my friends belov'd ;  
And see me now, solicitous t' atone  
That and each fault, each error ; with full eyes  
Entreating you, by all your hopes and fears,  
By all your dear anxieties ! by all  
You hold in life most precious, to attend,  
To listen to his lore, to seek for bliss  
In God, in piety ; in hearts devote  
To duty and to Heav'n ! and seeking thus  
The treasure is your own. Angels on earth,  
Thus pure and good, soon will you mount, and  
live  
Eternal angels with your Father—God !  
Of admonition due, just self-contempt,

And frank expostulation's honest charge,  
'The needful debt thus paid; haste thou, my song,  
As hastes my life—brief shadow—to its close!

Then farewell, oh my friends, most valued!  
bound

By consanguinity's endearing tie,  
Or friendship's noble service, manly love  
And generous obligations! See, in all  
—And spare the tear of pity—Heaven's high will  
Ordaining wise and good. I see, I own  
His dispensation, howsoever harsh,  
To my hard heart, to my rebellious soul  
Needful and salutary! His dread rod  
Paternal, lo I kiss; and to the stroke  
Severe, submissive, thankfully resign!  
It weans me from the world; it proves how vain,  
How poor, the life of erring man! hath taught,  
Experimentally hath taught, to look  
With scorn, with triumph upon death; to wish  
The moment come!—Oh were that moment come,  
When, launch'd from all that's sinful here below,  
Securely I shall sail along the tide  
Of glorious eternity! My friends,  
Belov'd and honour'd, oh that we were launch'd,  
And sailing happy there, where shortly all  
Must one day sail! Oh, that in peaceful port  
We all were landed! all together safe  
In everlasting amity and love  
With God, our God; our pilot thro' the storms  
Of this life's sea!—But, why the frivolous wish?  
Set a few suns—a few more days decline,  
And I shall meet you.—Oh the gladsome hour  
Meet you in glory, nor with flowing tears  
Afflicted drop my pen, and sigh Adieu!

END OF THE FIFTH WEEK.

*Pieces found amongst the Author's Papers in  
Prison; with his Last Prayer.*

I. THE ADMONITION.

AFFLICTED prisoner, whosoe'er thou art  
To this lone room unhappily confin'd;  
Be thy first business here to search the heart,  
And probe the deep corruptions of thy mind!  
Struck with the foul transgressions thou hast  
wrought,  
With sin—the source of all thy worldly woe;  
To shame, to sorrow, to conviction brought,  
Oh, fall before the throne of mercy low!  
With true Repentance pour thy soul in prayer,  
And fervent plead the Saviour's cleansing blood;  
Faith's ardent cry will pierce the Father's ear,  
And Christ's a plea which cannot be withstood!

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II. SCRIPTURE PENITENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

FIRST in the list of penitents we place  
The sinful parent of our sinful race;  
Who, by temptation foil'd, and man's first foe,  
' Brought death into the world, and all our woe!  
Transgression's debt how deeply does he pay!  
Depriv'd of innocence; to death a prey;  
From Paradise expell'd; to toil assign'd—  
Toil of the fainting frame and sick'ning mind!  
And doom'd to shed, for near a thousand years,  
O'er fall'n descendants penitential tears!  
Thus seiz'd the triple league\* on mortal man,  
And thus, Repentance, thy sad reign began.

\* Sin, Sorrow, and Death.

Yet, awful Power! how blest beneath thy sway,  
 Who feel contrition's dictates, and obey!  
 Their vicious deviations who detest,  
 And hold Faith's cross, all-humbled, to their  
 breast!

From God's lov'd presence then they need not fly! \*  
 Nor ope in wrath the flood-gates of the sky:  
 For since to man perfection was deny'd,  
 By thee his deep demerits are supply'd;  
 And, led by thee a suppliant to the throne,  
 The God of mercy looks with pity down,  
 Smiles on the mourner, and delights to prove  
 How free his grace, and how triumphant love!

Eternal proof! See, bath'd in floods of tears,  
 Where David foremost in thy train appears:  
 How deep his crime, the prophet pictures well;  
 How deep his penitence, those sorrows tell!  
 That, whether to deplore the crime, or bless,  
 We stand suspended; since its evil's less,  
 Less bright his soul's ingenuous grief had shone,  
 And less at once his comfort, and our own!

Hear, like a torrent how his sorrows roll,  
 Conviction's tempest tearing up his soul!  
 Hear, sad and solemn, to the mournful strings,  
 In trembling anguish, how he weeps and sings!

“Mercy, oh mercy, Lord! wish humble heart!

For thy known pity's sake, -mercy I pray!

Boundless in tender mercies as Thou art,

Take, Lord! oh take my foul offence away.

Oh, from my loathsome guilt, wash, cleanse my  
 soul,

Remove, dear Father, each defiling stain:  
 Guilty, oh, guilty, Lord! I own the whole;  
 I see, I feel it; all excuse is vain.

\* As Cain, Gen. iv. 14, 16.

Against Thee, Lord ! ev'n Thee, have I trans-  
gress'd ;

Lo, self-convicted, I before Thee fall !  
Just are thy words ; their truth is confess'd ;  
Just are thy judgments ! Sinners are we all.

Prone to offend, or ere to birth I came,  
My mother, when conceiving, gave me guilt ;  
Shapen in sin was my corrupted frame,  
When in the womb that wondrous frame was  
built.

But Thou, of purer eyes than guilt to view,  
Thou wilt accept the soul's sincere desire :  
Pardon the past, the humbled heart renew,  
And wisdom by thy secret one inspire.

Then listen to my cry ; and oh, my God,  
Purge me with hyssop, and I pure shall grow ;  
Wash me, foul leper, in the mystic blood,  
And whiter I shall be than whitest snow.

Again the voice of gladness let me hear,  
Thy voice of pardoning love, for it is sweet :  
The soul dejected so shalt thou appear—  
The worm which, crush'd, lies trembling at  
thy feet.

Hide from my sins—the objects of thy hate—  
Oh, hide thy face, and blot them from thy view :  
A clean heart, God of grace, in me create,  
And a right spirit in my soul renew !

From thy lov'd presence let me not be driven ;  
Let me not lose thy blessed spirit's aid ;  
Again the joy of thy salvation giv'n,  
Uphold, support, sustain my heart dismay'd.  
Then, of thy pardoning mercy satisfy'd,  
Thy pardoning mercy loud will I reclaim :

So shall transgressors, taught by me, confide  
In thy compassions; turn, and bless thy name.

Ah! my soul shudders!—From the guilt of blood,  
Oh, from blood-guiltiness deliver me!

Oh God, deliver—my salvation's God,  
And praise unceasing will I pay to thee.

Permit my lips, now clos'd by guilt and shame,  
Thy pardoning love, Jehovah, to express;  
Then to the list'ning world I'll tell thy name,  
Proclaim thy praise, and sing thy righteousness.

For crimes like mine no offerings can atone;  
The gift of outward sacrifice is vain:  
Could these avail, before thy righteous throne,  
Whole hecatombs I gladly would have slain.

The contrite spirit and the sighs sincere,  
Which from the broken bleeding heart arise,  
To thee more pleasing sacrifices are:  
Are gifts my God, which thou wilt not despise.

Hear then, and save! and to thy people, Lord,  
Thy saving mercy graciously extend!  
Oh let our Zion live in thy regard;  
The walls of our Jerusalem defend!

So shall the righteous to thy temple go,  
And joyful bring their offering and their praise:  
So shall the blood of lambs in plenty flow,  
And incense on thy altar copious blaze\*."

With joy, with grief the penitent I see,  
Offending Heav'n, yet Heav'n absolv'd for me!  
Oh while, like his, I feel my guilt and shame,  
Be my repentance and my grief the same!

\* See Psalm 51, and Christian's Magazine, vol. iii. p. 134:

Then shall the truth which cheer'd his heart be  
mine ;

Thy God has pardon'd thee, and life is thine.

But hark, my soul, what melancholy sound  
Re-echoes from the dungeon's dark profound !  
Hear, sympathetic hear : A King complains,  
Fall'n from his throne, a prisoner, and in chains !

“ God of the world, at length thy rule I own,  
And prostrate fall before thy boundless throne :  
Thy power resistless, trembling I confess :  
In threat'nings awful, but in love no less !

O what a blessing has that love assign'd,  
By penitence to heal the wounded mind ;  
By penitence to sinners, who like me,  
More than th'unnumber'd sands that shore the sea,  
My crimes acknowledge ; which, of crimson dye,  
In all their scarlet horrors meet my eye !

Oh eye, unworthy of the light of Heav'n :  
Oh sins too mountainous to be forgiv'n :  
Oh rebel to the law and love divine,  
How justly God's severest vengeance thine !  
But oh, I bend my heart's obedient knee,  
In supplication, Lord, for grace from Thee !  
Yes, I have sinn'd. and I confess the whole—  
Forgive me then, nor cast away my soul !  
Save me from evil, from thine anger save,  
And snatch me from the dark untimely grave !

Friend of the contrite, thou wilt pardon give ;  
A monument of mercy I shall live !  
And worthless as I am, for ever prove,  
That true repentance leads to saving love !  
That true repentance tunes to praise the heart,  
And in the choir of Heaven shall bear an ample  
part\* !”

\* See Prayer of Manasseh, in the Apocrypha, next to the first book of Maccabees ; and compare 2 Chron. xxxiii. 21, &c.



Thus, by affliction's deep correction taught,  
 Manasseh to the Lord for mercy sought :  
 By the kind chastening of a Father's rod,  
 Brought to the knowledge of himself and God !  
 Happy affliction, for such knowledge given ;  
 And blest the dungeon which led thus to Heaven !

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### III.—REFLECTIONS.

(UNFINISHED.)

HERE seclude from worldly pleasure,  
 In this doleful place confin'd,  
 Come, and let's improve the leisure ;  
 Meditate my thoughtful mind !  
 Soul alike and body sharing,  
 How have I the one forgot !  
 While for t'other only caring,  
 Lo ! my miserable lot !  
 Yet the one I so much cherish,  
 Doom'd to death when giv'n to life,  
 Soon, perhaps, must sink and perish,  
 Dust to dust—must end the strife !  
 From a tedious tour returning,  
 Into distant foreign land,  
 How my anxious heart is burning  
 News of home to understand !

\* \* \* \* \*

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*To my Friends, especially of the Charitable Societies,*

### ON THEIR SOLICITUDE.

Ah, my lov'd friends ! why all this care for one  
 To life so lost, so totally undone ;

Whose meat and drink are only bitter tears,  
 Nights pass'd in sorrow, mornings wak'd to cares;  
 Whose deep offence sits heavy on his soul,  
 And thoughts self-torturing in deep tumult roll!  
 Could you, by all your labours so humane,  
 From this dread prison his deliverance gain!  
 Could you, by kind exertions of your love,  
 To generous pardon royal mercy move,  
 Where should he fly? where hide his wretched head,  
 With shame so cover'd, so to honour dead?

Spare then the task, and, as he longs to die, }  
 Set free the captive—let his spirit fly, }  
 Enlarg'd and happy, to his native sky!  
 Not doubting mercy from his grace to find,  
 Who bled upon the cross for all mankind.

But if it must not be—if Heaven's high will  
 Ordains him yet a duty to fulfil,  
 Oh may each breath, while God that breath  
 shall spare,

Be yours in gratitude, be Heaven's in prayer!  
 Deep as his sin, and low as his offence,  
 High be his rise thro' humblest penitence!

While, life or death, mankind at least shall  
 learn

From his sad story, and your kind concern,  
 That works of mercy, and a zeal to prove  
 By sympathetic aid the art of love,  
 On earth itself a sure reward obtain;  
 Nor e'er fall pity's kindly drops in vain!

I live a proof! and, dying, round my urn  
 Affliction's family will crowd and mourn:

"Here rests our friend," if, weeping o'er my  
 grave,  
 They cry—'tis all the epitaph I crave.

*To the Reverend Mr Vilette, Ordinary of Newgate.*

REVEREND SIR,—The following Address owes its present public appearance to you. I read it to you after it was composed; and you thought it proper to be delivered, as was intended. You heard it delivered, and are pleased to think that its publication will be useful.—To a poor abject worm, like myself, this is a sufficient inducement to that publication; and I heartily pray God, that in your hands it may frequently and effectually administer to the instruction and comfort of the miserable.

I am, dear Sir,

With my sincerest thanks for your humane  
and friendly attention,

Your truly sorrowful and  
much afflicted Brother in Christ,

Friday, June, 6, 1777.

WILLIAM DODD.

## THE CONVICT'S ADDRESS

*To his Unhappy Brethren:*

Delivered in the Chapel of Newgate, on June 6, 1777.

*My dear and unhappy Fellow-Prisoners,*

CONSIDERING my peculiar circumstances and situation, I cannot think myself justified, if I do not deliver to you, in sincere Christian love, some of my serious thoughts on our present awful state.

In the sixteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, you read a memorable story respecting Paul and Silas, who, for preaching the Gospel, were cast by magistrates into prison, ver. 23.—and, after having received many stripes, were committed to the jailer, with a strict charge to keep them safely. Accordingly he thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. At midnight Paul and Silas, supported by the testimony of a good conscience, prayed, and sung praises to God, and the prisoners heard them; and suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were

shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's chains were loosed. The keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, in the greatest distress, as might well be imagined, drew his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.—The keeper calling for a light, and finding his prisoners thus freed from their bonds by the imperceptible agency of divine power, was irresistibly convinced that these men were not offenders against the law, but martyrs to the truth: he sprang in therefore, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, "Sirs, What must I do to be saved?"

"What must I do to be saved?" is the important question, which it becomes every human being to study, from the first hour of reason to the last; but which we, my fellow-prisoners, ought to consider with particular diligence and intenseness of meditation. **Had** it not been forgotten or neglected by us, we had **never** appeared in this place. A little time for recollection and amendment is yet allowed us by the mercy of the law. Of this little time let no particle be lost. Let us fill our remaining life with all the duties which our present condition allows us to practise. Let us make one earnest effort for salvation!—And oh! heavenly Father, who desirest not the death of a sinner, grant that this effort may not be in vain.

To teach others what they must do to be saved, has long been my employment and profession. You see with what confusion and dishonour I now stand before you—no more in the pulpit of instruction, but on this humble seat with yourselves.—You are not to consider me now as a man authorised to form the manners, or direct the conscience, and speaking with the authority of a pastor to his flock.—I am here guilty, like yourselves, of a capital offence; and sentenced, like yourselves, to public and shameful death. My profession, which has given me stronger convictions of my duty than most of you can be supposed to have attained, and has extended my views to the consequences of wickedness farther than your observation is likely to have reached, has loaded my sin with peculiar aggravations; and I entreat you to join your prayers

with mine, that my sorrow may be proportionate to my guilt !

I am now, like you, inquiring what I must do to be saved ! and stand here to communicate to you what that inquiry suggests. Hear me with attention, my fellow-prisoners ; and in your melancholy hours of retirement, consider well what I offer to you from the sincerity of my good-will, and from the deepest conviction of a penitent heart.

Salvation is promised to us Christians, on the terms of Faith, Obedience, and Repentance. I shall therefore endeavour to show how, in the short interval between this moment and death, we may exert faith, perform obedience, and exercise repentance, in a manner which our heavenly Father may, in his infinite mercy, vouchsafe to accept.

I.—Faith is the foundation of all Christian-virtue. It is that, without which, it is impossible to please God. I shall therefore consider, first, How faith is to be particularly exerted by us in our present state.

Faith is a full and undoubting confidence in the declarations made by God in the holy Scriptures ; a sincere reception of the doctrines taught by our blessed Saviour ; with a firm assurance that he died to take away the sins of the world, and that we have, each of us, a part in the boundless benefits of the universal sacrifice.

To this faith we must have recourse at all times, but particularly if we find ourselves tempted to despair. If thoughts arise in our minds, which suggest that we have sinned beyond the hope of pardon, and that therefore it is vain to seek for reconciliation by repentance, we must remember how God willeth that every man should be saved, and that those who obey his call, however late, shall not be rejected.—If we are tempted to think that the injuries we have done are unrepaid, and therefore repentance is vain, let us remember that the reparation which is impossible is not required ; that sincerely to will, is to do, in the sight of Him to whom all hearts are open ; and that which is deficient in our endeavours, is supplied by the merits of Him who died to redeem us.

Yet let us likewise be careful, lest an erroneous opinion of the all-sufficiency of our Saviour's merits lull us into

carelessness and security. His merits are indeed all-sufficient ! But he has prescribed the terms on which they are to operate. He died to save sinners, but to save only those sinners that repent. Peter, who denied him, was forgiven; but he obtained his pardon by weeping bitterly. They who live in perpetual regularity of duty, and are free from any gross or visible transgression, are yet but unprofitable servants:—What then are we, whose crimes are hastening us to the grave before our time?—Let us work with fear and trembling, but still let us endeavour to work out our salvation. Let us hope without presumption; let us fear without desperation; and let our faith animate us to that which we were to consider.

Secondly, “ Sincere Obedience to the laws of God.” Our obedience, for the short time yet remaining, is restrained to a narrow circle. Those duties, which are called social and relative, are for the most part out of our power. We can contribute very little to the general happiness of mankind, while on those, whom kindred and friendship have allied to us, we have brought disgrace and sorrow. We can only benefit the public by an example of contrition, and fortify our friends against temptation by warning and admonition.

The obedience left us now to practise is, “ submission to the will of God, and calm acquiescence in his wisdom and his justice.” We must not allow ourselves to repine at those miseries which have followed our offences, but suffer, with silent humility and resigned patience, the punishment which we deserve; remembering that, according to the apostle’s decision, no praise is due to them who bear with patience to be buffeted for their fault.

When we consider the wickedness of our past lives, and the danger of having been summoned to the final judgment without preparation, we shall, I hope, gradually rise so much above the gross conceptions of human nature, as to return thanks to God for what once seemed the most dreadful of all evils—our detection and conviction !—We shrink back by immediate and instinctive terror from the public eye, turned as it is upon us with indignation and contempt. Imprisonment is afflictive, and ignominious death is fearful ! But let us compare our condition with that which our actions might reasonably have incurred.—The robber

might have died in the act of violence, by lawful resistance; the man of fraud might have sunk into the grave while he was enjoying the gain of his artifice—and where then had been our hope? We have now leisure for thought; we have opportunities of instruction; and whatever we suffer from offended laws, may yet reconcile ourselves to God, who, if we sincerely seek him, will assuredly be found.

But how are we to seek the Lord? By the way which he himself hath appointed; by humble, fervent, and frequent prayer. Some hours of worship are appointed us; let us duly observe them. Some assistance to our devotion is supplied; let us thankfully accept it. But let us not rest in formality and prescription: let us call upon God night and day. When, in the review of the times which we have past, any offence arises to our thoughts, let us humbly implore forgiveness; and for those faults (and many they are and must be) which we cannot recollect, let us solicit mercy in general petitions. But it must be our constant care that we pray not merely with our lips; but that when we lament our sins, we are really humbled in self-abhorrence\*; and that, when we call for mercy, we raise our thoughts to hope and trust in the goodness of God, and the merits of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ.

The reception of the holy sacrament, to which we shall be called in the most solemn manner, perhaps a few hours before we die, is the highest act of Christian worship. At that awful moment it will become us to drop for ever all worldly thoughts, to fix our hopes solely upon Christ, whose death is represented, and to consider ourselves as no longer connected with mortality.—And, possibly, it may please God to afford us some consolation, some secret intimations of acceptance and forgiveness. But these radiations of favour are not always felt by the sincerest penitents. To the greater part of those, whom angels stand ready to receive, nothing is granted in this world beyond rational hope, and with hope founded on promise, we may well be satisfied.

But such promises of salvation are made only to the penitent. It is requisite then that we consider,

Thirdly, “How Repentance is to be exercised.” Re-

\* See Job, chap. xlii. ver. 6.

penitance, in the general state of Christian life, is such a sorrow for sin as produces a change of manners, and an amendment of life. It is that disposition of mind, by which he who stole steals no more; by which the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right. And to the man thus reformed it is expressly promised, that he shall save his soul alive.\* Of this repentance the proofs are visible, and the reality certain, always to the penitent, and commonly to the church with which he communicates; because the state of the mind is discovered by the outward actions.—But of the repentance which our condition requires and admits, no such evidence can appear; for to us many crimes and many virtues are made impossible by confinement; and the shortness of the time which is before us, gives little power even to ourselves, of distinguishing the effects of terror from those of conviction; of deciding, whether our present sorrow for sin proceeds from abhorrence of guilt, or dread of punishment? Whether the violence of our inordinate passions be totally subdued by the fear of God, or only crushed and restrained by the temporary force of present calamity?

Our repentance is like that of other sinners on the death-bed; but with this advantage, that our danger is not greater, and our strength is more. Our faculties are not impaired by weakness of body. We come to the great work not withered by pains, nor clouded by the fumes of disease, but with minds capable of continued attention, and with bodies, of which we need have no care! We may therefore better discharge this tremendous duty, and better judge of our own performance.

Of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance many have disputed; but we have no leisure for controversy. Fix in your minds this decision, “Repentance is a change of the heart; of an evil to a good disposition.” When that change is made, repentance is complete. God will consider that life as amended, which would have been amended, if he had spared it. Repentance in the sight of man,

\* There cannot be a stronger exemplification of this idea, than the conduct of the jailer, who uttered the question with which we commenced our inquiry—What shall I do to be saved?—What a change of mind and manners was wrought in him by the power of God! Read Acts, chap. xvi.



even of the penitent, is not known but by its fruits ; but our Creator sees the fruit in the blossom, or the seed. He knows those resolutions which are fixed, those conversions which would be permanent ; and will receive them who are qualified by holy desires for works of righteousness, without exacting from them those outward duties which the shortness of their lives hindered them from performing.

Nothing therefore remains, but that we apply with all our speed, and with all our strength, to rectify our desires and purify our thoughts ; that we set God before us in all his goodness and terrors ; that we consider him as the father and the Judge of all the earth ; as a Father, desirous to save ; as a Judge, who cannot pardon unrepented iniquity ; that we fall down before him self-condemned, and excite in our hearts an intense detestation of those crimes which have provoked him ; with vehement and steady resolutions, that if life were granted us, it should be spent hereafter in the practice of our duty ;\* that we pray the Giver of grace to strengthen and impress these holy thoughts, and to accept our repentance, though late, and in its beginnings violent ; that we improve every good motion by diligent prayer ; and having declared and confirmed† our faith by the holy communion—we deliver ourselves into his hands, in firm hope, that he who created and redeemed us will not suffer us to perish. Rom. v. 8. viii. 32.

The condition, without which forgiveness is not to be obtained, is that we forgive others. There is always a danger lest men, fresh from a trial in which life has been lost, should remember with resentment and malignity the prosecutor, the witnesses, or the judges. It is indeed scarce possible, that with all the prejudices of an interest so weighty and so affecting, the convict should think otherwise than

\* See 2 Cor. ch. v. 14, 15.

† I would have this expression to be particularly attended to—While as a dying man, with all possible sincerity of soul, I add, that, if I could wish to declare my faith, I know not of any words in which I could do it so well, and so perfectly to my satisfaction, as in the communion service of our church ; and if I would wish to confirm that faith, I know not of any appointed method so thoroughly adapted to that end, as participation in that communion itself—See particularly in this service, the Exhortation, Confession, prayer beginning “ We do not presume,” &c.—Congregation—and prayer after receiving, “ O Lord and heavenly Father,” &c.—Convicts should diligently and repeatedly read over the service before they communicate.

that he has been treated, in some part of the process, with unnecessary severity. In this opinion he is perhaps singular, and therefore probably mistaken. But there is no time for disquisition : we must try to find the shortest way to peace. It is easier to forgive than to reason right. He that has been injuriously or unnecessarily harassed, has one opportunity more of proving his sincerity, by forgiving the wrong, and praying for his enemy.

It is the duty of a penitent to repair, so far as he has the power, the injury which he has done. What we can do, is commonly nothing more than to leave the world an example of contrition. On the dreadful day, when the sentence of the law has its full force, some will be found to have affected a shameless bravery, or negligent intrepidity. Such is not the proper behaviour of a convicted criminal. To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr ; to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence, if in any human being innocence could be found. Of him whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement. We owe to God sincere repentance ; we owe to man the appearance of repentance.—We ought not to propagate an opinion, that he who lived in wickedness can die with courage. If the serenity of gaiety with which some men have ended a life of guilt were unfeigned, they can be imputed only to ignorance or stupidity ; or, what is more horrid, to voluntary intoxication ; if they were artificial and hypocritical, they are acts of deception, the useless and unprofitable crimes of pride unmortified, and obstinacy unsubdued.

There is yet another crime possible, and, as there is reason to believe, sometimes committed in the last moment, on the margin of eternity.—Men have died with a steadfast denial of crimes, of which it is very difficult to suppose them innocent. By what equivocation or reserve they may have reconciled their consciences to falsehood, if their consciences were at all consulted, it is impossible to know. But if they thought that, when they were to die, they paid their legal forfeit, and that the world had no farther demand upon them ; that therefore they might, by keeping their own secrets, try to leave behind them a disputable reputation ; and that the falsehood was harmless, because none were injured—they had very little considered the na-

ture of society. One of the principal parts of rational felicity arises from a wise and impartial administration of justice. Every man reposes upon the tribunals of his country the stability of possession, and the serenity of life. He, therefore, who unjustly exposes the courts of judicature to suspicion, either of partiality or error, not only does an injury to those who dispense the laws, but diminishes the public confidence in the laws themselves, and shakes the foundation of public tranquillity.

For my own part, I confess, with deepest compunction, the crime which has brought me to this place; and admit the justice of my sentence, while I am sinking under its severity. And I earnestly exhort you, my fellow-prisoners, to acknowledge the offences which have been already proved; and to bequeath to our country that confidence in public justice, without which there can be neither peace nor safety.

As few men suffer for their first offences, and most convicts are conscious of more crimes than have been brought within judicial cognizance, it is necessary to enquire how far confession ought to be extended. Peace of mind, or desire of instruction, may sometimes demand that, to the minister whose counsel is requested, a long course of evil life should be discovered: but of this every man must determine for himself.—To the public, every man, before he departs from life, is obliged to confess those acts which have brought, or may bring, unjust suspicion upon others; and to convey such information as may enable those who have suffered losses to obtain restitution.

Whatever good remains in our power we must diligently perform. We must prevent, to the utmost of our power, all the evil consequences of our crimes: we must forgive all who have injured us: we must, by fervency of prayer and constancy in meditation, endeavour to repress all worldly passions, and generate in our minds that love of goodness and hatred of sin, which may fit us for the society of heavenly minds. And, finally, we must commend and intrust our souls to Him, who died for the sins of men; with earnest wishes and humb'e hopes, that he will admit us with the labourers who entered the vineyard at the last hour, and associate us with the thief whom he pardoned on the cross!

To this great end you will not refuse to unite with me, on bended knees, and with humbled hearts, in fervent prayer to the throne of grace ! May the Father of mercy hear our supplications, and have compassion upon us !

“ O Almighty Lord God, the righteous Judge of all the earth, who in thy providential justice dost frequently inflict severe vengeance upon sinners in this life, that thou mayest by their sad examples effectually deter others from committing the like heinous offences ; and that they themselves, truly repenting of their faults, may escape the condemnation of hell—look down in mercy upon us, thy sorrowful servants, whom thou hast suffered to become the unhappy objects of offended justice in this world !

“ Give us a thorough sense of all those evil thoughts, words, and works, which have so provoked thy patience, that thou hast been pleased to permit this public and shameful judgment to fall upon us ; and grant us such a portion of grace and godly sincerity, that we may heartily confess and unfeignedly repent of every breach of those most holy laws and ordinances, which if a man do, he shall even live in them.

“ Let no root of bitterness and malice, no habitual and deadly sin, either of omission or commission, remain undisturbed in our hearts ! But enable us to make our repentance universal, without the least flattering or deceitful reserve, that so we may clear our consciences before we close our eyes.

“ And now that thou hast brought us within the view of our long home, and made us sensible that the time of our dissolution draweth near, endue us, we humbly pray thee, O gracious Father, with such Christian fortitude, that neither the terrors of thy present dispensations, nor the remembrance of our former sins, may have power to sink our spirits into a despondency of thy everlasting mercies in the adorable Son of thy love.

“ Wean our thoughts and affections, good Lord, from all the vain and delusive enjoyments of this transitory world, that we may not only with patient resignation submit to the appointed stroke of death, but that our faith and hope may be so elevated, that we may conceive a longing desire to be dissolved from these our earthly tabernacles, and to be with Christ, which is far better than all the happiness we can wish for besides !

“ And in a due sense of our own extraordinary want of forgiveness at thy hands, and of our utmost unworthiness of the very least of all thy favours—of the meanest crumbs which fall from thy table—O blessed Lord Jesus, make us so truly and universally charitable, that in an undissembled compliance with thy own awful command and most endearing example, we may both freely forgive and cordially pray for our most inveterate enemies, persecutors, and slanderers ! Forgive them, O Lord, we beseech thee—turn their hearts, and fill them with thy love !

“ Thus, may we humbly trust, our sorrowful prayers and tears will be acceptable in thy sight. Thus shall we be qualified, through Christ, to exchange this dismal bodily confinement (and these uneasy fetters) for the glorious liberty of the sons of God.—And thus shall our legal doom upon earth be changed into a comfortable declaration of mercy in the highest heavens :—and all through thy most precious and all-sufficient merits, O blessed Saviour of mankind !—who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest ever, one God, world without end. Amen.”\*

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## DR DODD'S LAST PRAYER,

*Written June 27, in the Night previous to his Suffering.*

GREAT and glorious Lord God ; Thou Father of Mercies, and God of all Comfort ! a poor and humble publican stands trembling in thy awful presence ; and, under the deep sense of innumerable transgressions, scarce dares so much as to lift up his eyes, or to say, “ Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner !”

For I have sinned, O Lord ! I have most grievously sinned against Thee ; sinned against light, against conviction ; and by a thousand, thousand offences, justly provoked thy wrath and indignation ! My sins are peculiarly aggravated, and their burden more than ordinarily oppressive to my

\* See Russell's Prisoner's Director :—a work of common merit—and which I have endeavoured, in my melancholy hours of leisure, to revise, and (I humbly hope, improve ; and mean to leave perfected to thee, in the hands of the Ordinary, as a small testimony of my sincere, but very weak endeavours, for the best welfare of unhappy men in confinement ; to whom I have written a general Address, to be prefixed to the new edition of Russell.

soul, from the sight and sense I have had of thy love, and from the high and solemn obligations of my sacred character !

But, oppressed with consciousness, and broken in heart under the sense of guilt, I come, oh Lord ! with earnest prayer and tears, supplicating Thee, of thy mercy, to look upon me : and forgive me for His precious merit's sake, which are infinitely more unbounded than even all the sins of a whole sinful world ! By His cross and passion, I implore, to spare and to deliver me, O Lord !

Blessed be thy unspeakable goodness for that wonderful display of divine love, on which alone is my hope and my confidence ! Thou hast invited, oh blessed Redeemer, the burdened and heavy-laden, the sick in soul, and wearied with sin, to come to Thee, and receive rest. Lord, I come ! Be it unto me according to thy infallible word ! Grant me thy precious, thy inestimable rest !

Be with me, thou all-sufficient God, in the dreadful trial through which I am to pass ! and graciously vouchsafe to fulfil in me those precious promises which Thou, in such fatherly kindness, hast delivered to thy afflicted children ! Enable me to see and adore thy disposing hand in this awful, but mournful event ; and to contemplate at an humble distance thy great example ; who did go forth, bearing thy cross, and enduring its shame, under the consolatory assurance of the joy set before Thee !

And oh ! my triumphant Lord ! in the moment of death, and in the last hour of conflict, suffer me not to doubt or despond ! but sustain me in thy arms of love ; and oh, receive and present faultless to thy Father, in the robe of thy righteousness, my poor and unworthy soul, which thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood !

Thus commending myself and my eternal concerns into thy most faithful hands, in firm hope of a happy reception into thy kingdom ; oh, my God, hear me, while I humbly extend my supplications for others ; and pray, That thou wouldst bless the King and all his family ; that thou wouldst preserve the crown in his house to endless generations, and make him the happy minister of truth, of peace, and of prosperity, to his people ! Bless that people, O Lord ! and shine, as thou hast done, with the light of thy favour, on this little portion of thy boundless creation. Diffuse

more and more a spirit of Christian piety amongst all ranks and orders of men ; and in particular fill their hearts with universal and undissembled love ;—Love to thee, and love to each other !

Amidst the manifold mercies and blessings vouchsafed through thy gracious influence—thou Sovereign Ruler of all hearts !—to so unworthy a worm, during this dark day of my sorrows, enable me to be thankful ; and in the sincerity of heart-felt gratitude to implore thine especial blessings on all my beloved fellow-creatures, who have by any means interested themselves in my preservation ! May the prayers they have offered for me, return in mercies on their own heads ! May the sympathy they have shown, refresh and comfort their own hearts ! And may all their good endeavours and kindnesses be amply repaid by a full supply of thy grace, and abundant assistance to them in their day of distress ;—in their most anxious hours of need !

To the more particular and immediate instruments of thy providential love and goodness to me, O vouchsafe to impart, Author of all good—a rich supply of thy choicest comforts ! Fill their hearts with thy love, and their lives with thy favour ! Guard them in every danger. sooth them in every sorrow : bless them in every laudable undertaking : restore an hundred-fold all their temporal supplies to me and mine : and, after a course of extensive utility, advance them, through the merits of Jesus, to lives of eternal bliss.

Extend, great Father of the world, thy more especial care and kindness to my nearer and most dear connexions. Bless with thy continual presence and protection my dear brother and sister, and all their children and friends ! Hold them in thy hand of tender care and mercy ; and give them to experience, that in thee there is infinite loving-kindness and truth !—Look with a tender eye on all their temporal concerns ; and after lives of faithfulness and truth, oh bear them to thy bosom, and unite us together in thy eternal love !

But oh, my adorable Lord and hope, suffer me in a more particular manner to offer up to thy sovereign and gracious care my long-tried and most affectionate wife ! Husband of the widow, be thou her support : sustain and console her afflicted mind ! enable her with patient submission to

receive all thy will : and when, in thy good time, thou hast perfected her for thy blessed kingdom, unite again our happy and immortal spirits in celestial love, as thou hast been pleased to unite us in sincere earthly affection ! Lord Jesus, vouchsafe unto her thy peculiar grace and all-sufficient consolation !

If I have any enemies, oh, thou who diedst for thine enemies, hear my prayers for them ! Forgive them all their ill-will to me, and fill their hearts with thy love ! And, oh, vouchsafe abundantly to bless and save all those who have either wished or done me evil ! Forgive me, gracious God ! the wrong or injury I have done to others ; and so forgive me my trespasses, as I freely and fully forgive all those who have in any degree trespassed against me. I desire thy grace, to purify my soul from every taint of malevolence ; and to fit me, by perfect love, for the society of spirits, whose business and happiness is love !

Glory be to thee, oh God ! for all the blessings thou hast granted me from the day of my creation until the present hour ; I feel and adore thy exceeding goodness in all ; and in this last and closing affliction of my life, I acknowledge most humbly the justice of thy fatherly correction, and bow my head with thankfulness to thy rod ! Great and good in all ! I adore and magnify thy mercy ; I behold in all thy love manifestly displayed ; and rejoice that I am at once thy creature and thy redeemed !

As such, O Lord, my Creator and Redeemer, I commit my soul into thy faithful hands ! Wash it and purify it in the blood of thy Son from every defiling stain : perfect what is wanting in it ; and grant me, poor, returning, weeping, wretched prodigal—grant me the lowest place in thy heavenly house ; in and for his sole and all-sufficient merits—the adorable Jesus ;—who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth ever, one God, world without end ! Amen and Amen, Lord Jesus !



## A LETTER TO THE REVEREND DR DODD;

*Sent him during his Confinement in Newgate.*

DEAR SIR,

LET it not surprise you in this tremendous hour, to be accosted by an old, perhaps, forgotten, but still sympathizing, Friend. The world smiles in prosperity; the Christian loves in adversity; and the hour of Nature's sorrow is the important period for such a friendship.

From the first moment the melancholy news had reached my ears, how truly was my heart engaged in prayer and pity! I anticipated the dreadful pangs which rend your soul; and the awful consideration, that these things were but the beginning of sorrow, was ready to draw blood from my heart, as well as tears from my eyes. I turned to Him from whom proceeds all that is truly great and good, and was encouraged to entreat the merciful Redeemer to look down with tender pity, and cause this dark night to become the womb of a bright morning; yea, the brightest your eyes have ever seen.

Every stroke of your rod deeply affects me, but above all, I feel for your precious, your immortal soul.

Will you permit me, my dear Sir, to throw aside all reserve, while treating on this important subject? Shall I prevail with you to bear with the manner for the sake of the matter; and despise not truth though ignorantly uttered?

I fear you have lived a long time in that friendship with the world which the Spirit of God declares is enmity with himself. However excellent some or many of your actions may have been, you have rested in the letter, not in the spirit of Christianity; you have been contented without the experimental knowledge of those words, "He that is in Christ Jesus is a new creature." Your will, your affections, your desires and delights, have they not all been fixed on earthly objects? Rejoicing in the possession, or mourning the disappointment, your daily delight has not been in the divine communications of the Holy Spirit; fellowship with God has not been your chiefest joy; the pursuit of empty shadows found nearer access to your heart than the noble choice of following the despised Nazarene. Think not, dear Sir, I draw this judgment from the late

unhappy event. O, no ; that I only consider as the natural fruit of the unregenerate heart. The point I aim at is, the want of that charge, that death unto sin, that new birth unto righteousness, whereby the children of wrath become the children of grace. St Paul says, " I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith : " therefore he was willing to be offered up, since nothing but a crown of righteousness presented itself to his opening prospect. He had kept that faith which purifieth the heart, overcometh the world, and quencheth all the fiery darts of the evil one.

I remember, when I was about fourteen, the season in which I was favoured with your most intimate acquaintance, you once told a story which I shall never forget, concerning one of the Scotch Divines, who said on his death-bed, " If every stone, timber, and na ilin this house could speak, they would bear witness to the many hours of sweet communion my soul hath spent with God therein." O, Sir, can the beams of your house bear witness that your enjoyments have been such as eternity shall ripen ! And this heavenly disposition, you must be sensible, can alone fit us for the enjoyment of the New Jerusalem. No object can give pleasure unless it meets with a sense which suits and apprehends it. The grain of corn is more welcome to the fowl than the richest pearl. So to the soul, whose treasure is yet on earth, the beauties of the lovely Jesus shine in vain. But, alas ! who can break this adamantine chain ? Who can unlock the heart bound down with twice ten thousand ties, and bring the captive soul into the glorious liberty of the sons of God ? Can disappointment, can reproach, dishonour, loss, or even death itself ? Alas ! these may torment, but never change the heart : it is a sight of the crucified Jesus alone which breaks your heart in pieces. This Jesus waits to do you good ; hear him saying, Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help. O that you would cry ; his ear attends the softest prayer. This is my fear, lest you should forget there is no way into the sheep-fold but through the door, and no way of entering that door, but knowing ourselves to be lost and undone creatures, whose ways have been altogether perverse before him, and then to be saved by faith in Christ alone.

How often has Christ appeared delightful even in a prison ! Several have praised God for bringing them there,

and by that means awakening them to a knowledge of their lost estate, that they might be made acquainted with a happiness till then unknown. Adorable Jesus! so work on the soul of this my unhappy friend, display thy pardoning love, and write it on his aching heart :

“ No ; my best actions cannot save,  
But thou must cleanse e'en them ;  
Yet when on thee I do believe,  
My worst shall not condemn.”

I know not how to break off. My spirit deeply mourns both for your present and approaching sufferings, and equally for her who so sadly shares your every woe. Had you remained in prosperity, nothing would have been farther from my thoughts than a renewal of acquaintance ; for I have found in being despised and trampled under foot of the great ones of the earth, more solid peace, more lasting joy, than my warmest wishes could ever have expected : but now I cannot forget you if I would, I long for your salvation ; will you acknowledge all the wisdom of the world can never save you ? Will you look for salvation from the mere mercy of God ? How many have gone triumphantly to glory, even from under the hand of an executioner ! My dear Sir, that triumph may be yours ; and if you do not reject it, it surely shall. The king of terrors shall appear no longer terrible ; and your happy spirit, loosed from every earthly tie, and delighted with the freedom of the living water, shall spring into eternity with so feeling a joy as you have never known in all your life. You have tried the world and found it empty. Never did man strive more for the honours of it than you have done ; for that, you turned your back on the closest followers of the Lamb, the little few despised indeed of man, but whose lives were hid with Christ in God ; for that you have been conformed in all your life and conversation to the customs, fashions, and maxims of it : but while you were a slave to man, ungrateful man ! who neither thanked nor paid you, you slighted Him who is able to cast both body and soul into hell. But, O the unbounded love of Jesus ! He blasted all your hopes ; He chastened and corrected. For what end ? Only to convince you how ready he is to re-

ceive and make you a beloved son. The wicked have no bands in their death, they will not listen to awakening fears; but whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth: yea, the body may be given up to suffer, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord.

I am not yet without hope, even for your life. It is founded on this: I know the hearts of all are in the hands of my God, from the king on the throne to the beggar on the dunghill; and he turneth them what way soever he will. I know, if you seek but Daniel's faith, Daniel's God can shut the lion's mouth. If, with Nebuchadnezzar you have learned to acknowledge the Most High ruler over all, he can restore you again to your former estate, or else take you to behold his glory. When I consider your great talents, and how much you might have done for God, I cannot help crying to the Lord once more to send you into his vineyard with a changed heart full of the Holy Ghost and power. And now, my dear Sir, what shall I say? My heart is full: I know not how to leave off: it is as though my pen could not part from the paper. Nature shrinks from that pang which is usually the sad attendant of a last farewell: but Grace cries out, Yet there is hope. An eternity of joy presents a kingdom where no horrid alarm of war shall break our eternal repose; where sorrow, death, and parting, shall be no more; and the Royal Army of Cross-bearers, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are ready to embrace and welcome you among them.

To that efficacious blood, with tears of love and sorrow, I commit you; and, though with reluctance, I must now conclude,

Your sincerely affectionate  
and sympathizing friend,

Feb. 1777.

MARY BOSANQUET,

*By a Series of Correspondence, almost weekly, from the above date, till within three days of his execution, Miss Bosanquet says, she has reason to believe he felt a contrite heart, and found the Sinner's Friend to be his.—June 25th, he wrote her his last farewell, as follows :*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On Friday morning I am to be made immortal ! I die with a heart truly contrite, and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ. My earnest prayers to God are, that we may meet and know each other in that kingdom, towards which you have been so long and so happily travelling. I return you my most affectionate thanks for all your friendly attention to me ; and have no doubt, should any opportunity offer, you will remember my excellent, but most afflicted partner in distress. I do not know where to direct to worthy Mr Parker, but beg to trouble you with my dying love and kind remembrance to him. The Lord Jesus Christ be with our spirits. Amen.

June 25, 1777.

W. DODD.

Soon after the Doctor's death, the lady received from a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, who constantly attended him, a very encouraging account, in which he declares he believes him to be singing the song of the redeemed, and concludes his letter with the following words :

“ Thus ended the mortal, and began the never-ceasing life of your old and my new friend . and I bless God our Saviour for this new proof of his saving grace, and the power of his precious blood.

“ The time is elapsed ; I have written more than I intended, and yet not a tenth part of what I could. You may be comforted, as I have been richly. Your and my fears are at an end.

“ May the God of all grace keep your and my heart in the knowledge of him, yea, cause us to grow in grace and love ! This is the earnest prayer of

“ Your affectionate friend,  
“ and willing servant in Christ.”

## DR DODD'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.\*

THE greatest affliction and oppression to my mind at present is, the piercing reflection that I, who have lived all my life in an endeavour to promote the truth of Christianity, should now become an obstacle to that truth, and a scandal to that profession;—that I, who have with all my power, and with all sincerity, laboured to do good, and be a blessing to my fellow-creatures, should now become an evil and a curse. What shall I, can I, ought I to do, to prevent, as much as in me lies, any such dreadful consequences of my shame and my crime? Will a public attestation of my sincere belief of Christianity, and an ingenuous detail and confession of my offences, be of any avail?—In order to do this, and to acquaint you in few words with a perfect knowledge of myself (though I should wish to do it more fully) be so good as to consider the few following particulars:

I entered very young on public life, very innocent—very ignorant—and very ingenuous. I lived many happy years at West Ham, in an uninterrupted and successful discharge of my duty. A disappointment in the living of that parish obliged me to exert myself; and I engaged for a chapel near Buckingham-Gate. Great success attended the undertaking: it pleased and elated me. At the same time Lord Chesterfield, to whom I was personally unknown, offered me the care of his heir, Mr Stanhope.† By the advice of my dear friend, now in heaven, Dr Squire, I engaged under promises which were not performed. Such a distinction too, you must know, served to increase a young man's vanity. I was naturally led into more extensive and important connections, and of course, into greater expenses and more dissipations. Indeed, before, I never dissipated at all—for many, many years, never seeing a play-house, or any public place, but living entirely in Christian duties. Thus brought to town, and introduced to gay life, I fell into its snares. Ambition and vanity led me on. My temper, naturally cheerful, was pleased with company; naturally generous, it knew not the use of money; it was a

\* Of this account Dr Dodd may be said to have only drawn the outlines, the picture, as it appears, was finished by Dr Johnson.

† The present Lord Chesterfield.

stranger to the useful science of economy and frugality ; nor could it withhold from distress, what it too much (often) wanted itself.

Besides this, the habit of uniform, regular, sober piety, and of watchfulness and devotion, wearing off, amidst this unavoidable scene of dissipation, I was not, as at West Ham, the innocent man that I lived there. I committed offences against my God ! which yet, I bless him, were always, in reflection, detestable to me.

But my greatest evil was expense. To supply it, I fell into the dreadful and ruinous mode of raising money by annuities. The annuities devoured me. Still I exerted myself by every means to do what I thought right, and built my hopes of perfect extrication from all my difficulties when my young and beloved pupil should come of age. But, alas ! during this interval, which was not very long, I declare with solemn truth, that I never varied from the steady belief of the Christian doctrines ! I preached them with all my power, and kept back nothing from my congregations which I thought might tend to their best welfare ; and I was very successful in this way during the time. Nor, though I spent in dissipation many hours which I ought not, but to which my connexions inevitably led, was I idle during this period ; as my Commentary on the Bible, my Sermons to Young Men, and several other publications prove. I can say too, with pleasure, that I studiously employed my interest, through the connexions I had, for the good of others. I never forgot or neglected the cause of the distressed ; many, if need were, could bear me witness. Let it suffice to say, that during this period I instituted the Charity for the discharge of Debtors.

Such is the plain and ingenuous detail of myself. I sincerely lament all I have done wrong. I love, and ever did, religion and goodness. I hate and abhor vice, and myself for ever having committed any. I look with peculiar detestation on the crime to which I am at present obnoxious ; and I wish before I die, of all things, if possible, to make amends—by the most sincere and full confession and humiliation of myself.

W. DODD.

May 21, 1777.

*The following Declaration Dr Dodd inclosed in a Letter to a Friend some time before he suffered.*

THOUGH I acknowledge in all its atrocity, and more especially with a view to my peculiar circumstances and character, the offence for which I suffer—yet, considering that it is punished with such sanguinary severity in no commercial state under heaven, and that in my case it has been fully atoned for, so far as human creatures can atone to each other, I cannot but judge my punishment rather hard:—and still more so, as that public (for whose benefit and example such ignominious death and punishment can alone be intended) has with a pleading, and almost unanimous voice supplicated the throne, in the most humble manner, to show mercy, and avert the abhorred stroke, by assigning another, though perhaps not less afflictive punishment.

In this dispensation, however, I look far beyond the hand of poor human vengeance, and adore the justice and goodness of God, who, correcting me in judgment, for deviations from the purity of his Gospel, as a distinguished minister of it, has been pleased to call me thus by death to proclaim my repentance, and to attest my faith in Him; and to declare to all my fellow-creatures, and to my beloved countrymen in particular, for whose love to me I am under the highest obligations, my firm belief of the principles which I have long preached, and in my writings delivered with the utmost truth and sincerity; and which I thus seal with my blood, in perfect resignation to the will of my adorable Master, and in a firm dependence on those principles for the salvation of my own soul.

W. DODD.

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*Letters to two Noble Lords of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.*

#### LETTER I.

MY LORD,\*

I HAVE committed a capital crime, for which the sentence of the law has been passed upon me; and whether that sentence shall be executed in its full rigour, may, perhaps, depend upon the suffrage of your Lordship.

\* Lord North, then prime minister.



The shame and self-reproach with which I now solicit your commiseration, I hope no man will ever feel, who has not deserved to feel them like myself. But I will not despair of being heard with pity, when, under the terrors of a speedy and disgraceful death, I most humbly implore your Lordship's intercession.

My life has not been wholly useless; I have laboured in my calling diligently and successfully; but success inflamed my vanity, and my heart betrayed me. Violent passions have exposed me to violent temptations; but I am not the first whom temptation has overthrown. I have, in all my deviations, kept Right always in view, and have invariably resolved to return to it. Whether, in a prosperous state, I should have kept my resolution, public justice has not suffered me to know.

My crime has been indeed atrocious, but my punishment has not been light. From a height of reputation, which perhaps raised envy in others, and certainly produced pride in myself, I have fallen to the lowest and grossest infamy; from an income which prudence might have made plentiful, I am reduced to live on those remains of charity which infamy has left me.

When so much has been given to justice, I humbly entreat that life, such as it must now be, may be given to mercy; and that your Lordship's influence may be employed in disposing our Sovereign to look with compassion on,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most humble supplicant,

June 11, 1777.

WILLIAM DODD.

## LETTER II.

MY LORD\*,

Not many days are now to pass before the fate of one of the most miserable of human beings will be finally determined. The efficacy of your Lordship's voice is well known; and whether I shall immediately suffer an ignominious death, or wander the rest of my days in ignominious exile, your opinion will probably determine. Do

\* Earl Mansfield.

not refuse, my Lord, to hear the plea, whatever it may be, which I humbly oppose to the extremity of justice.

I acknowledge, my Lord, the atrociousness of my crime; I admit the truth of the verdict that condemned me; yet I hope, that when my evil is censured, my good may likewise be remembered: and that it may be considered how much that society which is injured by my fraud, has been benefitted by my charitable labours.—I have offended; I am penitent; I entreat but for life, for a life which must pass certainly in dishonour, and probably in want. Do not refuse, my Lord, to compassionate a man who, blasted in fame, and ruined in fortune, yet shrinks with terror from the precipice of eternity. Let me live, however miserable; and let my miseries warn all those to whom they shall be known, against self-indulgence, vanity, and profusion.

Once more, my Lord, let me beg for life; and when you see me going from the gloom of a prison to the penury of banishment, do not consider public justice as wholly unsatisfied by the sufferings of,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most humble suppliant,

June, 11, 1777.

WILLIAM DODD.

## DR DODD'S PETITION,

(PRESENTED BY HIS BROTHER)

*To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.*

SIRE,

IT is most humbly presented to Your Majesty by William Dodd, the unhappy convict now under sentence of death,

That William Dodd, acknowledging the justice of the sentence denounced against him, has no hope or refuge but in your Majesty's clemency:

That though to recollect or mention the usefulness of his life, or the efficacy of his ministry, must overwhelm him, in his present condition, with shame and sorrow, yet he humbly hopes that his past labours will not wholly be forgotten; and that the zeal with which he has exhorted

others to a good life, though it does not extenuate his crime, may mitigate his punishment :

That debased as he is by ignominy, and distressed as he is by poverty, scorned by the world, and detested by himself, deprived of all external comforts, and afflicted by consciousness of guilt, he can derive no hopes of longer life, but that of repairing the injury he has done to mankind, by exhibiting an example of shame and submission, and of expiating his sins by prayer and penitence :

That for this end he humbly implores from the clemency of Your Majesty, the continuance of a life legally forfeited ; and of the days which by your gracious compassion he may yet live, no one shall pass without a prayer, that Your Majesty, after a long life of happiness and honour, may stand at the day of final judgment, among the merciful that obtain mercy.

So fervently prays the most distressed and wretched of Your Majesty's subjects,

WILLIAM DODD.

## MRS DODD'S PETITION,

(PRESENTED BY HERSELF)

*To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.*

MADAM,

It is most humbly represented by Mary Dodd, the wife of Dr William Dodd, now lying in prison under sentence of death,

That she has been the wife of this unhappy man more than twenty-seven years, and has lived with him in the greatest happiness of conjugal union, and the highest state of conjugal confidence :

That she has been a constant witness of his unwearied endeavours for public good, and his laborious attendance on charitable institutions. Many are the families whom his care has delivered from want : many are the hearts which he has freed from pain, and the faces which he has cleared from sorrow :

That therefore she most humbly throws herself at the feet of the Queen, earnestly entreating that the petition of

a distressed wife asking mercy for a husband, may be considered as naturally soliciting the compassion of Her Majesty ; and that when her wisdom has compared the offender's good actions with his crime, she will be pleased to represent his case to our Most Gracious Sovereign in such terms as may dispose him to mitigate the rigour of the law.

So prays Your Majesty's most dutiful subject and sup-  
plicant,

MARY DODD.

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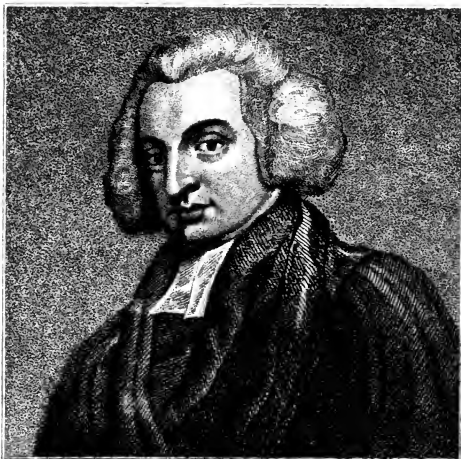
Such were the last thoughts of a man whom we have seen exulting in popularity, and sunk in shame. For his reputation, which no man can give to himself, those who conferred it are to answer. Of his public ministry, the means of judging were sufficiently attainable. He must be allowed to preach well, whose sermons strike the audience with forcible conviction. Of his life, those who thought it consistent with his doctrine, did not originally form false notions. He was at first what he endeavoured to make others ; but the world broke down his resolution, and he in time ceased to exemplify his own instructions.

Let those who are tempted to his faults, tremble at his punishment ; and those whom he impressed from the pulpit with religious sentiments, endeavour to confirm them, by considering the regret and self-abhorrence with which he reviewed in prison his deviations from rectitude.

Whatever assistance his anxiety might prompt him to solicit in forming the petitions (which, however, he must be considered as confirming by his name) the account of his past life, and of his dying sentiments, are the effusions of his own mind. Those who read them with the proper disposition, will not read in vain.

FINIS.





D O D D.

(REFLECTIONS)  
ON  
(Death,)  
— BY —  
*William Dodd, L.L.D.*



EDINBURGH:  
*Published by Oliver & Boyd:*





# REFLECTIONS

ON

# DEATH.

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BY

WILLIAM DODD, L. L. D.

Late Chaplain to the Magdalen.

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A NEW CORRECT EDITION, WITH NOTES  
AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

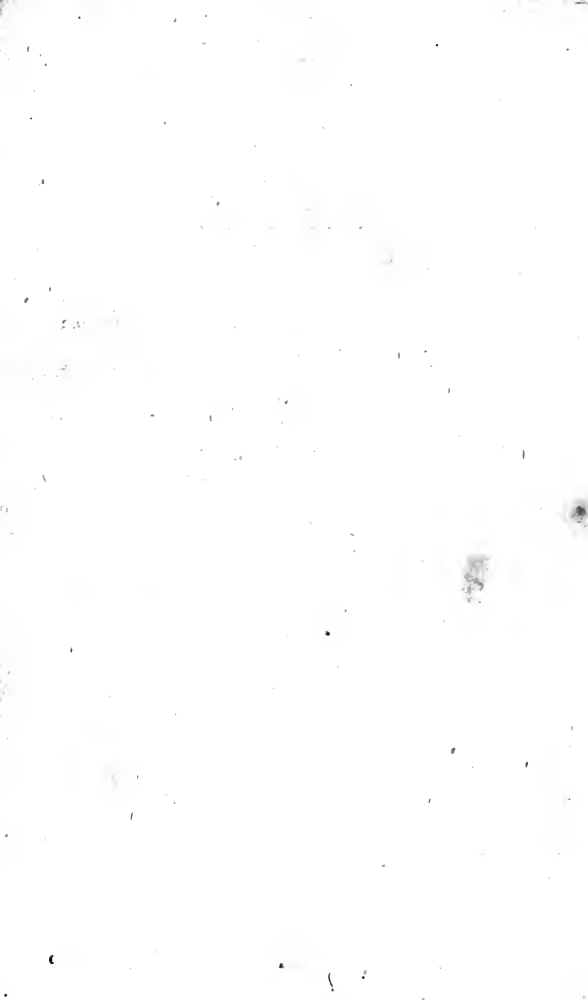
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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR OLIVER & BOYD.

*From the Press of JAMES WATT, Montrose.*

1813.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THESE Reflections were first written with a design to be published in a small volume, proper to be given away by well-disposed persons at funerals, or on any other solemn occasion: but the Editors of the *Christian's Magazine*, supposing they might be of some service to that useful and well-esteemed Work, requested the Author first to print them there, and afterwards to pursue his original design. Accordingly, they were printed in separate chapters, and he hath reason to be satisfied with the reception they met with. His best prayers accompany them in their present form, that they may be found useful to mankind.

W. D.

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The Notes and Illustrations added to this Edition, it is hoped, will not be thought altogether superfluous, or wholly unnecessary, as the Editor has aimed, in and by them, to make the Treatise in general more agreeable to the tenets of the truly pious and evangelical Reader.

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# REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

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## CHAPTER I.

.....To die--to sleep--  
No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end  
The heart-ach, and a thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd--To die--to sleep--  
To sleep!--perchance to dream: aye, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause; there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns o' th' times,  
Th' oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes?  
But that the dread of something after death  
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of.--SHAKESPEARE.

A FEW evenings ago, I was called to perform the last sad office to the sacred remains of a departed friend and neighbour\*.

It is too commonly found, that a familiarity with death, and a frequent recurrence of *funerals, graves, and church-yards*, serve to harden rather than humanize the mind, and to deaden, rather than excite, those becoming reflections which such objects seem excellently calculated to produce. Hence the physician enters, without the least emotion, the gloomy chambers of expir-

\* Ministers, who are often called to attend the dying beds and funerals of the young and old, the rich and poor, professors and profane, are best calculated, or at least best furnished with materials, to enforce on all the necessity of reflecting on *death*, and preparing for it.

ing life; the undertaker handles, without concern, the clay-cold limbs; and the sexton whistles unappalled, while his spade casts forth from the earth the mingled bones and dust of his fellow-creatures\*. And alas! how often have I felt, with indignant reluctance, my wandering heart engaged in other speculations when called to minister at the grave, and to consign to the tomb the ashes of my fellow-creatures!

Yet nothing teacheth like death†: and though perhaps the business of life would grow torpid, and the strings of activity be loosed, were men continually hanging over the meditation, yet, assuredly, no man should fail to keep the great object in view, and seasonably to reflect, that the important moment is coming, when *he* too must mingle with his kindred clay, when he too must appear before God's awful judgment-seat, when he too must be adjudged by a fixed, irrevocable, and eternal decree‡.

As I entered the church-yard,

Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
where--Each in his narrow cell forgotten laid,

so many of my friends, my neighbours, and my fellow-creatures, lie mouldering in dust:—struck with the slow and solemn sound of the deep-toned bell, and particularly impressed with the afflicting circumstances of his death, whose

\* See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,  
The sexton.....Poor wretch! he minds not  
That soon some trusty brother of the trade  
Shall do for him what he hath done for thousands. BLAIR'S GRAVE.

† Wait the great teacher Death.

‡ It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. Heb. ix. 27. This is one of the most awful texts in the sacred writings and cannot be too much insisted on and enforced both from the pulpit and the press.



obsequies I was waiting to perform, I found the involuntary tear rush from mine eyes, and the unbidden sigh heave in my labouring bosom\*.

And, Oh Death, mighty conqueror! I could not forbear saying, in the silence of unaffected meditation; Oh Death, how terrible, how wonderful thou art! Here I stand full of life, health smiling on my cheek, and sparkling in my eye; my active feet ready to bear me briskly along, and my hands prompt to execute their appointed office; scenes of pleasing felicity are before me; the comforts of domestic serenity dwell seemingly secure around me; and my busy soul is planning future improvements of happiness and peace: but the moment is coming, perhaps is near, when life's feeble pulse shall play no longer, these eyes no more sparkle, nor this cheek glow with health; that, pale as the shroud which invests me, and those closed, to unclothe and awaken no more on earth; the feet shall decline their function, and the useless hands fall heavily down by my side†. Farewell, then, all the engaging and endearing scenes around me; farewell the comforts of domestic peace; my much-loved friends shall weep tenderly over me; and my thinking, restless,

\* The reader cannot but observe these Reflections are written in a similar style to Hervey's celebrated Meditations; a style Dr. Dodd was peculiarly fond of, and adopted, particularly in the *pulpit*, as the most pleasing, affecting and energetic.

† Dr. Watts happily meditates on the dissolution of the body in the following lines:

And must this body die,  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?  
Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.

busy soul, at length find sweet repose, and be anxious no more.

It is fixed, and all the powers of earth can neither arrest nor divert the sure, unerring dart ! But, with consummate wisdom, the great Lord of the world hath wrapped up the important moment in impenetrable darkness from human view, that from the cradle we might have the solemn object before us, and *act as men*, because as *men* we must die !

Let me then not labour to divert the improving speculation, but advance still nearer, and see if I can learn what it is to die !

*To die!*—Oh you, my friends, amidst whose graves I am now wandering—you, who not long since, like me, trode this region of mortality, and drank the golden day\*—with you the bitterness of death is past; you have tasted what that is which so much perplexes the human thought, of which we all know so little, and yet of which we all must know so much ! Oh ! could you inform me what it is to *die* ! Could you tell me what it is to breathe the last sad gasp ; what are the sensations of the last convulsion, of the last pang of dissolving nature ! Oh, could you tell me how the soul issues from the lifeless dwelling which it has so long inhabited ; what unknown worlds are discovered to its view ; how it is affected with the amazing prospect ; how it is affected with the remembrance and regard of things left here below ! Oh, could you tell me—but, alas ! how vain the wish †!—clouds and darkness rest upon it, and

\* See Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, Night IV. line 144.

† But ah ! no notices they give,  
Nor tell us how nor where they live,

nothing but experience must be allowed to satisfy these anxious researches of dying rationals.

Yet, let us not forbear these researches, or at least not relinquish the interesting meditation; for what can be of equal importance to a man destined inevitably to tread the path of death—what of equal importance to examine, as whither that path leads, and how it may be trode successfully\*? What of equal importance for a pilgrim of a day to contemplate, as that great event which must open to him a state unalterable and without an end?

All men must tread that gloomy path—It is appointed for all men once to die. Adam's curse is upon all his posterity†. Dust they are, and to dust they must return.—But whither leads that gloomy path?—Alas, in the heathen world, with a bewildered mind they sought the resolution of that question.—Death was dreadful indeed in such circumstances; for if we want the glad hope of immortality to cheer our departing souls, what affliction can even be conceived more affecting than death and dissolution, a separation from all we hold dear upon earth, and a perfect annihilation of all future expectations‡?

Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel; and the question is answered clearly from that book, whence alone we can gain infor-

As if bound up by solemn fate  
To keep this secret of their state,  
To tell their joys nor pains to none,  
That man might live by *faith* alone. SOLITARY WALKS.

\* .....The thought of death indulge,  
Give it its wholesome empire, let it reign.  
That kind chastiser of the soul. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† Romans v. 12.

‡ Annihilation is an *after*-thought.

A moustrous wish, unborn till virtue dies. Dr. YOUNG.

mation on this point—Once to die, and after that to be judged\*.—We must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ! Oh, my soul, how awful a reflection! Can any thing more be wanting to inspire thee with the most serious purposes, and most devout resolves, than the certainty of *death*, the assurance of *judgment*, the knowledge of *mortality*?

And after death be judged †!—Tell me no more of the pangs of death, and the torment of corporeal sufferings.—What, what is this, and all the evils of life's contracted span, to the things which follow after ‡? This it is which makes death truly formidable, which should awaken every solemn reflection, and stimulate every rational endeavour.

To be judged!—to be sentenced, by an irreversible decree, to an allotment eternal and unchangeable; an allotment of consummate felicity, or consummate distress ||.

Oh immortality! how much doth the thought of thee debase in their value every earthly enjoyment, every earthly pursuit and possession, § and show man to himself in a point of view which amply discovers his true business on earth, which amply discovers the true dignity of his nature,

\* Acts *xvii.* 31.

† Well might Felix tremble when St. Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Acts *xvii.* 25.

‡ .....If there's an hereafter,  
And that there is, Conscience unfluenc'd,  
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,  
Then must it be an awful thing to die.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

|| The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. Matt. *xv.* 16.

§ His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

and forcibly reproves his wretched attachment to all sublunary things!

And methinks, as if a voice were speaking from yonder grave, I hear a solemn whisper to my soul :

“ Every grave proclaims thy own mortality ! Child of the dust, be humble, and grow wise ! A few days since, like thee, I flourished in the fair field of the earthly world ! a few days since, I was cut down like a flower, and my body lies withering in this comfortless bed. Regardless of God, and inattentive to duty, I passed gaily along, and thought no storm would ever overcloud my head—In a moment the unexpected tempest arose—I sunk, and was lost. Go thy way, and forget not thyself: remember, that to-day thou hast life in thy power; *to-morrow*, perhaps, thou mayest lie a breathless corpse\*. Estimate from thence the value, poor and small as it is, of all things beneath the sun ; and forget not that death and eternity are by in indissoluble band united.

“ If thou darest to die without repentance, and unprepared to meet thy God and judge, who can enough deplore thy misery, most wretched of all human beings ! everlasting anguish, remorse, and punishment, assuredly await thee. But if bearing futurity in mind, thou art so blest as to be enabled to live in conformity to the Gospel of thy God and Saviour, he will, according to his gracious promise, open the golden doors of perennial bliss for thee, whilst eternal delight, from the full river of God’s inexhausted love, remains to crown thy faithful services.

\* To-morrow I will better live,  
Is not for man to say;  
The morrow can no suerties give,  
The wise make sure *to-day*.

“ Immortal! be wise, remember judgment, and prepare to die.”

Lost in the deep reflection, I was awakened from it by the intelligence of the approach of the funeral of my departed friend.

## CHAPTER II.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Prov. xxvii. 1. Defer not until death to be justified.

Eccles. vii. 21.

O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things, yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat.

Eccles. xli. 1.

THE horses, nodding their sable plumes, advanced with solemn pace\*; whilst the slow-moving wheels of the melancholy hearse seemed to keep time with the deep-toned bell, expressive of the silent sorrow (now and then interrupted with a groan of distress) which reigned in the mournful coaches that followed.

They stop:—and ah, my friend, what all this labour and all this difficulty to drag thy body in its last narrow dwelling from the confinement of the hearse, and to bear it along the church-yard to its gloomy mansion in the church! Ah, where is thy former activity—thy wonted sprightliness and vigour! Thou who didst tread over the threshold with such lively strength, and brushed away the dew of the morning with stout and nimble vivacity, have thy feet too forgotten to do their office? and must thy fellow-mortals toil beneath the load of thy clayey corpse, to bear thee from the sight and sense of the survivors?

\* Solemn and slow it moves unto the tomb,  
While weighty sorrows nod on every plume. Dr. WATTS.

O Death, thou sovereign cure of human pride\* !  
 to what a state, impartial in thine attack, dost  
 thou reduce, as well the noblest and the fairest,  
 the greatest and the best, as the meanest and most  
 worthless of mankind ! Though our friends be  
 dear to us as a right eye, lovely as the bloom of  
 the morning, powerful as the sceptred monarch  
 of the East, thou not only degradest them from  
 the elevated height, but renderest obnoxious to  
 the view, and inaccessible to the tender embrace  
 of the last lingering, faithful, unshaken adherent.  
 —Let corruption cease to be vain ; let rotten-  
 ness and dust no longer swell in brief and bor-  
 rowed arrogance †.

But see the afflicting sight ! Five tender chil-  
 dren, each in almost infant state, are led by weep-  
 ing friends, in mournful procession, after the  
 body of their departed father.

In a coach behind, waiting to complete the me-  
 lancholy view, is an infant, three days old, brought  
 into the world by its half-distracted mother be-  
 fore its appointed time ! Big sorrow, and unsup-  
 portable grief, hath hastened the throes and dire  
 anguish of child-birth ; and behold the little or-  
 phan, insensible of its misery, is offered to the

\* Well might a Latin poet say,  
 .....Mors sola fatetur  
 Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula.

JUV.

† The following well known lines may serve as a suitable comment  
 and illustration of the above observations :

I dream'd, that, buried with my fellow clay,  
 Close by a common beggar's side I lay :  
 And as so mean an object shock'd my pride,  
 Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cried ;  
 Scoundrel, begone ! and henceforth touch me not ;  
 More manners learn, and at a distance rot.  
 Scoundrel ! then, with an haughtier tone, cried he,  
 Proud lump of earth ! I scorn thy words and thee :  
 Here all are equal, now thy case is mine,  
 This is my rotting place, and that is thine.

baptismal font, while its father is consigned to the dreary tomb\*.

Crowds of spectators from every part are attentive to the moving scene: on every face sits sympathetic sorrow, in every eye swells the generous tear of compassion and concern.

But a few days are past since a trembling messenger, with breathless speed, urged my instant attendance at the sick-bed of NEGOTIO, on whose life, it was to be feared, the remorseless fever had made fatal inroads. I hastened without delay, and I found—but who can describe the afflicting misery? Confusion, anguish, and distress; weeping, lamentation, and woe; dismay and unutterable agony, took up their residence in the dwelling of NEGOTIO! Surprised in the midst of youth, and in the ardour of earthly pursuits, by the awful and irresistible summons of death, the *husband*, the *father*, the *man*, lay racked with such thoughts as his condition might well be supposed to awaken†.

Unable to bear the shock, his wife, who long sleepless had watched by his couch, was thrown on the ground in an adjacent chamber, and her little infants were weeping around her, the more to be pitied, as unconscious of their misery, and wondering, with artless plaints, why their beloved mamma, was thus sad and in tears! Near

\* This pathetic or affecting picture, taken from a real scene which the author was called upon to attend in his ministerial character, could not but excite the pity and provoke the tears of every spectator capable of feeling for the distressed situation of the mourning widow and her helpless orphans.

† For a worldly-minded man, in the midst of youth, riches, and pleasure, to be laid on a sick bed, and in the apprehension of his friends, as well as his own, to be near the borders of dissolution, is surely a very awful condition, and much to be dreaded by every thoughtless candidate for sensuality and dissipation.



relations were tender in their best offices, while every heart was anticipating the wretched widow's distress.

When I sat down by his bed, and gently undrew the curtain, he looked—and shall I ever forget the earnest, anxious, speaking look? A tear dropped from his eye, he caught my hand, he strove to speak, but his full heart forbade; and the organs of speech, deeply affected by his malady, were unfaithful to the trust of words which he gave them. We sat silent for some time, and with difficulty at length I perceived that he said, or wished to say, “I fear it is too late.—Pray for me; for Christ's sake, pray.”

I endeavoured, as well as the affliction of my mind would permit me, to suggest every ground of hope, every motive of consolation: he squeezed my hand, and sighed\*. “Little is to be done (he strove to say) amidst all the distractions of a sick-bed like mine: Oh, consider my wife, consider my poor little babes!” We said all which could be said; had scarce finished the usual prayers, and were preparing to mention the sacrament, when the visit was interrupted by the necessary attendance of the physician, whose departure the lawyer awaited to settle his temporal affairs. Two more blisters were ordered to six he already had upon him; a drowsy sleepiness, dire prognostic of death, seized him, which hourly increasing, at length terminated in strong con-

\* Alas! what comfort or consolation can be administered to a wicked man in the views of death and eternity? Having lived a life of gaiety and pleasure, he can have no good scriptural ground to hope of meeting his latter end without fear and terror; death-bed repentance is at best precarious and uncertain; one was saved at the last hour, that none might despair, and *but* one, that none might presume.

vulsions; and the busy, active, sprightly NEGOTIO, died in his thirty-third year\*.

*Died!* utterly unprepared and unprovided to leave this world, far less provided and prepared to enter into the next; his worldly concerns totally unsettled, his eternal concerns scarce ever thought of!

How much to be deplored is the fate of NEGOTIO! and yet, alas, how much is it to be feared that many thousands are hourly splitting on the same rock with him!

He lived only for *this* world. Full of hope, and buoyant with life, death was not in all his thoughts; and a future state, when suggested to him, was considered as unworthy his present concern, because it was judged so distant. He thought not of the present span of existence, as of a short state of trial, an hour of weary pilgrimage; nor considered himself as an immortal being, speedily to give an account to the dread judge of mankind†: but deluded by the specious pretence of making necessary provision for his family, a duty he well knew incumbent upon him, a duty he saw universally approved and applauded, he had no other view than to amass wealth, and provide a large fortune for his children, the comforts of which he promised himself to partake, and had formed many chimerical schemes of cha-

\* Few years but yield us proofs of death's ambition,

To eul his victims from the fairest fold,

And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life. Dr. YOUNG.

† Did we esteem ourselves only as pilgrims and strangers here below; and as *accountable* beings, who must ere long be judged according to our deeds, we should not be so much attached to things temporal, but think more seriously and frequently about those things which are *eternal*, according to the Apostle Paul's exhortation. Colossians iii. 2.

riots and country retirements, of brilliant gaiety and envied splendour\*.

Amidst these designs and pursuits, it might with too much truth be said of NEGOTIO, that God was not in all his thoughts. Indeed he regularly attended his church in the morning of the Sabbath day, and as regularly gave the afternoon to indulgence and dissipation. But while at the church, how listless was he to the prayers, now and then yawning out an unmeaning *Amen!* for his heart was there where his *treasure* was placed†. The sermons had seldom much weight with him: he sometimes observed they were good; and when they touched on subjects most pertaining to himself, he failed not to remark, that the preacher was *too severe*‡. Thus he went on: and in the eagerness of temporal pursuits, and the over earnest desire to grow rich, had too far engaged his fortune, and not being successful according to his hopes, the reflection on which harassed his mind; while his industrious desires to obtain his ends and bless his family, as much harassed his body, and brought on that *fever*, the sad issue of which we have just been describing.

Many and excellent were the qualifications of NEGOTIO; his mind was tender and humane; tender affection dwelt on his heart towards the partner of his bed; and few parents knew a more sensible concern || for the fruit of their loins. No man would have been more ready or more active

\* Man appoints, but God often sees fit to disappoint.

† Matthew vi 21.

‡ "A faithful minister cannot be too severe either in describing of sin, or dehorting from it."

|| A man may be, in the general tenor of his conduct, what the world calls a good husband and parent, and at the same time an utter stranger to true piety and real religion.

in the kind offices of friendship, if the multiplicity of his own avocations had not rendered him incapable of being serviceable to others. He had no objection to the great truths of revelation \*; and once in a sickness, from whence he was wonderfully raised, determined strictly to comply with them; but the world recovered its dominion as health again mantled in his cheek, and he returned to the pursuit which engaged his heart, with vigour redoubled, and activity augmented, in proportion to the time and opportunities he had lost.

How often in the freedom of friendship, have I remonstrated, but remonstrated in *vain*, till he saw me with shyness, and heard me with reluctance. Striving to justify himself, he usually concluded, when every argument failed, that he was *young*, and not likely soon to die †; and would some time hence in retirement perform all those duties, and prepare for that futurity, which he could not but acknowledge it was wise to foresee, and necessary to prepare for ‡.

Alas, my friend, how are thy vain hopes frustrated! Cut off in the full blossom of all thy expectations, in the flower of life; thy earthly designs all abortive; thy beloved wife and dear children left to struggle with loneliness, sorrow, and difficulties; and thy soul, thy deathless soul, gone to meet the great God and Saviour; that

\* There is such a thing as believing, and assenting to the truths of divine revelation, without a *saving* knowledge of, or a *heartfelt* concern about them. Reader, examine thyself.

† Prepare for death young man, make no delay;

The old *must* go, 'tis true, but younger *may*. RURAL CHRISTIAN,

‡ Dr. Young beautifully observes,

Procrastination is the thief of time;

Year after year it steals till all are fled,

And to the mercy of a moment leaves

The vast concerns of an eternal scene. NIGHT THOUGHTS:

God whom it never desired to serve or love ; that Saviour whose mercies it never implored, except, perhaps, at the last sad moment ; and whose wonderful loving kindness had no charms to engage it to obedience, duty, and esteem.

And is the fate of NEGOTIO peculiar ? Is he the only dreamer among the many thousands who walk the road of mortality ? Would to Heaven he were ! or would to Heaven his hapless example might be hung out as a beacon to warn others\*, and prove effectual to awaken the children of this world from their sleep of death, thundering in their ears this solemn admonition :

“ What art thou seeking, child of eternity ! what art thou seeking with such restless assiduity ? Look up and behold the heavens, where dwells the judge of the world ! Formed by his hand, thou art placed awhile, short-lived probationer, on his earth, and when he shall give the tremendous summons, thou must drop thy earthly body, and appear an immortal soul before his judgment-seat ! Eternity then awaits thee ; as thou hast done good or evil, an eternity of blessedness or misery ! Wilt thou, then, in the folly of thy heart, neglect thy God, set up thy standard on earth, and think to fix thy dwelling here ? when perhaps the breath of death may the next moment puff down all the phantastic castles raised by thy airy hopes ? Wilt thou forfeit eternal joys for the transitory things of earth ? Wilt thou not be a *man* ? Act wisely, choose soberly, keep immortality in view, and live every day as one who knoweth that the next day, perchance, he

\* *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

may be obliged to lay aside his pilgrim's weeds\* ; leave the inn of this uncertain life, and enter on a state which can never be changed, and which shall never *never* have an end."

Whatsoever effect these reflections may have on others, may they, oh my God ! at least be imprinted on my *own* heart ; never may I so live *here*, as to forget that I am to live for ever *here-after*.

---

### CHAPTER III.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord---Even so saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13.

SUCH was NEGOTIO ; whose sad funeral obsequies performed, and whose little infant baptized, I was soon left alone to my solitary walk in the church-yard ; and being not much disposed to leave the solemn scene, I determined to continue a while longer, and indulge the pleasing sobriety of melancholy meditation.

How various, how innumerable are the shafts of *Death* ! They fly unerring from his quiver around us ; and on so thin a thread hangs human life, to so many accidents and disasters is human life subject, that one would rather marvel that we continue to *live*, than that we should forget one moment that we are to die† ! Nothing can be more beautiful, nervous, and expressive, than the following Prayer used in our *Burial Service* :

\* Make every day a critique on the past,

And live each hour as if it was your last. RURAL CHRISTIAN.

† Dr. Watts, reflecting on the innumerable channels through which the blood is conveyed over the whole animal system, breaks out in wonder and astonishment, saying--

Strange, that an harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.

“Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery ! He cometh up and is cut down like a flower ; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

“In the midst of life we are in death ; of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins are justly displeased !

“Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

“Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts : shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers : but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.”

Were we truly influenced by the doctrine and piety of this incomparable prayer, there is no doubt but we should make a better estimate of Life and Death, than is usually done ; we should set a less value on the one, and meet the other with more courage and resignation.

For what is man, and what is his life ? Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live—short, indeed, suppose it to extend to the utmost length of human existence, even to fourscore years. But, alas ! too commonly, extent of life is but extent of sorrow ; the time, though short is yet full of misery\*. The natural and acquired evils, the evils unavoidable, and the evils brought on ourselves by our own folly, vice, and imprudence, are many, are great.

Our best happiness on earth is short, precari-

\* Job *xiii.* 1, 2.

ous, and uncertain; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower; to-day we flourish in all the external accommodations of life; to-morrow the taste can no more relish its delicacies, nor the ear be delighted with the melody of the viol; no more the tongue can chaunt with pleasing harmony, the eyes open no more on sublunary scenes, while the useless lids are (it may be) closed by the trembling hand of our weeping friends.

As the shadow that departeth, *fleeth* away, and its place is known no more, so we vanish from the earth, and our memory is soon buried in total oblivion. To us little regard is paid any longer: still our associates, with their usual gaiety and ardour, pursue their several designs; still as before, the business of life goes briskly on; the sun shines as briskly, the earth blooms as gaily\*, the forests echo as sweetly with the music of the winged choristers, and all things wear their accustomed form; while our neglected clay is mouldering in the dust, and trodden over by many a thoughtless—perhaps, many a friendly foot†.

Many a *friendly foot*!—yes, even now while I wander in the silence of the night, amidst these lonely receptacles of the dead, how many *graves* are around me, which contain the precious relics of neighbours and fellow-creatures, by my-

\* The author here seems to have in view the sentiments of Mr. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Steel, where he thus expresses himself: "The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as eve., the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, and the world will proceed in its old course."

† .....What is this world?

What but a spacious burial field unwall'd?

The very turf on which we tread once liv'd. BLAIR'S GRAVE.



self consigned to their last earthly home! \*—wretched, wretched home! were not the soul secure of *immortality*, were not the body lodged in the grave, as a faithful deposit, hereafter to be raised to life and glory† by the Almighty Redeemer's trump‡.

That reflection soothes all the sorrow, and extracts all the poison from the dart of death.—What is that I read on yonder tomb, on which the passing moon reflects her full light, as she walks majestic in brightness through the skies, and makes her silver way through the dark and mantling clouds?—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ§.—These were the words which last hung on the lips, and at his desire are engraven on the tomb of OSIANDER, who died full of faith; a man whose death might well inspire the wish—Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his§!

O NEGOTIO! how unlike to thee was OSIANDER! how unlike in life, how unlike in death!—though the same temporal concerns, the same worldly occupations, were common to either.

Happy in parents, who well knew the influence and importance of religious principles, OSIANDER

\* .....The grave, that home of man,  
Where dwells the multitude.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† Certum est in cineres corpus mortale reverti,  
Sed tamen æternus non erit ille sopor.

MANT.

‡ 1 Corinthians xv. 52.

§ 1 Corinthians xv. 55, 56, 57.

§ Numbers xiii. 10.

was early initiated, and perfectly instructed in the school of Piety. Abundantly did he verify the truth of the wise man's observation; for conducted, when young, into the happy path of truth, he never departed from it\*. His youth was amiably distinguished by the most conscientious and tender regard to his parents; a presage of his future felicity; and his whole demeanour was tempered with the most winning modesty and engaging respect.

Rare felicity in OSIANDER; he obtained a partner, formed with every qualification suitable to his own: it might well be said of them, so similar were their tempers, their desires, their pursuits, so much

Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd,  
that

'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.

No wonder then OSIANDER was a pattern, as of *filial*, so of *conjugal* affection. Peace and serenity ever welcomed him to his house, and true satisfaction departed not from his happy dwelling. Hence he found no cause to search *abroad* for the felicity which multitudes cannot find at home; nor dreamed of the tavern and the club, the places of merriment and diversion, to drown the cares he never knew, or to give the bliss he continually enjoyed†.

Happy in so choice a companion, he was diligent to discharge, in the exactest degree, the parental duty towards those dear pledges of his love

\* Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Prov. xxi, 6.

† An engaging picture of matrimonial happiness. Would to God there were more pleasing copies of it to be met with in the *present* day! but alas! how few is the number, and how seldom are they found!

wherewith their faithful embraces were blest. And hence, from their earliest youth, he took care to inspire them with every sentiment of true religion, and bring them up in the faith and fear of that Almighty Father, a regard to whom, deeply rooted in the minds of children, is the most undoubted security of their regard to *earthly* parents\*.

As the connections of OSIANDER necessarily rendered his family large, he was conscientiously exact in the discharge of his duty to his domestics and servants. "Every man," he was wont to say, "should esteem himself as a priest in his own family; and be therefore careful to instruct his dependents, as those of whom he must one day give a solemn account." And, "one reason," he would often say, "why men are generally so negligent of this important duty, is the sad example they set themselves—an example which renders all precept ineffectual†." Hence he was diligent to maintain that prime pillar of domestic authority. He spoke by his life as well as his words; and never proposed a duty to his family which they did not see him practice himself‡.

Family prayer was never omitted in his house. The Sabbath-day was never spent in trifling, visiting, and folly; much less in drunkenness and debauchery. Attended by as many of the family as was convenient, he himself led the way to his

\* Children who fear not God, seldom regard man; this is a melancholy truth, and too often verified.

† Be not a man of *words*, but *deeds*,  
Example (precepts) far exceeds.

‡ Setting a good example, is the best way to recommend and enforce good precepts.

church, both morning and afternoon ; while the evening of that blessed day was spent in catechising and instructing the younger, and in reading some useful discourse to the more advanced part of his household\*.—Never abstaining from the hallowed table of the Lord, he was earnest always in pressing that important duty ; and few who lived with him were long strangers to that heavenly banquet.

Thus exemplary at home, he was no less esteemed abroad ; his punctuality, honesty, and worth, were universally commended ; and though some of freer principles would sometimes be apt to sneer at his preciseness (as they termed it) yet no man maintained a more universal credit, pursued his temporal business with more becoming alacrity, or, by the blessing of God, flourished more in all desirable success †.

It pleased the sovereign disposer of all things to give him a long foresight of his approaching dissolution, by means of a lingering and consumptive illness.

Shall I ever forget with what delight I heard him declare his high hopes, when, coming in by accident, I found him, with his beloved wife by his side. Pale and emaciated, he sat in the chair of sickness, his hand tenderly clasping hers, and his eyes fixed upon her ; while she, with soft affection, strove to conceal her heartfelt distress,

\* This method of spending the Sabbath-day cannot be too much inculcated, or enforced, on every master and mistress of a family ; the neglect of it has been the ruin (it is greatly to be feared) of thousands of children, apprentices, and servants.

† Well might the Psalmist say, the blessing of the Lord is in the house of the righteous ; blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways ; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.

Psalm cxviii. 1, 2.

and the tear, unpermitted to come forth, stood trembling in her eye.—“ I was endeavouring, dear Sir,” said he, “ to reconcile my life’s loved companion to the stroke which shortly must separate us—separate for a while—separate, blessed be the Lord of life, only to meet that we may never more part. But, alas! so frail is human nature, so weak is human faith, so attached are we to this poor crasy prison, that we cannot, *cannot* be triumphant—we sink and grovel upon the earth even to the last\*.”

“ Affection like yours,” said I, “ so long tried and so tender, cannot be supposed to part without pangs; nor should we think ourselves the worse *Christians*, because we feel the most sensibly as *men*.”

“ Oh no,” said he, “ I have never thought the finest feelings of humanity inconsistent with the most elevated degree of Christian virtue; but, methinks when a pair have lived as (thanks be to God) my dearest wife and myself have constantly endeavoured to do, with a perpetual prospect to a *future* scene, and an earnest, though very imperfect labour, to walk worthy our high calling and hope, it should be matter of the noblest joy, when the consummation of all our labours is at hand, when we are about to drop the veil of flesh, and to enter on the fruition of everlasting

\* Dr. Watts very justly sings—

Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav’ring minds,  
And leave but half for God.  
Oh! may we scorn these clothes of flesh,  
These fetters and this load,  
And long for evening to undress,  
That we may rest with God.

Hymn Lxi. B. 2.

peace: surely this should dry up all our tears, and cause us to rejoice on behalf of the friend who is about—not to *die*, but to *live*; not to *lose* life, but to *enjoy* it\*. For myself, I have no more doubt of immortality, nor (let me speak it with due humility) of my own felicity with God, through *Jesus Christ*, than I have of my present existence. All nature, and the universal voice of the wise in every age, proclaim the animating doctrine; but the Christian religion hath displayed it in such full light, so dispelled every cloud, so removed every scruple, that it would be the greatest indignity to the blessed Author of it, either to doubt a future and eternal existence, or to doubt an eternal and happy one through faith in *Jesus Christ*†. *Infidelity* appears to me of all sins the most monstrous, after those various declarations which God hath made to support and confirm our *faith*‡.”

We were charmed at the divine warmth with which he uttered these words: his wife burst into a flood of tears: tears of mingled joy and sadness who could refrain? We sat silent:—he at length went on:

“Yet let me not be thought presumptuous: I know the utter abhorrence of God to the least spark of self-dependence; I know the absolute

\* We can never think too much upon this solemn and interesting truth.

When this our short and fleeting life is o'er.

We die to live, and live--to die no more. SOLITARY WALKS.

† It is the absolute declaration of God himself, He that believeth shall be saved: and Christ has promised, as he liveth, they (who truly believe in him) shall live also.

‡ Unbelief robs the Christian too often of his spiritual comfort; but let him who professes to believe in Christ, take heed respecting the *nature, ground, and fruits* of his faith, that they are of the *right kind*, according to the rule of God's unerring *word*.

contrariety of pride to the true interest of a fallen creature: I am nothing, I have nothing, I can do nothing; to the glory of his free grace be all I ever have done, be all I ever hope for\*. But there is such an exhaustless fund of unexampled mercy and love in the great Saviour of mankind, so wonderful are his doings, so passing all comprehension his tender regard for the children of men, that I dare not dispute his rich offers, that I dare not hesitate in the embracing his full promises.

“ Oh Sir, I can say, with the utmost sincerity, that the reflection on his past mercies is my sole and unspeakable comfort; and in his love I already taste something of the bliss I expect. Influenced by that love, and by a sincere (though alas; most weak) faith in him, I have laboured diligently to act in conformity to his will; and though conscious of a thousand and ten thousand infirmities, though in my best services utterly unprofitable, though in all less than the least of his mercies, yet I have an unshaken confidence in his all-sufficient merits; and fully relying upon them, I commit my soul to him, with all the satisfaction and serenity of calm and well-grounded hope†. He is a rock that can never fail us; the cross of *Christ* promiseth the sinner every thing which Repentance can presume to ask‡.

\* This will ever be the language of a *true* Christian, though not the sentiments of every *nominal* one.

† Oh! the comforts and consolations of an expiring believer in Jesus Christ, how solid, unspeakable, and encouraging! Well might the Psalmist David say, The end of that man is peace. Ps. xxxvii. 37.

‡ Touch'd by the cross, we live, or *more* than die;

That touch, with charms celestial, heals the soul

Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,

Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms

The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Much more passed between us, some things far too tender to be committed to paper; and it will not be any wonder to the serious reader to be told, that a sickness of some weeks was borne by a man of such faith, with all the cheerful resignation and consummate patience which are peculiar to the true Christian\*. Nothing would be more instructive, perhaps, than many of the discourses which he held with his friends during the scene of trial. A few hours before he died, he took a solemn leave of his wife and children, to whom he had delivered at large his dying advice; and, perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution, some minutes before he expired, he was heard to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And having said this, he fell asleep with a composure perfectly lovely, with a peace infinitely desirable.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Matthew, x. 29, &c.  
 Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me. Jeremiah, xlix. 11.

Few passions are more strongly implanted in the human mind than the love of our offspring; to be devoid of which, degrades the *human* far beneath the *irrational* creature, through every

\* It may well be said, religion has pleasures which none but the real Christian can enjoy; consolations which none but the real Christian can partake of; and a crown of glory promised to its followers after death, which none but the real Christian can have a title to, or wear.



species of which the wonderful influence of parental affection is discernible. The wisdom of the great Creator is immediately obvious in this gracious provision for the helpless young; and it is certain that this powerful regard in the human species may be rendered productive of the most excellent effects.

Too commonly, indeed, it is grossly abused, and the honourable claim of parental regard is made the pretence for an unworthy and mean attachment to the pursuits of the world, and the love of this life. Many men cheat *themselves* under this specious delusion; and while they conceive that the spring of their actions, and the cause of their singular attention to earthly desires, is the laudable purpose of providing for their families\*, they are the meanwhile but following the bent of their own inclinations, and treading in a track which they would continue to tread, were they not influenced at all by the motive which they fancy engages them in it. Frequent experience hath manifested this; but it was never seen more evidently, perhaps, than in the case of AVARO, who lived only for his children, as he constantly avowed, and on that account denied himself every reasonable gratification; when, as if it were to falsify those pretences, as well as to awaken him, if possible, to a more rational conduct, the Sovereign of Heaven deprived him of his children in a short compass of time; and lo, he remains the same grovelling earth-worm, though he hath none

\* A prudent desire and endeavour to make a suitable provision for our families, are laudable and praise-worthy; but an over anxious pursuit after temporal things is hurtful and unbecoming, particularly respecting those who profess to be Christians.

to share that inheritance, which he purchases at the price of his soul!

If any truth be fully revealed in the sacred oracles, if any hath the sanction of the soundest reason, it is the belief of a wise, good, and superintending Providence, of an universal Father, who tenderly watcheth over, and graciously careth for the concerns of those beings whom himself hath created, and placed in their several stations upon earth\*; a truth of an aspect the most benign, and of an influence the most important to all the affairs of men; to forget and disregard which, leads to all the folly of self-seeking, all the madness of self-dependence, all the bitter anxiety of self-corroding care; to remember, and live under the constant persuasion of which, induces all the sweetness of a serene conscience, all the fortitude of a resigned soul, all the comfort of an unshaken hope†.

And to this, were we to judge by the rules of right reason or religion, that parental affection, which is so universal and amiable, must naturally bend every parent, whom, if no other consideration were sufficient to persuade to the practice of religion, and to a dependence upon the Deity, the reflection of its infinite moment to their offspring, and of the unspeakable value of the divine favour, should powerfully incline thereto; for there is no patrimony like the divine protection, and no friendship so stable as the friendship of heaven: the former can never be exhausted, the

\* Matthew, vi. 26.

† Well might our Saviour upbraid his disciples with unbelief of his providential care, by saying, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith! Matthew vi. 30.

latter will never fail or forsake us: no change of circumstances will change its fidelity; nay, much unlike the friendship of the world\*, in the black day of adversity it will smile with the most perfect sweetness and affection.

Our earthly schemes in behalf of our children may prove unsuccessful, and be quickly blasted by the finger of disappointment; our labours may end in vexation, and all our attempts be insufficient to secure the fortune we may wish; or should we secure it, the patrimony we have gained, at the expense of so much care and anxiety (nay, perhaps, at the high price even of *felicity eternal*) may be embezzled by the faithless guardian, devoured by the litigious lawyer, or foolishly squandered away by the spendthrift heir, whom our industry has capacitated to sink into the foul sewers of idleness, vice, and sloth†, and deprived at once of the comforts of this life, and the hopes of a better, by supplying him with the means and opportunity to be iniquitous; when, perhaps, without them, he had been led to careful industry, to sobriety, and all the blessed fruits of a rational and prudent demeanour.

Let it not be concluded from hence, that we would condemn that proper care for the subsis-

\* Dr. Young expresses a similar opinion of the world's friendship in the following lines:

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

He, like the world his ready visit pays

Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† Idleness, vice, and sloth, have been the ruin of thousands, therefore ought carefully to be avoided, particularly by *young* persons of both sexes; for an idle man is the devil's playfellow; slothfulness bringeth a man to rags! while

Vice its own punishment will ever prove,

But Virtue leads to blissful realms above. RURAL CHRISTIAN.

tence of a family, which all nations have judged necessary and becoming: we mean only to decry that absurd, but too common practice, of living merely to lay up wealth for those who shall survive us, without taking care to secure the favour of Providence, without looking at all to the great Superintendant of human affairs, who laughs with just contempt, at the spider-webs which men of this character so industriously weave. Without God in their lives, without hope in their death, they are unable calmly to lay their dying heads on their pillows\*, or to commend, with humble but confident faith, their weeping widows and orphans to the heavenly *Husband*, and the everlasting *Father*.

Of these poor NEGOTIO never thought, and therefore could derive no comfort to himself, could administer no comfort to his wife or his children, from the solid expectation of the fatherly care of Omnipotence†. This rendered his death doubly dreadful, as the contrary view soothed every sorrow, and cheered every gloom before the face of the departing OSIANDER. He beheld his wife and his children with an eye of gladness, as the peculiar care of the *Father* of the *Fatherless*, and the *Husband* of the *Widow*; and to that care he consigned them, with a cheerful hope

\* The wicked in the views of dissolution, may hope for mercy at the hands of their offended Maker, but not on *scriptural* grounds; for the word of God assures us, without repentance there is no salvation. Luke *xiii.* 3.

† The offspring of wicked parents, if they continue in the roads of impiety and vice, may justly expect, according to the express declaration of Jehovah, that the curse due to their parents will descend on them; for he has said, He will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate him, and keep not his commandments. Exodus *xx.* 5.

and peaceful acquiescence\*. NEGOTIO saw his family with the eye of distraction, as the prey of poverty, and the sport of an injurious world.

Unaccustomed to estimate worth by any other standard than that of earthly acquisitions, he considered them as unavoidably miserable; and leaving them unprovided with what the world calls good, he left them, as it seemed to him, *destitute*, and doomed to all the contempt of penury, and all the painful pity of distress.—Such was the issue of his anxious solicitude for temporal things.—Oh, happy had it been for thee, NEGOTIO; happy for thy family, if some portion of thy anxiety had been allotted to eternal concerns! Then hadst thou died in the pleasing reflection, that, not void of attention to thy great business on earth, thou wast going thyself to the kingdom of a *Father*, who watcheth with peculiar attention over the *orphan* and the *widow*, especially when consigned by the faithful parent to his secure protection; and who is equally able to save by *many* as by *few*; to bless where there is little, as well as where there is much; to bless with the most substantial blessings—*competency*, *content*, and a *good conscience*; which bestow those consolations, solid, secure, and immoveable, that are denied frequently, or sought for in vain, by the distinguished favourites of exorbitant wealth, or exalted power.

Conscious hereof, OSIANDER, during his last sickness, was never deficient in pouring this heal-

\* The real Christian, trusting in God as his heavenly father, friend, and portion, may safely leave all he has in his hands, knowing he will safely keep that which is committed to him, against that day when he comes to judge the world by his Son Christ Jesus.

ing balm into the bleeding heart of his life's loved companion and softer friend.

"*Widowhood* \*," he was often wont to say to her, "is doubtless a state of the deepest distress. Left to weather out all the storms and tempests of a calamitous world, a poor dejected woman then most wants the tender support of the husband, whose loss those very wants most feelingly teach her. Not only every source of usual satisfaction is dried up, not only every allowable and life-cheering comfort is cut off, but the flood-gates are open to a tide of new troubles, unknown, unthought of before, which the memory of past felicities mournfully enhanceth; the retrospect of happiness *once* enjoyed, but now lost, adding double weight to the woe which springs up unwelcome in its place.

"Even where the affection hath not been of the most tender sort, the loss of a husband is severely felt; but where it hath been just and sincere, where long-tried fidelity hath much approved each to the other, there, as the parting becomes more afflictive, so the loss is more sensibly felt. Widowhood is then an *iron furnace* indeed. —But to catch the allusion, as the Son of God was seen in the furnace with the three faithful *Israelites*, preserving them unhurt from the rage of the flames †, so will he be present, with peculiar protection, and shield, with his fatherly providence, the widow and her orphans. —Leave thy fatherless children, saith this kind God, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me ‡.

\* See the fine speech of *St. Chrysostom's* mother, in the *Christian's Magazine*, vol. 1. p. 54. published for Newberry in Paul's Church-yard.

† Daniel *iii.* 25.

‡ Jeremiah *xlix.* 11.

“ This passage, I will freely confess to you, hath at all times given the greatest comfort to my mind, and at the same time encouraged me to a cheerful discharge of my duty, and to perfect dependence on God, conscious, that if I could by any means secure the fatherly care of Omnipotence for you and my dear children, I need not be anxious for ought besides. I have endeavoured to keep this point in view; and I can now commend you to that care, with the most joyful and heart-felt delight; for the Lord will never leave you nor forsake you: he is emphatically styled, the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow\*; a reflection which surely must make every tender parent, every affectionate husband, solicitously careful to obtain God’s blessing, if they really love their children, if they have a real regard for their wives and offspring; for the Lord God hath shown, all through his blessed word, how near and dear to him are the interests of the widow and the orphan: he hath given peculiar laws, with much tenderness, respecting them; he hath urged, as the greatest offence, the neglect and injury of them; he hath made it one of the characteristic parts of true and undefiled religion, to visit the *fatherless* and *widows* in their affliction†; and as an emblem of his ever full and flowing mercy towards them, he sent his prophet to one of them, in the day of her distress, and enriched her with a continual supply, while want and famine were reigning around; giving at once a proof and a significant token of his fatherly providence, and increasing mercies to the *wisdom* who *trusteth* in him‡.

\* Psalm lxxviii. 5.

† James i. 27.

‡ 2 Kings iv. 6.

“For, my dear love, permit me to say, though I have scarce any need to say it to you, that these rich promises to *widows* are not given indiscriminately, and under no conditions; it may be very possible to languish in all the wretchedness of a widowed state, and yet to enjoy none of the distinguished care of Heaven. *St. Paul* speaks of those who are *widows indeed*; which plainly implies that some in a state of *widowhood* may be far from the Divine notice. A *widow indeed*, according to him, is one who trusteth in God, and continueth in supplications and prayer night and day; one who is truly sensible of the afflictive hand of Providence upon her; who endeavours to receive with meekness, and to improve in resignation by the chastising stroke; who fixed her soul’s dependence upon the high and gracious providence of her God, and laboureth, with all the sincerity of faith, and fervour of prayer, to cast herself and all her concerns upon him, as knowing he careth for her.

“And as thus *trusting* in God, and *continuing in prayer*, the widow should be particularly grave, serious, and sober, in all her behaviour, dress, and deportment; she should not forget that God hath been pleased to cut off, if I may so say, the ornament of her head, and the pride of her life; and therefore requireth a decent solemnity in all her carriage. If the loss happens to a woman in earlier life, she hath need of more peculiar watchfulness against all the attacks of carnal enemies; and should be very cautious not to give the least room for that reproach, either of wantonness or calumny, which some are so apt to impute to widowhood in general.



“ And should she, my dear, be left in your case, with a family around her, oh, how much anxiety attends that necessary and important charge; that most tender duty which she oweth to them\*.—I cannot, indeed, I cannot speak of this heavy burden: my heart is too full; and I have perfect satisfaction in your motherly love to my dear children.—But do not sink under the burden, for God is with you: he will bless your endeavours; he will support you in every difficulty.—Leave thy fatherless children to me, I will preserve them alive†, saith he; *alive*, that is, through grace, *alive* to the only valuable, the *divine* life; *alive* to himself! Oh! sweet and comfortable promise, let it always be your support, and rest perfectly confident, that while you exert your best, though feeble efforts, for your dear children, the Father of the fatherless will more than second you; trust in him; continue in prayer to him for them and for yourself; and you will have a *husband* infinitely preferable to this poor perishing mortal, who is about to leave you—and they, my beloved pretty orphans,—have a *father* ‡.—

Oh! thou gracious Father, preserve, protect, defend both *her* and *them*—and when my weeping eyes shall be closed in death: when my supplicating tongue shall be silent in dust; when my solicitous heart shall cease to throb for them! Oh! be thou their never-failing, their heavenly *husband. father, friend!* their God and portion in this life and in that which is to come—Oh! may

\* Would to God there were no widows in our day, but such who answered the above description.

† Jeremiah *xlix.* 11.

Psalm *xviii.* 10.

we meet to part no more—meet to praise and adore thy exceeding loving-kindness, through endless ages in glory \*.”

Thus spoke *Osiander*; and happy that husband who thus, like him, can, in the views of death, pour the balm of divine consolation into the heart of his afflicted and lamenting *partner*.

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## CHAPTER V.

Still frowns grim *Death*; Guilt points the tyrant's spear,  
And whence all human guilt?—From *Death* forgot! YOUNG.

WERE it possible to avoid the stroke, or to escape the victorious arm of *Death*, they would have something to plead for their conduct, who shun, with all their power, the solemn reflection; who make it the whole business of their lives to dissipate the important thought of that, which they must sooner or later meet with, and to which they are inevitably doomed †. But as no human power can arrest, even for one moment, the fatal dart ‡; as every individual must pass through this black and lamentable flood; surely wisdom dictates a serious and frequent attention to so interesting a concern, and reason advises the most diligent survey of this dreadful evil; that we may learn to encounter it with holy courage, or at least, to submit to it without reluctance. *Death*, viewed with an hasty and trembling eye, appears in formidable terror, as the cruel blaster of all human hopes

\* Thrice happy Christians! who, when time is o'er,  
Shall meet in realms of bliss to part no more.

G. W.

† For it is appointed unto all men once to die.

Heb. ix. 27.

‡ When death receives the dire command,  
None can elude or stay his hand;

For when his dread commission's seal'd,

The *youngest, healthiest*, all must yield. RUR. CHRISTIAN.

and joys; but *Death*, viewed with an eye of faith, and contemplated with the coolness of rational deliberation, loses much of its terror, and is approached with no small degree of complacency and peace\*.

You tremble at the fear of *Death*; come, draw near and let us see what that is, which thus alarms your quickest apprehensions. See in the most fearful garb, *Death* is only the ransomer of frail mortals from the prison of a sinful, painful, and corrupted frame; their deliverer from a transitory and vexatious world; † their introducer to an eternal and—oh that we could always add—a *blessed* state! but there, *there* alas, is the dread. It is this which clothes *Death* in his terrors, and gives all its sharpness to his sting. Could we be assured, had we a scriptural well-grounded presumption, that the departing soul should enter into a state of felicity, and be received into the bosom of its Saviour and its God, we should then universally lay down the load of mortality, not only without regret, but even with triumph ‡.

Whence then comes it to pass?—let us no longer lay the blame on *Death*, for it is fairly exculpated—whence comes it to pass, that we dare to leave without treasuring up “this rational and well-grounded presumption,” which the Christian religion so copiously supplies, and which we are

\* *Death* and his image rising in the brain,  
Bear *faint* resemblance, never are alike;  
Fear shakes the pencil, Fancy loves excess,  
Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades,  
And these the formidable picture draw. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† ..... *Death* ends our woes  
And puts a period to the ills of life. Dr. YOUNG.

‡ To meet death without cause to fear it, is the privilege only of a true believer in Jesus; well, therefore, does an eminent writer say,  
*Believe*, and look with triumph on the tomb. Dr. YOUNG.

called upon to treasure up by every motive of interest, of common sense, and of duty? If we neglect this, let us not pretend to quarrel with our fate, and to repine at the fearfulness of death; we ourselves give all his fearfulness to him, and from ourselves alone proceeds the cause of our bitterest disquietude; for God hath plainly declared to us the irreversible condition of our nature. Our death is no less certain than our existence\*. He hath graciously provided a sovereign and infallible antidote against the fear of death, in the victorious resurrection of his dear Son†. He hath informed us, that our bodies must return to dust; that all our possessions must be left behind; and that a state everlasting and unalterable awaits us—a state of endless bliss with him, or of misery with condemned spirits‡.

If then, my soul, deaf to his informations, and regardless of his mercies, thou shalt forget the condition of thy nature; pride thyself in the beauties of thy present body; boast thyself in the possessions of thy present state; neglect to secure an interest in the Saviour, by faith unfeigned, and obedience unreserved—thine, and thine eternally, will be the just condemnation: nor canst thou wonder that the stroke of death, in this view, is horrible to thy apprehension; for it will separate thee from all thou holdest dear, and convey thee to a region dolorous and unwelcome, where thou hast no treasure, and canst not have either *hope or love*. But remember, in this case, *Death*

\* Fix'd is the term to all the race on earth,  
And such the hard condition of our birth;  
No force can death resist, no flight can save,  
All fall alike, the fearful and the brave.

POPE.

† Corinthians xv. 20.

‡ Matthew xxv. 46.

deserves no blame; for it is not *Death* which is terrible in itself; it is man, foolish man, who renders it so, by his inexcusable neglect\*.

It is from hence arises the fear of death; from *estimating* too highly the things of this life, and from *forgetting* the *mutable condition* annexed to every mortal blessing. Hence sprung all the mistakes, and all the miseries of the young, the lovely *Misella*, and all the piercing pangs which tore her wretched parent's heart.

*Misella* was blest, by the great Giver of all good gifts, with a frame peculiarly elegant and pleasing. Softness and sweetness dwelt in her countenance; the down of the swan was rivalled by her skin; her shape was faultless, her limbs were finished with the most beautiful symmetry, and her voice was musical as the harmony of the lute. She was taught from her cradle to value this fine person; and her fond and overweening parents fed the soothing vanity with every food which their dotage could supply†.

Her education was perfectly polite, adapted to set off the graces of her frame, little calculated to expand or improve the more valuable beauties of the mind: her taste for dress was remarkably elegant, her manner of dancing particularly genteel; she excelled much at cards, and few were happier in devising schemes, and engaging parties of pleasure. As her voice was charming in itself, so was it improved by art, and aided by the soft

\* Death will be, to the real Christian the end of all his earthly troubles, and the beginning of his heavenly joys, while to the wicked and impenitent, it will prove the end of all their hopes, and the beginning of their eternal desperation. Daniel xii. 2.

† The very means, and the best method they could have taken, or the devil himself could have devised, to make their child a *curse* to them, and bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

touches of the guitar, which she handled with inimitable grace, preferring it to all other instruments, as the attitude in playing upon it is most advantageous for the display of a fair lady's gentility.

She very early gave her parents a convincing proof of the mistake they had made in her education, and of their unhappiness in neglecting to inculcate the principles of religious duty and conscientious virtue; for, in her *seventeenth* year, she married a young officer, of inferior rank, and no fortune, with the entire disapprobation of her parents; nay, and in direct contradiction to their commands. The gaiety of his dress, and the charms of his person, captivated her heart; and, unaccustomed to reason and think, she broke every obligation to gratify her romantic passion\*.

The blind and excessive fondness of her parents, soon induced them to pass over this breach of duty, and to welcome their darling daughter and her husband to their affectionate arms. Accustomed from her cradle to a life of dissipation and pleasure, now that she was free from all parental restraint, she indulged the mad propensity with still greater ardour†. From one public place to another, during the summer, she led her passive husband; during the winter they lived in all the fatiguing gaiety of town diversions.

\* Young women can never be too cautious respecting the men they make choice of as partners for life, for their future happiness depends upon it. What a melancholy reflection is it, that numbers in the present day marry in haste, and repent at leisure, when it is too late.

† The education of children is truly an important task, and cannot be too carefully attended to by parents in general; for it is an observation confirmed by experience,

Children like tender osiers take the bow;  
And as they first are fashion'd always grow.

A child was the issue of their marriage; but as the *daughter* had been before, so now the *mother* was swallowed up in the woman of pleasure. She sent the little infant to her parents, regardless of *its* welfare, if *she* could but pursue her beloved gratifications.—The case was the same with a *second* produce of their conjugal endearments. She looked upon *child-bearing* as a severe tax paid by the fair sex, and as an obstacle in their way to the possession of those delights, which alone have worth and relish in the esteem of a woman of fashion\*.

My reader will not be amazed if a life of this kind produced no small difficulties in their circumstances. Her parents, though not very affluent, readily contributed all they could: and ah! too fond—fed scantily, and drest meanly, that their daughters might be clad in *scarlet*, and feast in *delicacy*†. It happened that her husband, in the *third* year of their marriage, was called abroad to attend his regiment. Pleasure was her passion; she felt therefore little regret at parting with him. Nor did she live, during his absence, like the *widowed* wife and separated friend. She followed her diversions with redoubled assiduity; was the life of the ball, the delight of the men, the queen of joy.

But her constitution, tender and delicate, was unequal to the toil; her nocturnal reveries extinguished the rose in her cheek: her laborious life of pleasure brought on a consumption. Besides this, with declining health, her character

\* Alas! how many *Misellas*, such thoughtless and imprudent married women, do we see daily! May the Lord, of his infinite mercy, lessen the number, by teaching them wisdom from above.

† If ever parents were blinded by affection to the *true* interests of their children, surely these were among the number.

became equivocal, though it is agreed by all she was never really *criminal*, in the sense that word is commonly used: but the want of *appearances* is often as fatal to reputation, as even the want of *virtue* itself\*. To exhilarate her spirits, she had frequent recourse to improper means; to renovate her beauty, she had constant recourse to destructive arts.

Her parents, who seldom saw her—saw her only for a few passing moments, which she could sometimes, though very rarely, steal from her engagements, to dedicate to the children of her bowels, and to the *parents*, whose only joy, she knew, was in her company.—Her parents, hearing of her declining state, entreated earnestly, and with tears entreated her, to come to them, and to use all proper means for the recovery of her health. She sent them no reply; but using what appeared to her the *necessary* methods, yet prosecuting at the same time her usual course of pleasure, she appeared a dead body almost, in the bright scenes of revelry and joy—and at length was seized with an acute disorder, which in two days carried her off; in a strange place, at a distance from her friends, and without a relation to close her eyes†!

A messenger was instantly dispatched to her parents. A tender parent only can guess their

\* It is a well-known proverb, Give a dog an ill name and hang him; and so is, If you are not a thief, do not look thief-like: the meaning of which is, the loss of reputation, however it may be founded only on *suspicion*, is truly as hurtful and disadvantageous as though there was real sufficient ground for it; and if we are not candidates for vice, and votaries of dissipation, we should not associate with those who are; for a man is generally known by his company.

† Hapless *Misella*! may surviving fair ones,  
By thy example, learn to shun thy fate;

How wretched is the woman wise too late! G. BARNWELL.



anguish. The afflicted father flew down to the place of her death with all possible speed; and when he entered the house, where lay the dead body of his child, his *only* child, the child of his soul—"Oh give me my daughter," he cried out, "let me but see her dear face, though she is dead: lead me, lead me to my child; shew a poor old man the sad remains of all his hopes and wishes." Dumb grief prevailed: the mistress of the house conducted him to the door of the room, where lay the pale and lifeless corpse.

He threw himself, with unutterable distress, on the bed beside his daughter, and bedewing her clay-cold face with tears, lay for some time in all the agony of silent sorrow! "Are we thus to meet," at length he burst out, "thus?—Oh my *Kitty*, my child, my daughter, are those dear lips ever sealed in silence? Ah, all pale and wan! and will those eyes, which used to look upon me with such joy, never, *never* open more? One word, my child, oh if it were but *one* word! Ah cruel and unkind—that I might not be allowed to watch thee in thy sickness! hadst thou permitted me to attend, thy dear life had been saved.

"Alas, why do I rave? she hears me not—pale, indeed, but lovely as ever: Ah, soft and precious hand, marble in coldness.—I will never let thee go.—Oh my *Kitty*, my child, my only beloved!—I am undone, for thou art no more; oh that I had died with thee\*; would to God I might die this moment! My *Kitty*, my child, my daughter, my all!"—Here again he burst into an

\* Extravagant or expressive grief, is finely depicted in the lamentations of David, the man after God's own heart, over the corpse of his son Absalom, as recorded in the 18th chap. of the 2d book of Samuel.

agony of tears, and betrayed all the signs of the most excruciating grief.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this part of our tale; it will be more proper to make some remarks upon it: these, however, together with the very different character of *Pulcheria*, must engage the *next chapter*.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Take compassion on the rising age;  
In them redeem your errors manifold;  
And by due discipline and nurture sage,  
In Virtue's love *betimes* your docile sons engage.

WEST'S Poem on Education.

How great a blessing is early instruction! *Misella* never heard the sweetly persuasive lectures of wisdom; she was never called to attend to the winning voice of Religion and Truth; and therefore, left to the blind conduct of impetuous passions, she was *driven* along, "to every wave a scorn;" she foundered and was lost!—We do not pretend to say, that early *instruction* and *virtue* are so inseparably connected as never to be divided; we do not say, that all who enjoy this advantage must go right; that all who enjoy it not, must infallibly go wrong. This would be to contradict palpable experience. But we are bold to advance, that there is the chance of ten thousand to one, in favour of the former, so is there the same chance, it is feared, against the latter\*. How alarming a reflection to parents!

Had *Misella*, from her early infancy, been trained up in the knowledge of herself, her God, and her duty; had she been carefully led to a true

\* The wisest man declares, If you train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it. Proverbs xxi. 6.

estimate of her corruptible frame, not deceived into a wrong opinion of it, from poisonous flattery and delusive adulation; had she been taught, that every good gift comes from God, and consequently can be no proper subject of human vanity; had she been taught, that God expects a proper return and reasonable service for the bounty he shows; that our present state is a state of trial; that we are pilgrims and probationers of a day, and must necessarily, in a short time, remove our tent from this world, and live—live everlastingly in another, happy or wretched, as we have performed our duty in this\*.—Had these lessons of useful import been early and stedfastly imprinted on her mind, most probably the miserable parent had not wept, in such anguish, over his more miserable daughter; most probably her hands might have closed with filial piety and tenderness his aged eyes.

But—ah me!—how constantly do we behold these important lessons neglected! while fond and overweening parents, like those of *Misella*, cheat their little ones, even from infancy, into false opinions of themselves! The mistakes, so frequent and so fatal in the education of children, would almost lead one to approve the *Lacedemonian* policy, which allowed not to *parents* the liberty of educating their own children, but committed this most necessary business to the care of the state. And, from an accurate observation of the conduct of parents, how few have yet fallen within the observation of the writer of these lines, who were tolerably capacitated for the task! who had prudence and fortitude enough to conquer paren-

tal prejudices; and to stand superior to the soft foibles of melting affection?

With respect to the *gentler* sex, it is an evil too notorious to be denied, that ere the pretty innocents can lisp their pleasing tales, they are initiated into the school of pride and show; taught to reverence dress even to superstition, as the glare of alluring finery!—The mind, thus early viated, strongly retains the taste\*; vanity and modish folly engross the whole attention, and ruin half, or render trifling and insipid, unwary thousands in the female world.—For it is a fact, I apprehend, scarcely to be controverted, that in the *lower* orders of life, more women are seduced into prostitution through their love of *dress*, than through their love of *vice*; and in the *higher*, we know to what lengths an attachment to this deep-rooted foible is carried.

With such principles, strongly impressed, how can we expect to find in the fair ones, the endearing and sensible companion,—replete, as *Milton* phrases it,—with all good, wherein consists

Woman's domestic honour, and chief praise;

How can we expect it—while, as he goes on, they are

Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to dance, to sing,  
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye†.

Let it not be said that the writer is severe; he would only wish to hold out a friendly warning against an evil destructive to the tender and affectionate parent; upon whom it principally lies

\* Hence let parents and tutors be careful,  
In Virtue's paths to lead the infant mind;  
For as the bough is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

† *Paradise Lost*, xi. 616.

to give female elegance its greatest merit ; while he entreats the inconsiderate and the fond, attentively to contemplate the half-distracted father weeping over the clay-cold corpse of his darling *Misella*.

And wouldst thou, oh reader, wish thy beloved offspring a better fate : wouldst thou wish never to share in the horrors of so sad a distress ? then let it be thy chief study, early and diligently, to inform with *true* wisdom, the young, the waxen mind ; attentive to the poet's remark,

Children like tender osiers take the bow,  
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.

Sensible of this capital truth, the parents of the amiable *Pulcheria* omitted no opportunity to cultivate her mind, and early to lead her into the pure and peaceful paths of sacred wisdom. She was not inferior in *person* to *Misella* ; but in *conduct* how superior ! in *death* how different\* ! As I have not had the happiness to converse with many from whom I have reaped greater improvement, or received more delight ; as I have never attended a death-bed with more profit and edification, than that of the ever-valued *Pulcheria* ; it hath frequently made me curious to learn from her parents, the method they pursued in her education ; and one day, sitting with her excellent father, I took the liberty to hint my desire.

“ I know, Sir, (said I,) you are above the vulgar prejudices ; and have so just a sense of the divine wisdom and goodness, in removing your daughter from the state of probation to a realm of glory, that the subject is rather pleasing

\* Live to the Lord, that thou may'st die so too ;  
To live and die is all we have to do.

than painful to you. You know my high opinion of her virtues; tell me what particular steps you took, in her early days, to lay the foundation of that noble structure which she reared?"

"You judge rightly, Sir," said the good old man; "it is pleasing to me to think as well as to talk of my valuable daughter, whom I reflect upon with the most heartfelt complacence, as having soon ran her complete circle of virtues here\*; as having speedily finished her course, and entered so early on her everlasting reward.

"Praised be God, for giving me such a child; praised be God for placing before me such an example.—Forgive the involuntary tear—I cannot on this occasion withhold it; the remembrance of my dear angel so affects and ravishes me: oh when will the hour come that I shall once more see her—once more meet her for ever, to enjoy her lovely converse—meet her—Dear Sir, excuse me, the pleasing hope overpowers me; excuse the parent; excuse the man."—We sat silent a few minutes; some natural tears were mutually dropt—but wiped them soon; when my worthy friend proceeded: "I will satisfy your desire; I did indeed lay down some few rules respecting the education of my child, and they were invariably regarded: I will tell you the most material of them. Attribute it to the weakness of an old man's memory, if I am not altogether so perfect in them as I wish.

\* The speaker perhaps had the following celebrated lines of *Waller* in his view:

Circles are prais'd, not that abound  
In largeness, but th' exactly round:  
So life we praise that doth excel,  
Not in much time, but acting well.

“In *care, reproof, correction, and encouragement*, my wife and myself (as all parents should) resolved to act, and ever acted, in perfect concert\*.—We early taught our child implicit *submission* to ourselves, assured, that otherwise we should be able to teach her nothing.—It was our care to remove all bad examples, as far as possible, from her sight; and, in consequence, to be cautious in our choice of domestics†. We endeavoured always, to *understand* ourselves, what we wished our child to understand; to *be* ourselves, what we would have her to be; to *do* ourselves, what we would have her practice; as knowing that parents are the original models upon which children form their tempers and behaviour‡.

“We laboured gradually and pleasingly, to infuse into her mind the clearest and most affecting notions of God; his universal presence; almighty power; his goodness, truth, and over-ruling providence; his regard to pious men, and attention to their prayers. These things we imprinted upon her tender spirit, and fixed them by those striking examples§, wherewith the sacred writings abound.—We took care, that she should frequently hear conversations upon serious and spiritual subjects, to which she used to attend as

\* Mothers are often said to spoil children by indulgence; but both parents should mutually unite, and determine not to spare the rod, and spoil the child.

† Children may generally be said to follow *example*, rather than precept.

‡ As the fear of the lord is the beginning of wisdom, parents, therefore, should be careful to inculcate that fear in their children *betimes*.

§ Such, particularly, as those of Noah, Abraham, Joseph, &c.; the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea; the miracles in the wilderness; the deliverance of Daniel, and of the three Israelites, from the furnace; the miracles of Christ; the apostles, &c.

matters of curiosity ; and from which she caught much of a religious and proper spirit. Few people are sensible of the advantage derived to children from suitable and serious conversation\*.

“ It was our most earnest study, early to show her the vanity of the world, the frailty of the body, the corruption of our fallen nature, the dignity and infinite worth of the immortal soul †, and make her acquainted, as she was capable, with what God hath done for that soul ; and to set before her all the riches and mercy of redemption.—We constantly inculcated upon her this important truth, That she was not created merely to live here below, but in the glorious and eternal world above ; and that she was placed here only to have her virtue tried and exercised ‡, that she might be made fit to live for ever in heaven.——‘ And therefore, my dear, you see (I used to observe) that there can be no room for pride in your person, or vanity in any external endowments, for your body is the workmanship of the great God ; you cannot make one hair of your head white or black ; and your body is but the prison, If I may so say, of your nobler part, which is immortal, and must share in the rewards or punishments of futurity, while your body will moulder in corruption, and become so odious, that your nearest and dearest friends cannot approach it §.

\* Alas ! how trifling and improper is the conversation of too many parents before their children, and how little calculated to inform their judgments, or regulate their conduct.

† Matthew xvi. 26.

‡ The present life is justly styled a state of trial and probation ; for the scriptures of divine truth frequently represent it as a warfare, and the troubles and afflictions we meet with, as so many trials of our faith, patience, and resignation. 2 Timothy ii. 3, 4. 1 Peter i 7.

§ If a beautiful, proud, and gay young woman, would but seriously



“Remember, you have received all you are and all you have from God; therefore, never presume to assign any merit to yourself; nor estimate any thing here below at too high a rate; for this life you perceive, is only a state of trial, and of consequence, unworthy our too fond attachment. Heaven is your home; God is your father; and eternity is your life.’ But pardon me, dear Sir, I digress from my rules, and like an old man, indeed, fall into downright prating. —Satisfied that all religion stands or falls with the breach of the Sabbath, we habituated our dear child from her infancy, to sanctify that sacred day; to esteem highly the word of God; to reverence his ordinances, and to respect his ministers. And we were especially careful, that with all religious instruction, (you know my own sentiments) she should imbibe a spirit of universal candour, goodness, and charity; as far from the wildness of *enthusiasm*, as from the narrowness of *superstition* and *bigotry*.

We always addressed her understanding, and treated her as a *rational*\* creature: we encouraged her inquiries, and used her betimes to think and to reason. We represented *vice* in its true colours†, which are the most odious, and *virtue* in her proper form of beauty and loveliness.—We were especially diligent to give her a deep sense of *truth* and *integrity*; and an abhorrence

reflect on what a loathsome carcass she must ere long become, in the silent grave, amidst worms, rottenness, and corruption, it would tend to mortify her pride, lessen her vanity, and teach her to be humble.

\* We suppose, that by this remark, the gentleman means to express his disapprobation of the simple method in which many ignorant nurses (we could not say *parents*) treat children, as if they imagined them mere little animals, unconcerned with rationality.

† We might say, Well might Pope say,

Vice, to be hated, need but to be seen.

of all manner of falsehood, fraud, craft, subterfuge, and dissimulation, as base, dishonourable, and highly displeasing to the Almighty. Assured that we could not cherish *veracity* too much, we never were severe for any fault she ingenuously acknowledged; but always, while we strove to convince her of the wrong she had done, we honoured and commended her for the truth she had spoken\*.

“Convinced of the countless evils which attend the female sex from their passion for dress and show, we endeavoured all in our power to give her a low, that is, a *true* opinion of these things; and though she always wore such apparel in her younger days as became her rank and station, yet we never deceived her into a wrong opinion of herself, by gaudy, external ornaments—if we had—how could we have excused ourselves?—Whenever we observed any thing tending to a bold, pert, or forward behaviour (though blessed be God, there was, even from her infancy, little appearance of this) it was checked immediately; for we knew it might grow up into a flippant pertness, or a dissolute insolence.

“From many examples before us, we saw the misfortune of suffering children to be *men* and *women too soon*; for children are by no means fit to govern themselves, or to direct others; we avoided this dangerous rock.—Soon as she was able to apply to the business of instruction, we inured her to diligence and close appli-

\* It is an old proverb, and a just one,

Truth may be b am'd, but can't be *sham'd*.

† Parents are much to blame to encourage or countenance their children in following the fashions of the times too scrupulously; it naturally tends to promote pride and vanity in the young and tender breast.—

cation, yet not so close as to deprive her of such amusements and exercises as were proper to preserve cheerfulness, vivacity, and health\*. And you, who knew her (good Sir) and her many accomplishments, will do me the justice to believe, that we permitted her not to want any advantages of increasing in wisdom and knowledge, and that she did not abuse those advantages.

“I had forgot to observe, that we taught her most assiduously the duty of humanity; for we taught her to reverence the feelings of nature even in the lowest orders of creatures; we suffered her not to treat any with contempt, but to show all possible acts of tenderness and charity, cherishing with all our might a spirit of modesty and gentleness, of benevolence and compassion, even to insects and animals, always discountenancing that wanton *cruelty* which some children show, as an early proof of a barbarous, wicked, and inhuman disposition †.

“And the fruits were equal to our labours—the lovely plant well repaid all our care and tendance.”

To show that this was not merely the remark of parental partiality, let us proceed to take a view, in our next chapter, of the amiable *Pulcheria* in her life and death.

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## CHAPTER VII.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Prov. xxxi. 30.

Our obligations are truly great to those parents who carefully train up their children in the paths

\* This is a good rule for parents to act by in general, towards their children, respecting their employments and diversions.

† See Advice to a Daughter.

of Wisdom, Piety, and Virtue, that they may be enabled to discharge every social duty with propriety\*. And as so much of the comforts and peace of human life depend upon the fair sex, we are doubly indebted to those who early inform their tender minds, and deliver into the hands of the husband, not only the lovely mistress, but the endearing companion, and heart-approved friend. This was the constant and successful endeavour of the parents of *Pulcheria*; some of whose *rules*, in the education of their child, were delivered in the foregoing chapter.

An education so wise and rational, could scarce be supposed to have failed of the desired effect. The modesty, understanding, and elegance of *Pulcheria*, were generally observed, and the charms of her person, though of the first rate, were always eclipsed by the superior beauties of her mind. She was sensible, but not assuming; humble, but not mean; familiar, but not loquacious; religious, but not gloomy†. The tenderness and delicacy of her sentiments peculiarly recommended her; and that sweet temper, which never suffered her to indulge the malevolence of censure, rendered her the object of universal esteem. I speak not of her *accidental* acquirements, her skill in music, her taste for painting, &c. nor of her *domestic* knowledge; suffice it to say, she was well accomplished in these, and in every improvement

\* Children can never be sufficiently sensible of the obligations they lie under to their parents, for their care, protection, and education, till they become parents *themselves*.

† This reminds me of the character of *Marcia*, in the tragedy of Cato:

True, she is fair, O how divine!y fair!  
But then the lovely maid improves her charms  
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
And sanctity of manners.

which her parents could supply, or she herself could make.

The happy *Benvolio*, with the perfect approbation of her parents, received this rich treasure to his embraces, and called the lovely *Pulcheria* his, in her *twenty-first* year. He was the object of her choice, and his acknowledged worth well justified her heart's attachment to him. The fruits of her parents' care were now abundantly manifested; *Benvolio* thought—and justly thought—his lot peculiarly blessed, in a wife of so refined and happy a disposition. The felicity was consummate, as the strongest and most undissembled affection can produce. Their pleasures were mutual; and of *separate* satisfactions,—happy pair!—they had not the least idea\*.

Her servants could never be lavish enough in her praises; for she treated them always with the most amiable humanity: “She considered them (she used to say) as fellow-creatures, placed indeed in an inferior station; but not on that account the less acceptable in the sight of God. Nay, if we remembered (she would observe) who it was that for our sakes took upon him the *form of a servant*, we should certainly treat our domestics with becoming gentleness. Besides, (she would go on) it appears to me an office of common humanity, to render a state of servitude and dependence as light and pleasing as possible; for while we, by the bounty of Heaven, enjoy

† Happy they! the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in *one* fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
’Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,  
That binds *their* peace! but harmony itself  
Attuning all their passions into love. THOMSON’S SEASONS.

such superior blessings, shall we not, in gratitude, do all in our power to bless others who are less favoured by providence\*? I esteem my servants as a kind of meaner, humbler friends; and though I would on no account make myself too familiar with them, or listen either to their flattery or their tales, yet I never would be deficient in alleviating their inconveniences, and promoting their real happiness†.”

Acting upon these principles, she was the darling of her domestics; they beheld her with a degree of veneration. She was so happy, as seldom to find cause to change; and she never entertained her *friends* with tedious tales of the ill behaviour and errors of her servants‡. I should observe, that she was careful to see them well instructed in their duty; and for that purpose she not only supplied them with proper books, but saw that they read them, while her beloved partner omitted no opportunity to assist in this necessary service.

Conscious of the high obligation upon all to observe the *Sabbath*, she strictly devoted that day to religion. She took care that such of her family as could possibly be spared, should always attend with her at the morning and evening service of the *parish church*. This she esteemed an indispensable duty§; and never allowed herself to ramble

\* However different our stations in life may be, we are all of the same blood, and therefore have no reason to be proud of ourselves, or to lord it over those who are below us; but to be humble, thankful, and benevolent.

† Good masters often make good servants. Would to God every master and mistress properly considered this, and adopted the sentiments and conduct of Benvolio and Pulcheria for their own.

‡ A practice too common with many in the *present* day, but highly censurable and imprudent.

§ How great the pity! that so many persons in the superior walks

from church to church, as was the case with some ladies of her acquaintance in the neighbourhood, whose practice she constantly disapproved. “I owe this duty (she used to say) to my family, to my neighbours, to my minister; and I cannot tell what evil my arise from a different example.”

The evening of the Sabbath was always spent in religious exercises; and she never would think of seeing company on that day. Routs on *Sundays*, were monsters in her apprehension. “I can excuse (she would often observe) those in the lower stations of life, who have no other day of leisure but the Sabbath, and who, perhaps, are pent up in narrow shops all the rest of the week, if they dedicate some part of the day to recreation\*; but for *us*, who have the enjoyment of all the week, surely it is inexcusable to devote this sacred day to our pleasures. Shall not the great Giver of all receive a tribute of some small portion of our time?”

But were I to dwell upon all the excellencies of her life and conduct, the limits prescribed me in this paper would soon be exceeded. I shall omit, therefore, any account of the benevolent charity which she exercised so largely (insomuch that never a child of distress went with a heavy heart and unrelieved from her presence)—while I hasten to give some account of her death. Her constitution was delicate; after the birth of the second beloved infant which she brought her

of life, content themselves with only going to church on Sundays, without suitably attending to, and constantly practising, what they hear preached. Hearing the gospel should always be accompanied with a life regulated by its prospects.

\* This sentiment is not agreeable to the fourth command, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and therefore should not be adopted by a follower of Christ, be his station in the world what it may.

*Benvolio* (her first died early, and gave an opportunity for the display of the most exemplary resignation) she caught a cold which was accompanied with unhappy circumstances; and though she recovered in some measure, yet the consequence was an hasty decay.

It is not easy to conceive the anguish of her parents and her husband, upon so melancholy an occasion; upon the discovery that all the efforts of art, and all the powers of medicine, were in vain; while her patience and resignation obliged them to refrain from every word of repining\*, though it tended to increase their sorrow, by enhancing their esteem for her. Happy as I was in her friendship, it was my custom often to visit her during her long and trying illness; but I shall not easily forget an interview at the close of it, which I must confess wholly unmanned me, while it taught me the deepest humility.

I found her seated in the chair of sickness, in her bed-chamber, with her little infant lying in her lap, over which she hung with such a look of maternal fondness and anxiety, as I yet never saw, and which no painting could express! Soon as I advanced, she lifted up her eyes, in which stood the big and affectionate drops, while death seemed to sit upon her countenance, wan, yet not devoid of that placid sweetness which ever dwelt upon it.

“I was indulging, Sir,” said she, “and I hope not improperly, some natural affection, and taking, perhaps,—my *last* leave of my poor little

\* We cannot but feel for, and sympathize with those whom we love, when they are in pain and sorrow; but it is inconsistent for us as Christians, to murmur or repine, being assured what God does, either respecting us or ours, is *right* and *best*.



babe, who holds my heart too fast—(false and weak heart as it is) rather too fast bound to this transitory scene! Pretty innocent! see how it smiles on its weeping mother; unconscious yet of the bitterness of grief, and the sadness of tears. Sweet babe! I must leave thee; indeed I must leave thee; the Father of Heaven thinks fit, and *his* will be done. But oh, the parent, dear Sir, the parent will feel: surely this will not be deemed a deficiency in humble resignation\*.” I observed that Christianity by no means opposes humanity; and that grace doth not destroy; it only regulates and refines our affections.

“My soul,” she went on, “thankfully acquiesces in all the divine proposals; and I am satisfied, that whatever a God of love and wisdom ordains, must be best for his creatures. But when I look upon this dear innocent; when I consider the various evils of the world, and the prevalence of our corrupt passions; when I consider the peculiar inconvenience of *our* sex, if deprived of maternal care and instruction, my heart throbs with sensible anxiety—and I wish—O Father of love, pity and pardon me! Must I, oh, must I leave this sweet harmless creature to all the trials and difficulties of life? Oh my pretty babe, I *must* leave thee; but I shall intrust thee (and in that let me take comfort) intrust thee to a tender father, and to the protection of a Saviour and a God, who careth for his little ones. Blessed Saviour.—She was here overpowered by the strength of her affection; and falling into a fainting fit, from which we almost apprehended she would never re-

\* Christians are not Stoics; they cannot but *feel*, though they should not fall under their troubles and afflictions.

cover, her husband and her parents were instantly called up; every effort was used to restore her, though grief suffered no one present to utter a syllable. The scene was the most profoundly awful I ever beheld.

At length she came to herself, and the first object she saw was, her trembling mother bathed in tears, and holding her clay-cold hand; on the other side stood her father: at her feet knelt her anxious and distressed husband—around her several of us were placed, whose tears sufficiently witnessed our concern: she raised her languid eye, gazed earnestly at us—then fixed them upon her mother: “Best and most beloved of parents, (said she) farewell, farewell; God of his good mercy reward your tender care of me, and give us a meeting in the future world.—Oh my father, and are *you* too there? do not let me see your tears; support my poor mother, and remember you have a daughter gone before you to that place, where all sorrow ceases—But my husband”—She said no more; then threw her arms round his neck, and both mingled their tears together for some time. She sighed forth, “Best and most dearest of men, let me thank you, sincerely thank you, for all the marks of your tender esteem. Be kind to my pretty babe; Oh! why would I say be kind! I know your goodness; but my sweet innocent, let her—” She stopped short—But soon went on, “I little expected all this pain at parting; this is dying: this is truly the bitterness of death\*.

\* This pathetic picture, drawn (as we may naturally suppose) from life, somewhat resembles the affecting description of an eminent Christian in his dying moments, in Mr. *Hervey's* Meditations among the Tombs, page 25.

“My dear friends,” she continued, addressing herself to all of us around her, “accept my best acknowledgments for all your kind offices to me; if you ever remember me when I am gone, remember that my soul perfectly rejoiced in God’s dealing with me, and that however the weaker passions of nature may prevail, yet I am wholly resigned to his will, thankful to him for all; nay, desirous to quit this world, that I may see my dear Saviour, the Lord of life and love, who gave his life for me, and in whose merits alone I joyfully trust for salvation.

“I am on the brink of eternity, and now see clearly the importance of it—Remember, oh remember, that every thing in time is insignificant to the awful concerns of——” *Eternity*\*, she would have said, but her breath failed; she fainted a *second* time; and when all our labours to recover her seemed just effectual, and she appeared returning to life, a deep sob alarmed us—and the lovely body was left untenanted by its immortal inhabitant.

Now she is numbered among the children of God; and her lot is among the saints.

Well may it be said, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Should such a wretch to num’rous years arrive,  
It can be little worth his while to live:  
No honours, no regards his age attend;

\* Well does the poet say,

All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond  
Is substance.....

How solid all where change shall be no more!

Dr. YOUNG.

Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:  
 His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright,  
 He looks within, and shudders at the sight:  
 When threatening death uplifts his pointed dart,  
 With what impatience he applies to art,  
 Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!  
 —Why this, if after it no sense remains?  
 Why should he choose these miseries to endure,  
 If death could grant an everlasting cure!  
 'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,  
 (Though fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

JENNYNS' Trans. of BROWN'S Poem on Immortality, &c.

AMONGST the various arguments of consolation on the loss of our friends, that which is drawn from the pleasing hope of a future meeting, and perfect felicity, doubtless is the most persuasive. Grief subsides, and sorrow softens into a tenderly pleasing remembrance, when the soul is comforted with the happy expectation of one day seeing again—seeing, never more to separate, those whom death had torn from our affectionate embraces, and removed a little before us to our Father's house.

The transporting thought suffers us no longer to lament our loss; the flame of our friendship is still kept alive, and the anxious fear of disappointment on our part becomes an active principle of obedience and duty.—See in this view what we owe to our friends, and how careful we should be religiously to pass the short time of our pilgrimage here, that when we depart, they may have scriptural grounds to believe that our souls are with God, and that at his right hand they shall meet us in the fulness of bliss.

What comfort was this to the *parents* and *friends* of the amiable *Pulcheria*; who, sensible of her constant attention to spiritual concerns, were well convinced that her change was from mortality to glory, and therefore resigned her with

cheerful thanksgivings to God; weeping over her, it is true, but weeping only the tears of gentle affection, and living always with a comfortable respect to that happy hour, when again they should meet, after a melancholy absence, to part no more for ever.

And shall it be?—Oh thou God of infinite grace! ever studious of thy creatures' felicity, various in thy bounties, and infinite in loving-kindness:—It must be so. For whatever conduces most to our bliss, we have abundant evidence to conclude will be always thy decree.—It must be so! oh pleasing balmy hope\*. And once again, ye best-loved parents, ye tender solicitous guardians of my youth, once again shall I behold you—but ah! not as once, nor as wasted with sickness, and wearied with pain! I shall see you made like unto God, and saved from sorrow, from sin, and from death. Thou too, my *Lancaster*, loved friend of my youth, with whom so often I have roved along the banks of favoured *Cam*, and enjoyed all the sweets of virtuous, unpolluted friendship; thou too shalt rejoice my longing sight! for never hast thou been wiped from the tablets of my memory; still have I borne thee, as a seal upon my heart, my first, my dearest, my disinterested friend!

Happy, thrice happy thou! far removed from this bad world, ignorant of its ensnaring arts, and fatal deceits. Happy, thrice happy thou! offered, in virtuous innocence, and unhackeneyed in the

\* It must be so—

Or whence those pleasing hopes, those fond desires,

Those longings after immortality?

'Tis *heaven* itself that points out an *hereafter*,

And intimates eternity to man.

ADDISON'S CATO.

ways of evil men, an unpolluted flower, an early and sweet sacrifice to Heaven\*.—And shall we meet? Alas, too well I know where rests the only doubt.—But the blest hope shall animate my soul: still, still will I maintain the painful conflict—Aid me, Oh mighty Redeemer, in the fight: and through thy merits give me victory†, give a happy, speedy union with thyself, and with my deceased friends.

But have we not *living* friends? And shall we in our regard for the *dead*, forget our duty to the *living*?—Forbid it, Heaven! Nor let it be feared, where virtuous friendship reigns in the generous heart, that the love which awakens every tender sentiment for the departed, will make us less anxious to communicate felicity to the surviving; less anxious so to live, that we may leave behind us the sweet odour of our memory, and the anxious desire to enjoy us again. Without this reciprocation of mutual endearments, what is life, and what is man? Was he formed for himself, or can he be blest in unsocial existence? Can he be contented—(nay, then, let him relinquish his claim to immortality)—can he be contented to live without the love, to die without the tribute of friendly remembrance? Can he be contented to live the despiser of his God, and to die the affliction of his friends, who can never think without horror of his future existence? How then can they dry up their tears? Oh, wretched parents of the more wretched *Misella*! my heart

\* Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† St. Paul declares we are more than conquerors through him that hath loved us.

Rom. viii. 37.

bleeds for you : I wonder not that ye refuse to be comforted.

Have we then any value for our friends ? are they really dear to us ? do we wish to remove every cause of anguish from their souls, and to wipe off every tear of distress from their eyes ? — Let this be a motive to influence our conduct, and to render us active in the discharge of every duty to God and to them, that so when we are summoned to that future and important world, they may close our eyes with peace, and say, with heartfelt satisfaction, — “ Farewell, oh farewell, thou dearest, best beloved friend ! thy life, thy love, thy faith, leave us no room to doubt of thy felicity. Thou art happy. We mourn only for ourselves. Yet soon, very soon, we hope to meet thee again — Then farewell only for a little while : we will ever bear thee in most faithful remembrance ; and, treading in the paths of thy virtues, will hope speedily to receive thy reward.

How desirable to leave this world thus lamented and beloved ? How much better than to drag out a contemptible existence through threescore and ten worthless years, and at length to drop into the grave, and there to rot, without one longing wish from one lamenting friend\* ?

The contrast, perhaps, may strike us ; let us view it in *Bubulo* ; whose funeral obsequies I saw lately performed, with all the pomp and vain parade of ostentatious pride ; yet, though carried to the silent tomb with all this farce of show, no eye dropt a tear, and no heart heaved a sigh, when *Bubulo* ceased to breathe.

Full threescore years and ten had *Bubulo* en-

\* They who live unbeloved, may naturally expect to die unlamented.

cumbered with his heavy load this sublunary world; and it would be difficult to point out any works of benevolence or religion, any works of real worth or humanity, which distinguished these seventy years. Fond of vile self, the earth-worm continually toiled to add to his heap; and though rich, and daily increasing in wealth, could never prevail upon himself to communicate any of his riches to others, or to serve his nearest relation. Yet smooth were his words, and fair were his promises; and who that knew him not, would have thought him any other than an universal friend to mankind.

The hours which were not devoted to gain, were consecrated to the service of his nice and enormous appetite, to devouring of *flesh* and drinking of *wine*. He was, in this respect, a perfect animal; and who that saw him at a city feast ever thought him of a superior order? His faculties were almost entirely absorbed by this life of indulgence and gluttony: yet stupid as he appeared to be, he could pretend to scoff at Religion, to deny even the being, and to despise the revelation of God.—What a dreadful character! From such slaves of the devil, and heirs of hell, good Lord deliver us!

He found a *female* willing to submit to the slavery of his dominion: she brought him three children, and happily was soon freed from her captivity. The eldest son continued a kind of superior servant to him, till his death, which he had long impatiently wished for, and at length heard of with joy. The younger, of a more sprightly disposition, unbiassed by principle, rushed headlong into the practice of all fashionable



vices, and being unassisted by his father, committed some actions which obliged him to secure himself by a voluntary banishment to the *West Indies*. His daughter, though frequently asked in marriage, could never prevail upon him to forward her happy settlement in life;—he could not spare a fortune for her; she continued with him, therefore, in a state of discontent, and added but little to his felicity by her filial duty, as he was so averse to make any addition to her's by his parental regard. He saw his widowed *sister*, with many little orphans, surrounded with a variety of difficulties; and, persuaded at length to undertake her affairs, embroiled them more and more; and in conclusion gave them up, because his *own business and concerns* would not allow him sufficient time to attend to them.

A long and wasting illness warned him of eternity. He would not receive the warning. He dreaded death, yet would not prepare to die. The jovial associates of the tavern and club forsook and forgot him; his servants attended on, but cursed him; his children thought every day of his existence too long; the few dependants, which his money occasioned, ceased to regard him, and paid their respects chiefly to his son. *Bubulo* observed it, and it grieved him to his very soul. He sent for more and more physicians; they wrote, shook their heads, and took their fees. All hope was gone. The minister of the parish was sent for: he found the almost lifeless wretch weeping, and lying along the ground; for he would be removed from his bed, but, not having strength to support himself, he fell down, and in a few moments died. Nobody wept, for nobody

had cause to weep: the pride of the family gave him a pompous funeral——And now he is forgotten!

Think not, oh reader, the character of *Bubulo* exaggerated. He lived: and alas! too much it is to be feared, there are many such *Bubulos* living, whose example should inspire us with detestation of *life*, which must certainly end in a *death* not less dreadful.

N. B. A friend of the writer of these Reflections is pleased to observe, "The Reflections on *Death* please me much. But don't you carry things rather too far, when you say (in your seventh chapter) 'it is an indispensable duty to go to our parish church?'—Was I to live in London, I should rarely or never go to my parish church, if I had a stupid hum drum minister. I long to live in London, that I might hear *clever* men, &c.—I disapprove as much as you can do, running after Methodist preachers and *enthusiasts*; but should I not prefer a *Sherlock* at the *Temple*, if I lived in *Fleet street*, to," &c.

It is a misfortune, that when gentlemen quote, they will not refer to the work, and observe the words.—It is not said positively, in the place referred to, that "it is an *indispensible duty*."—The writer of the Reflections doth not deliver his own sentiments in that place; he only says (see p 65) that the lady whose character is given, PULCHER(A, esteemed it (for her part) an *indispensible duty*. It did not follow from *thence*, that the writer of these Reflections thought it so; though being thus called upon by a *man of sense and learning* (as his *friend* confessedly is) he is now ready to declare, that he sincerely thinks there can be but very few exceptions. As to that of SHERLOCK, it is too peculiar to be drawn into example.—But what would this gentleman say, of those, who, loose to all connexions with their parish minister, &c. would leave a SHERLOCK, nay, and esteem him a *legal* preacher, *without unction*, &c to hear a *butcher*, or a *weaver*, & man without learning; nay, it may be, a stranger to his own mother tongue?

## CHAPTER IX.

—Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account,  
With all my imperfections on my head!  
O horrible - O horrible! *most horrible!*

SHAKESPEARE,

IN the Liturgy of the church of *England*, we pray to God to deliver us from *sudden death*; that is, as her best divines have always explained it, and as reason clearly understands it, from a death *sudden and unlooked for*, from a death *instanta-*

neous and unexpected \* ; for which no provision has been made ; which finds the soul utterly unprepared, and sends the unhappy creature into eternity, with all his imperfections on his head. A death like this is doubtless to be deprecated, more than the wide-wasting pestilence, or the devouring sword †.

On the other side, to the good man, to the soul conscious of its frail dependence here, and properly careful to secure its eternal interests in the world beyond the grave, a sudden death is so far from an evil, that it appears rather a blessing, and in this view hath been earnestly wished for, even by men of exemplary piety ‡.

Indeed, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as sudden death to us, who as soon as we are born, begin to draw to our end ; who breathe this sublunary air as temporary strangers, existing only a while upon the bounty of Providence ; and assured that the moment will come shortly, may come instantly, when the Lord of life shall summon us into his tremendous presence §. And as such is the condition of our being, we cannot properly call that stroke *sudden*, to live in constant expectation of which is our highest wisdom and duty. Submission to the will of him who is as good as he is wise, is doubtless the best service

\* Beware. LORENZO, a slow sudden death. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† The *thought* of death alone, the fear destroys ;

A disaffection to that precious thought,

Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,

Which sleeps beneath it on a precipice,

Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever. Dr. YOUNG.

‡ St Paul had a desire to depart, Philippians i. 23. St John wishes for the coming of Jesus Christ *quickly*, in the 22d of his Revelation, 20th verse.

§ The young, the old, the rich, the poor,  
Can neither life an hour insure.

SOLITARY WALKS.

which such imperfect creatures can pay in every particular; and therefore we act most wisely when we submit the determination of this point to the Father of Mercies, and wait with resignation either for the momentary stroke, or the long and lingering trial, which dismisseth us from the stage of life.—This care only should be ours, well to act our parts, that the dismissal may be with a plaudit, with the approbation of our judge\*.

“ Yet, yet, oh Father of unutterable love—thou source of everlasting goodness—yet if the meanest of thy creatures might be allowed to make his request—if thou wouldst deign to give him liberty of choice—suffer him not, oh do not suffer him *long* to languish on the bed of feeble disease, or excruciating pain, nor yet snatch him hence, by an *instantaneous* stroke, before he has looked his last farewell, and given the final affectionate adieu to all his heart-approved, his dearest, tenderest, and most valued friends†! He will not call their kind attendance round his bed, ‘the afflicting parade of death;’ he will rejoice in their sympathetic tenderness; he will struggle to pour forth the voice of consolation and love; he will point to the *hope* which upholds his soul, the shining *pole-star* by which he steers, and by which, he trusts, his dearest friends shall steer into the joyful harbour of eternal rest! The

\* Let rich and poor lay this to heart,  
Not he who acts the *greatest* part,  
But they who act the *best*, will be  
The happiest men eternally.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

† Neither a sudden or lingering death is in general to be wished for, but God’s own time and way, for removing us out of this present evil world, should be the matter of our prayer, and full submission to, as the best and fittest; while to be habitually ready for the awful summons should be our daily study and concern.

hope, the star, the sun, *Jesus Christ*, the conqueror of death, the destruction of the grave\*.”

Such was the petition of the beloved *Uranius*! Heaven heard and granted his prayer. This day he sickened; the next summoned and took leave of his friends. Perfect in his senses, he saw death approaching, and saw him unappalled! for he had led his life in continual preparation for the awful event.—On the evening of the *third* day, he closed his eyes, and commended his spirit to God who gave it; and almost, without a groan, exchanged this mortal for an immortal state! Happy *Uranius*—so let me *die*! or rather, let me say, “so let me *live*,” and death cannot fail to be blessed †.

How different was the *death*, and, ah! how different was the *life* of my neighbour *Agricola*; who often, though in vain, I have endeavoured to wean from the world, and to show the deceit and delusion of all earthly attachments. But, alas, he would not believe! *Agricola* was a wealthy and laborious farmer; it might, strictly speaking, be said of him, that he rose up early, and late took rest, and eat the bread of carefulness ‡. He prevented the morning's dawn, and called the *hinds* to the field ere the rosy sun peeped over the misty mountains. The *flail* early heard resounding in his barn, awakened the rest of the village, and was industry's summons to arise. His shepherds first drove their flocks a-field; and, as the bleating multitude poured forth their notes, *Agricola* stood by, and beheld with

\* Hosea *xiii.* 14.

† Where to live is Christ, to die must be gain, *eternal* gain; for thus saith the spirit, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,

‡ Psalms *cxxvii.* 2

rapture the whiteness of their fleeces, and the strength of his sportive lambs. The neighbouring markets saw him always first to enter, and last to leave the scene of commerce and advantage; his samples were always ready, and were always best.

Thus he pursued temporal things with unwearied application, and unremitted diligence; but for *eternal* things, *Agricola* never once heeded, never once thought of them! What then? Did not *Agricola* believe in God, in Providence, in Eternity? O yes, he believed all this\*;—but he had no time to think of such things! “*Hereafter*” was his word; it will be soon enough “*hereafter*.” What then? Did *Agricola* forsake the weekly services of the church, and wholly relinquish the worship of God? Oh, by no means. *Agricola* never, or very rarely was absent from the divine service. He generally invited the curate of his little village—(a poor laborious man, like himself, who rode with all haste from parish to parish, and served *three* distant churches!) He generally invited him to regale at his house on the Sabbath; when the time would allow, the good man embraced it with thankfulness; they drank together in friendly sort; and behold their conversation was of “the oxen in the field.” *Agricola* had sagacity enough to discern this impropriety in the conduct of the *man of God*: his *rector’s* rare appearance in the village, and ready acceptance of his tithes, gave him also no

\* True faith, on a firm belief in these great and glorious doctrines of divine revelation, will never leave mankind to live (as the common phrase is) as they list, or to act without thought and consideration, but will more or less influence the life, and regulate the conduct.

very favourable idea of religion \*. He judged these men *servants* of the Lord for the wages of the world; and apprehended all religion to be merely *lucrative* and *earthly* †. He was desirous to believe it such; hence in the alehouse, at the markets, and in the little club of his village-neighbours, he frequently delivered his sentiments with freedom, when God and his *priests* were sure to be treated with little or no respect.

*Agricola* continued this course of life for some years; only as his money increased, so increased his heart's attachment to it ‡; and (as the world was fond to say) his regard to probity diminished as his possessions multiplied. The widows and the poor complained of his rapacity and extortion; the fields spoke his covetousness; for he encroached upon his neighbour's lands, and the ancient boundaries were rendered disputable. The markets were said to be forestalled, and his abundance became the source of oppression to the poorer farmer; he wished to stand alone; and beheld with a malevolent eye the flocks, the herds, and the crops of others—He grew surly, proud, and insolent; vainly imagining that his wealth gave him an importance and a right to tyrannize over his inferior neighbours§. My connexions with him afforded me opportunity of-

\* From such worldly minded rectors and curates, Good Lord deliver us.

† Alas! how many endeavour only to make a gain of godliness, and follow Jesus merely for the loaves and fishes.

‡ It is frequently observed, and too often verified, The more we have the more we want.

§ Wealth may naturally claim some degree of homage and respect from the sons and daughters of poverty and indigence, but never should (though it too often does) create in the possessors of it, pride or self-importance.

ten to remonstrate; he sometimes heard and promised fair, but he heard more frequently with impatience, and would have spoken his dislike, if worldly motives had not compelled him to silence.

Happy had it been for him if he had heard, regarded and been wise. Happy for him if he had trusted less to that "*hereafter*," which never came! For last summer, as he attended his reapers in the field, suddenly the heavens grew black with clouds; the sun withdrew his light; the air seemed to stagnate with intolerable fervour; the lightning flashed with unremitting fury; vast peals of thunder burst fearfully around; there was no place to fly unto; they were exposed to all the terrors of the storm. *Agricola* stood aghast——when behold, the thunderbolt of Omnipotence (a sheet of living flame disclosing itself over his head) in a moment struck him a blackened corpse to the ground.

Oh horrible! most horrible! thus to be sent to our fatal account! And shall not the death of *Agricola* instruct us? Wilt thou, O man, after such an admonition, persevere in *forgetfulness* of duty, and *attachment* to the world? Canst thou secure thyself from so deplorable an end! No! thou canst not; thou canst not promise to thyself one *future* moment! Death lies concealed in every path we tread, and his stroke will ever be *sudden* and *dreadful*, in proportion to the degree of our *forgetfulness* of that stroke, and our *attachment* to the vain delights or possessions of the world.



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 CHAPTER X.

He who liveth in pleasure, is dead while he liveth. 1 Tim. v 6.

It gives the *Author* of these *Reflections* singular pleasure to have the approbation of a *lady*, so justly admired for her good taste as Lady—— He esteems it a particular favour, that she condescends to make a request to him, which he most readily grants, as assured that the letter which she desires him to admit, will not only be pleasing, but highly instructive to his serious readers. The death of Mr. *Nash* drew her thoughts to it, and therefore, she is pleased to inform me, she copied it out for the benefit of the public: it was sent by a person of known worth and piety, some years since, to that *son of pleasure*: what effect it had, his future life, alas! did but too plainly show!

To RICHARD NASH, Esq. at Bath.

SIR,—This comes from your sincere friend, and one that has your best interest deeply at heart: it comes on a design altogether important, and of no less consequence than your everlasting happiness: so that it may justly challenge your careful regard. It is not to upbraid or reproach, much less to triumph and insult over your misconduct: no, it is pure benevolence, it is disinterested good-will, prompts me to write; so that I hope I shall not raise your resentment. However, be the issue what it will, I cannot bear to see you walk in the paths which lead to death, without warning you of your danger, without sounding in your ears the awful admonition, “Return and live;—for why will you die?” I

beg you to consider whether you do or not, in some measure, resemble those unhappy children of *Eli*, whom, though they were famous in their generation, and men of renown, yet vengeance suffered not to live. For my part, I may safely use the expostulation of the old priest, "*Why do you such things?*" for I hear of your evil doings by all this people. Nay, my brother, for it is no good report I hear; you make the Lord's people to transgress." I have long observed and pitied you; and a most melancholy spectacle I lately beheld, made me resolve to caution you, lest you also come into the same condemnation.

I was, not long since, called to visit a poor gentleman, erewhile of the most robust body, and of the gayest temper I ever knew. "But when I visited him, oh how was the glory departed from him! I found him no more that sprightly and vivacious son of joy which he used to be, but languishing, pining away, and withering under the chastising hand of God; his limbs feeble and trembling; his countenance forlorn and ghastly\*; and the little breath he had left sobbed out in sorrowful sighs; his body hastening apace to the dust, to lodge in the silent grave, the land of darkness and desolation; his soul was just going to God who gave it†, to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal state.

When I was come into the chamber, and had seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look upon me, and then began, as well as he was able to speak—"O that I had been wise, that I had known this, that I had considered my latter end! Ah! Mr —, Death is knock-

\* Psalms xxxiii. 11.

† Eccl. xii. 7.

ing at my door; in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp! and then comes judgment, the tremendous judgment\*! How shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and Omnipotent God? How shall I endure the day of his coming?"

When I mentioned, among many other things, that holy *Religion* which he had formerly so slightly esteemed, he replied (with a hasty eagerness) "Oh that *Religion* is the only thing I now long for†. I have not words to tell you how highly I value it; I would gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world, to have lived in the practice of it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened, I clearly discern the things that are excellent.

"What is there in the place whither I am going but God? or what is there to be desired on earth but religion?"—"But if this God should restore you to health (said I) think you that you should alter your former course?"—"I call heaven and earth to witness (said he) I would labour for holiness as I shall soon labour for life. As for riches and pleasure, and the applauses of men, I account them as dross and dung, no more to my happiness than the feathers that lie on the floor.

"Oh, if the righteous Judge would try me once more; if he would but reprieve and spare me a little longer—in what a spirit would I spend the remainder of my days! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting my-

\* Eccl. 14.

† ..... 'Tis *this* alone.

Amidst life's pains, abasements emptiness.

The soul can cherish, elevate, and fill.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

self in holiness. Whatever contributed to that, every means of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver—But, alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations? The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late. The day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad, horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. Heretofore, (woe is me!) when God called, I refused;—when he invited, I was one of them that made excuse. Now, therefore, I receive the reward of my deeds; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me; I smart, I am in sore anguish already; and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows! It doth not yet appear what I shall be—but sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction!”

This sad scene I saw with my eyes; these words, and many more equally affecting, I heard with my ears, and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to his tomb. The almost breathless skeleton spoke in such an accent, and with so much earnestness, that I could not easily forget him or his words. And as I was musing upon this sorrowful subject, I remembered Mr. NASH; I remember you, Sir—For I discerned too near an agreement and correspondence between yourself and the deceased. “They are alike (said I) in their ways, and what shall hinder them from being alike in their end? The course of their actions was equally full of sin and folly, and why should not the period of them be equally full of horror and distress? I am grievously afraid for

the survivor, lest as he lives the life, so he should die the death of this wretched man, and his latter end should be like his."

For this cause, therefore, I take my pen to advise—to admonish—nay, to request of you to repent while you have an opportunity, if haply you may find grace and forgiveness. Yet a moment, and you *may* die; yet a little while, and you *must* die; and will you go down with infamy and despair to the grave, rather than depart in peace, and with hopes full of immortality?

But I must tell you, Sir, with the utmost freedom, that your present behaviour is not the way to reconcile yourself to God. You are so far from making atonement to offended justice, that you are aggravating the future account, and heaping up an increase of wrath against the day of wrath. For what say the scriptures? those books, which, at the consummation of all things, the ancient of days shall open, and by which you shall be judged? What say these sacred volumes? They testify and declare to every soul of man, That whoso liveth in pleasure, is dead while he liveth\*. So that while you roll on in a continued circle of sensual delights, and vain entertainments, you are dead to all the purposes of piety and virtue.

Think, Sir, I conjure you, think upon this before it is too late, if you have any inclination to escape the fire that will never be quenched.—Would you be rescued from the just vengeance of Almighty God? Would you be delivered from weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth? Sure you would! But you may be certain that will

never be done by amusements, which, at the best, are trifling and impertinent; and, therefore, if for no other reason, foolish and sinful. It is by seriousness; it is by retirement and self-examination, you must accomplish this great and desirable deliverance\*. You must not appear at the head of every silly diversion, but enter into your closet, and shut the door; and commune with your own heart, and search out your own spirit. The pride of life, and all superfluity of haughtiness, must be put away. You must make haste; and delay not the time to keep (and with all your might too) all God's holy commandments; always remembering that mighty sinners must be mightily penitent, or else be mightily tormented.

Your example, and your projects, have been extremely *prejudicial*, I wish I could not say *fatal* and *destructive* to many: for this, there is no amends, but an alteration of your conduct, as signal and remarkable as your *person* and *name*.

If you do not by this method remedy in some degree the evils which you have sent abroad, and prevent the mischievous consequence which may ensue—wretched will you be, yea, wretched to all eternity. The blood of souls will be laid to your charge; God's jealousy, like a consuming flame, will smoke against you; as you yourself will see in that day, when the mountains shall quake, and the hills melt, and the earth be burnt up at his tremendous presence.

Once more, then, I exhort you as a friend; I beseech you as a brother; I charge you as a mes-

\* It is good for every rational creature upon earth, frequently and seriously, to ask himself, What am I? What was I created for? And whither am I going?

senger from the great God, in his own most solemn words: Cast away from you your transgressions; make you a new heart, and a new spirit; so iniquity shall not be your ruin\*.

Perhaps you may be disposed to contemn this, and its serious purport; or to recommend it to your companions as a fit subject for raillery.—But let me tell you beforehand, that for this, as well as for many other things, God will bring you into judgment†. He sees me now I write: he will observe you while you read: he notes down my words in his book: he will also note down your consequent procedure. So that, not upon *me*, but upon your own *self*, will the neglecting or despising my friendly admonitions turn. “If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself: if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it.”

With hearty good wishes for your welfare, I remain, Sir, your unknown friend, &c.‡

\* Ezekiel xvi. 30, 31.

† Ecclesiastes xi. 9.

‡ The writer of these *Reflections* thought himself obliged to retain this letter (which, however, he has taken the liberty to correct in a few places) not only out of respect to the *lady* who communicated it, but because it was published in the *Christian's Magazine*, in the regular course of the *Reflections*. He finds it too in a life of Mr. Nash, lately published, and was therefore the rather inclined to retain it, as that biographer seems to think it too *severe*, and is inclined to palliate a life of utter dissipation, which certainly merited the severest strictures.

No man living can have a higher regard for benevolence and humanity than the writer of these lines; but he thinks it benevolence to the *soul* of a much higher nature than that of the body; and would be far from leading those, who are treading the insidious paths of pleasure with too eager delight, into delusive and dangerous opinions, as if tenderness of heart, and acts of charity, could atone for every other deficiency. Dissipated and fond of pleasure as we are, little need is there to encourage men in so false a pursuit. It is hoped, therefore, that the writer of *Nash's Life* (who he is I know not) in a future edition, will strike out that offensive and hurtful passage, which every sincere Christian must disapprove, wherein he asserts, “That there was nothing criminal in his (*Nash's*) conduct,—that he was a *harmless* creature, whose greatest *vice* was *vanity*... and that scarce a *single action* of his life, except one, deserves the

## CHAPTER XI.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd for death mature.  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
 To wither'd, weak, and grey; thy senses then  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
 To what thou hast: and for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last, consume  
 The balm of health.

MILTON.

IN our two foregoing chapters, we have two very different and alarming characters before us; each sufficient to show us the vanity of this life, and to awaken in our souls an earnest attention to future concerns. The one cut off by a sudden blast from heaven, in the full bloom of days, and the vigour of health; the other, dragging through a length of wearisome years, a feeble existence\*, to the last scene of all,

Which ends our strange eventful history,  
 To second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing†.

Old age is honourable, and hath its advantages.

*asperity of reproof.*" And this is said of a man, who, with a heart of exquisite humanity, and which might have been moulded into the noblest form--was yet, through life, a gamester professed, and an encourager of illegal gambling: a follower of pleasure all his days, and a perpetual dissipater! and whose conversation was made up of trifling, of falsehood, and immorality!

In matters which concern the souls of men, let us be especially careful; for fatal indeed may it be, to betray them into wrong opinions. In other respects, we will unite to applaud Mr. Nash, and will readily join his panegyrists:--we will be thankful to him for the improvements he has made at *Bath*, by his means the most elegant and pleasing of all public places; and we will be thankful to the editor of his *Life*, for the amusement and satisfaction we have received from so well wrote and entertaining a performance.

\* Mr. Nash died at *Bath*, in *February* 1761, aged 88.--"The man was sunk long before (as one expresses it) in the weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature."

† SHAKESPEARE.



—But might I presume, Oh! thou Almighty and all-wise! short-sighted as I am, and incapable at the best to distinguish my real good from evil, might I presume to judge, or to ask any thing of thee respecting my future state in this poor and perishing world, I would humbly say, “Suffer me not to bear the load of life when every faculty is benumbed; when every power of enjoyment is past; when oblivion darkens the memory, and all the senses seem wearied and sealed up; when the power of being useful to mankind is totally removed; nay, when the power of pleasing is no more, and we become a burden even to our nearest friends.”

See the trembling, palsied HASSAN; unable to move; scarce able to utter intelligible sounds; weak in his sight; imperfect in hearing; oppressed with pains; forgotten by the world; forsaken by all; and attended only by a distant relation, whom interest alone keeps with him, impatient for his departure, and anxious to possess his wealth. Yet though thus miserable, despised, forsaken, and forgotten, HASSAN loves the world; clings faster to it, the more it shrinks from his embraces; detests the thoughts of death; and thinks and talks of nothing with satisfaction, but the delusive mammon of unrighteousness\*. Oh what an old age is this! How wretched an issue of a long and useless life! Fourscore years have been passed to no end, but the procuring of wealth. Fourscore years are over; the wealth is procured; the man is about to die; and he hath neither child nor friend to inherit it! He hath no power to enjoy it himself; he is dead while

\* Luke, xvi. 9, 11.

he liveth; yet his affections are placed—not on things above,—but, ah sad reverse!—on things below. Can the world produce any object more pitiable or more contemptible than HASSAN?

Vigorous old age, the winter of an useful, virtuous life is as much to be desired as the contrary is to be deprecated. Crowned with victory over the inferior passion, girt round with useful and experimental knowledge, leaning on the staff of prudence, courage\*, and resolution, the old man becomes a blessing to society; we rise up to him with reverence, and rejoice to do him honour.

Such is the hoary *Sophron*; we behold him with a degree of awe and veneration; we consult him with confidence; and to follow his advice is to act wisely and consistently. *Sophron* filled a very busy sphere of life, and maintained a high reputation for integrity, prudence, and piety: He retreated in proper season from the stage, and now dedicates his time to the great business of self-recollection. Yet is he no absolute hermit nor recluse; nor does he so live to himself as to forget the concern of others; mild and affable, he delights in the conversation of his friends, and pleasingly instructs, while scarce seeming to instruct; benevolent and humane, he listens to the voice of affliction, and is always the ready friend of the poor and the oppressed. Happy *Sophron*!

\* Bishop Hall gives us an instance of courage in an old plain man in the country; some thieves broke into his solitary dwelling, taking advantage of the absence of his family; and finding him sitting alone by his fire side, they fell violently upon him; when one of them fixing his dagger to the old man's heart, swore that he would presently kill him, if he did not instantly deliver to them that money which they knew he had lately received. The old man, looking boldly into the face of the villain, replied with an undaunted courage, "Nay, if I were killed by thee, I have lived long enough; but I tell thee, son, unless thou mend thy manners, thou wilt never live to see half my days."

he has not lived in vain; his youth was active; his old age is healthful, placid, and serene. Resigned to the Sovereign Disposer's will, he waits contentedly for his approaching change, and looks with joy to his journey's end; looks with joy to that welcome harbour, wherein his weather-beaten vessel must shortly cast anchor\*! when his youth shall be renewed like unto the eagle's, and he shall live with God in perfect felicity for ever†.

If men will not look forward, nor prepare for *eternity*, we cannot expect they should prepare for *old age*; but surely, if we wish or desire to live long,—and it is to be feared this is too much the wish of human hearts,—we should endeavour to provide for the *winter* of life, by laying up such a store of true wisdom and experience, as may render the close of it comfortable, or at least soften the many unavoidable difficulties of age.

Intemperance will, in the general, prevent our long continuance here below, as it certainly is the source of many pains and evils‡; vice and immorality will render our old age despicable to

\* With joy the sailor, long by tempests tost,  
Spreads all his canvass for the wish'd-for coast;  
With joy the hind, his daily labour done,  
Sees the broad shadows and the setting sun;  
With joy the slave, worn out with tedious woes,  
Beholds the hand which liberty bestows;  
So death with joy my feeble voice shall greet.  
My hand shall beckon, and my wish shall meet.

ANON.

† 1 Thessalonians iv 17.

‡ Old *Adam*, the faithful servant, in *Shakespeare*, speaks thus:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly....

others, and afflicting to ourselves\*; and make us the more uneasy to quit the stage of life, as we draw nearer the solemn change. So that the grand rule to attain a happy old age, as well as a happy death, is to “*live well*,” to live as becometh those who bear the name of *Christians*, and profess to be the disciples and followers of *Christ* †.

Uncertain as is the tenure of human life, this rule, one would conceive, should be universally regarded. For how few, how very few of the myriads of mortals, who tread this earth, arrive at old age, or see the present boundary of human life, the “*seventieth year* ‡.” What numbers before, that are consigned to a state eternal and unalterable! alarming thought!—And caust thou, oh reader, promise thyself this length of days? Knowest thou how long thy line shall run? Knowest thou, when the tremendous Judge shall call, and thou must appear before this impartial tribunal? Alas, human fate is mantled in thick darkness! But eternity—who, like *Agricola*, would be utterly unprepared for it, since the call may come instantly, and then terrible will be the consequences!

But *Agricola*’s fate was peculiar.—So thought his neighbour *Haustulus*. He saw the singed corpse of *Agricola* borne from the field; shook his head, declared the stroke a judgment from Heaven, and enlarged greatly on the demerits of the deceased ||: Yet he forgot himself. *Haustulus*

\* As virtue is its own reward, so vice is generally its own punishment.

† Well might a good man say, not long since, respecting true Christians, “The children of God are best known by their family-likeness.”

‡ Psalm xc. 10.

|| *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is the language of humanity and

was the pride of the village where he lived; young, healthful, and robust, the maidens beheld him with pleasure; the young men heard of his perfections with envy. A lively good-nature recommended him universally: and relying on the strength of his constitution, he was the first and last at every merriment, at every wake, at every scene of rural pleasantry and joy.

Drinking too much at one of these meetings, and staying too late from home, he caught a cold; a violent fever ensued; he became delirious; all hopes in a few days were lost; and he, who had never employed one serious hour about his soul, thus plunged,—ah, hapless improvident—into an everlasting state!—Was his fate peculiar? was *his death sudden*;—it is a death, it is a fate every day exemplified.——And would you chuse to share such a fate, to die such a death? Surely no; then be careful not to lead such a life. For there are innumerable outlets from this present scene: lightnings and fevers are not the only instruments in the hand of God: the meanest and most inconsiderate agent is all-sufficient with him to stop the throbbing heart\*, and to draw the veil of death over the closing eyes.

## CHAPTER XII.

Woe, then apart: (if woe apart can be  
From mortal man) and fortune at our nod;  
The gay, rich, great, triumphant, and august,  
What are they? the most happy (strange to say)  
Convince me most of human misery.

YOUNG.

THOUGH *Death* levels all distinctions, and pays no more deference to the *Crown*, than to the un-benevolence, founded on that well known proverb, *Humanum est errare*.

\* Know, thoughtless man, when 'tis thy Maker's will,

A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair may kill.

RUR. CHRIST.

noticed head of the meanest peasant; yet the *great* seem willing to preserve, even in death, that distinction which they have shared in life, and therefore refuse to mix their mortal dust with common and inferior clay. There may be a propriety in this; subordination is absolutely necessary; and it may be decent, that they who have been elevated in life, should, at the close of it, still keep up their due dignity and distinction. But this will not prevent us from meditating in the *vault* of the *Nobles*, where surely we shall find ample matter for contemplation.

By the side of the church, where first I was led into these *reflections*, such a vault is found. Let me descend into the solemn and sacred recess! How awful! As I tread slowly down the stone steps which leads into it, a melancholy murmur seems to *echo* through the silent mansion; the moon just throws in a faint light, sufficient for me to discern the contents (though indeed no stranger to them) and all my soul thrills with an anxious dread and horror\*.—Whence this strange, this uncommon fear upon us when conversing with the deceased? Helpless dust and ashes as they are, we know they cannot harm or injure us. Nay, and were it possible for any of them to appear to us, surely it would be most delightful, as well as most acceptable, to hear from them some of the wonders of that unknown world,—which is at once so interesting and so important.

But, ah!—no notices they give,  
Nor tell us where, nor how they live;  
Though conscious whither with us below,  
How much themselves desired to know!

\* See Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*.

As if bound up by solemn fate,  
To keep this secret of their state;  
To tell their joys or pains to none,  
That man might live by *faith alone*.

Oh, come hither, ye sons of ambition, ye children of pride; descend awhile from the lofty summit whereon you stand, and look disdain on all beneath you: oh, come and pass a few silent minutes with me in this lonely vault, which boasts the most noble inhabitants; and pride will no more dwell in our eyes, or vanity rise in our hearts\*.

Here are the great and the gay, the young and the brilliant, the honourable and the lovely, placed in no mean order or elegance together. Their coffins are decorated with velvet and with silver; but ah, their contents are only like vulgar dust.—There lies the noble *Altamont*; no wonder the remembrance of him first strikes every soul which descends into this vault, and was no stranger to his character. An able writer† hath given us a striking account of his last moments; let us first recollect this, and then make our reflections upon it.

“I am about to represent to you (says he) the last hours of a person of *high birth*, and *high spirit*; of *great parts*, and *strong passions*, *every way accomplished*, not least in iniquity. His unkind treatment was the death of a most amiable wife, and his great extravagance, in effect, disinherited his only child.

“The sad evening before the death of that

\* Ye proud, ambitious, wealthy, young, and gay,  
Who drink the spirit of the golden day,  
And triumph in existence, come with me,  
And in the mould’ring corpse, your picture see,  
What you and all must soon or later be.

SOLITARY WALKS.

† Dr. Young, in his *Certain not Fabulous*.

noble youth, I was with him. No one was there, but his physician, and an intimate friend, whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said,

‘You and the physician are come to late.—I have neither life nor hope\*—You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.’

Heaven (I said) was merciful.

‘Or I could not have been thus guilty.—What has it not done to *bless* and to *save* me?—I have been too strong for omnipotence! I have plucked down ruin.’

“I said, the blessed *Redeemer*.

‘Hold! hold! you wound me! That is the rock on which I split.—I denied his name †.’

“Refusing to hear any thing from me, or to take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence he exclaimed—

Oh time! time! It is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart.—How art thou fled for ever!—A month! Oh for a single *week*! I ask not for *years* ‡; though an age were too little for the much I have to do.’

“On my saying, we could not do too much: that heaven was a blessed place—

\* It is declared, in the oracles of divine truth, that the wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death, Prov. xiv. 32. Hence learn the happiness of the one, and the misery of the other.

† They who deny Christ on earth, he will deny in Heaven, Matt. x. 33.

‡ Dr. Young may well say,

Buy no moment but in purchase of its worth,  
And what its worth, ask *death beds*, they can tell;  
A moment we may wish when words want wealth  
To buy.—

NIGHT THOUGHTS.



‘So much the worse. It is lost! It is lost! Heaven is to me the severest part of Hell!’

“Soon after I proposed prayer.

‘Pray you that can; I never prayed, I cannot pray.—Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.’

“His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could not) with a most affectionate look, he said,

‘Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee—Dost weep for me? That is cruel. What can pain me more?’—

“Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

‘No, stay. Thou still mayst *hope*; therefore hear me: how madly have I talked! how madly hast thou listned and believed; But look on my present state as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain! but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless *immortal*\*. And as for a *Deity*, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.’

“I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus, very passionately, exclaimed—

‘No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak—My much injured friend! my soul, as

\* This is no small proof or argument in favour of the soul's immortality.

my body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is upon *me*, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flame: this is not an *everlasting* flame, nor that an *unquenchable* fire.\*

“How were we struck! yet soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, with what a face of despair, he cried out—

‘My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance his beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown.’

“Soon after his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun (which I hope has seen few like him) arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched *Altamont*, expired\*.”

\* Let the young, wealthy, gay, and inconsiderate votaries of pleasure and dissipation, learn from the latter moments of the wretched Altamont (who is supposed by some to intend the late Lord Bolingbroke) the folly of being unmindful of approaching death, and be convinced of the truth of that common proverb, They who swim in sin, shall sink in sorrow.

## CHAPTER XII.

Adorn'd with all that heaven or earth could give  
To make her amiable.....

MILTON.

How doubly dreadful is Death, when it hurries away an affrighted and unprepared soul from all the splendour and pomp of earthly greatness; from noble mansions; elegant gardens; beautiful and extensive parks; numerous attendants; large possessions; and all the bright circle of sublunary grandeur! "And must I leave these? Curse upon my fate; must I leave all these?" said the noble *Publio*, as stretched upon the bed of disease, he lay struggling with unconquerable pain, like a wild bull in the net; impatient and restless under the hand of Omnipotence, as the untamed lion in the toils of the Lybian hunter.

Yes, *Publio*, thou must leave all these; and proud and vain as thou hast been of thy titles and honours, as much elevated as thou hast thought thyself above thy fellow-mortals, thou must now at length experience, that death levels all distinctions, and strikes at thee with as cruel unconcern as he strikes at the meanest peasant who toils in the neighbouring fields\*. Why will men forget this obvious truth? Surely if the rich and noble would bear it in mind, it would be a powerful check against every motion of pride, and would instantly crush the least appearance of elation.

If we look to *this* world only, how superior are the advantages which the great and wealthy enjoy; how infinitely superior to those which the poor and mean possess? But if we look beyond

\* Mors requo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres.

the *present* scene, nay, if we look only on the parting moment, how great advantages have the serious poor over the thoughtless rich? Poverty denies to men the employment of almost every thing which the wealthy call convenient and comfortable; much more of what they call elegant and pleasureable. But poverty disengages the affections from this transitory scene, and, depriving men of the enjoyment, renders them more indifferent to their continuance in the world. He who has nothing to leave behind him, must be supposed to quit the stage with infinite less regret than he who is surrounded with every thing that can elevate the desires, or delight the heart of man\*. Now, if we were steady to our Christian principles, and fixed in our pursuits of the blessings of eternity, doubtless, in this view, poverty would be very far from being esteemed an evil.

But let us not conceal the truth; there is often more of envy and chagrin in our strictures on wealth and greatness, than a real contempt of these idols, or a true Christian renunciation of them. And it is to be feared, that our remarks respecting their possessors, are frequently stretched beyond the line of truth. It is a point, of which long experience and close observation have left no room to doubt, that the *great* are not the *happy*: I mean, that true felicity, and an exalted state, have no natural and necessary connexion†. Yet am I equally satisfied, that the *poor*

\* Hence the rich may learn not to despise the poor, while the poor are taught not to envy or covet the riches of the affluent, the honours of the noble, or possessions of the great.

† Remember, man, the universal Cause  
Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral* laws;  
And makes what Happiness we justly call,  
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

are not *happy*. If the distributing, anxious, and higher passions, molest the repose of the former, the chagrining and vexatious passions sufficiently ruffle the quiet of the latter. In great goodness and condescension to his creatures, the all-wise Disposer of all things had made happiness peculiar to no state, and attainable in all; it is a plant which will thrive in every soil, though some may be more kindly to it than others: I have seen it blooming in all the verdure of the most flourishing palm-tree, in the splendid palace of the noble: I have seen it fresh, beautiful, and fragrant, in the lowly dwelling of the peaceful and contented cottager: for the *true* Christian is the happy man; and he who is *indeed* a Christian, will find peace and joy; whether in a cottage or a palace.

What could have deprived the gay, the young, the noble, the ingenious, and most accomplished *Altamont*, of happiness superlatively pleasing, had he but known and practised the precepts of that divine religion, whose excellence is sufficiently marked by the name of him who revealed it, *Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God*? Every earthly bliss crouded around the noble young man, sedulous to present themselves, and anxious to offer their sweets to his acceptance. Elegant mansions, highly furnished with all that art could bestow, were ready provided for him; parks beautified with the finest lawns and most extensive prospects, stretched themselves around him: ample estates were in his possession, sufficient to supply every necessity; and sufficient for calls of magnificence, liberality, and charity: and Heaven had blessed him with a mind capacious of the largest enjoyments, and with sense equal to the

most elegant refinements. Happy peculiarity—Heaven had blessed him also with an amiable consort, whose virtuous endearments were themselves sufficient to have constituted solid bliss, and in whose love, scarce a man exists, who would not have thought himself crowned with his heart's full content.

Ah! wretched *Altamont*,—the want of that Christian virtue which alone will felicitate, robbed thee of the enjoyment of all these blessings, and brought thee, in early youth, to untimely death; thy soul undone, thy fortune ruined, thy wife broken-hearted, and thy orphan beggared!—ah, vain and worthless nobility!—what availed to thy miserable remains, the nodding plumes, and the escutcheoned herse, with all the pomp of funeral solemnity! Here thou liest, mouldering in the velvet-clad coffin; and I, so much beneath thee in station, can weep thy sad fate, and commiserate thee, thou fallen son of greatness!

Oh, ye nobles of the earth! consider and be wise. Nobility, without virtue, is but a polished shaft, more quick and keen to destroy;—adorned with Christian faith, it is a coronet of gold, graceful and honourable to the brow\*; it will dignify you in time, and add honour to your greatest honours in eternity.

So thought the incomparable lady, whose sad relics I view with joy; and am transported to find, in this doleful vault, an inscription like the following over her honoured remains. Let us peruse it, and leave it to our reader's reflections.

“Here rests the body of MARY, Countess of

\* Greatness alone in *virtue's* understood;  
None's truly great but he who's truly good.

———, &c.—who departed this life, &c. whom it were unpardonable to lay down in silence, and of whom it is difficult to speak with justice; for her just character will look like flattery, and the least abatement of it as an injury to her memory\*.

“In every condition of life she was a pattern to her sex; appeared mistress of those peculiar qualities which were requisite to conduct her through it with honour, and never failed to exert them in their proper seasons to the utmost advantage.

“She was modest without affectation, easy without levity, and reserved without pride. She knew how to stoop without sinking, and to gain people’s affections without lessening their regard.

“She was careful without anxiety, frugal without parsimony; not at all fond of the superfluous trappings of greatness, yet abridged herself of nothing which her quality required.

“Her piety was exemplary, her charity universal.

“She found herself a widow in the beginning of her life, when the temptations of honour, beauty, youth, and pleasure, were in their full strength; yet she made them all give way to the interest of her family, and betook herself entirely to the matron’s part†.

“The education of her children engrossed all her care; no charge was spared in the cultivation of their minds, nor any pains in the improvement of their fortunes.

\* Praises on tombs are titles vainly spent,  
A man’s good name is his best monument.

† Few widows in the present day, God knows, deserve this character, or strive to imitate so praiseworthy an example.

“ In a word, she was *truly* wise,—*truly* honourable,—and *truly* good.

“ More can scarce be said; and yet he who said this knew her well, and is well assured that he has said nothing which either veracity or modesty should oblige him to suppress\*.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?

What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,

Earth's highest station ends in, “ Here he lies;”

And “ Dust to dust,” concludes her noblest song. YOUNG.

FROM the vault, where rest the precious remains of the great and noble, I ascended into the *Church*, and was immediately led to that part of the sacred edifice which is dedicated to the memory of these illustrious personages. What superb monuments! what elaborate decorations! what pompous inscriptions! what high-sounding epitaphs!—One would imagine, from a perusal of these, that all the sons and daughters of this noble house, like those mentioned in another sacred place, were valiant and virtuous.—But, alas! even *tombs* are taught to flatter and to lie.

How strong is the desire of pre-eminence in the human breast! we wish to preserve it even in death. In some respects it may be well so to do: but what vanity can be so truly contemptible, as that which assigns a large sum of money, to the erecting a splendid monument, serving to perpetuate only the erector's folly and pride!—Let the truly virtuous, and truly good, the friends

\* The reader may be assured of the truth of what is here delivered, as this character was penned by that excellent prelate *Dr. Hough*, formerly Bishop of Worcester.



to society, and the ornaments of religion, be distinguished in death; for the rest, whatever titles they bear, or honours they boast, they are but empty names—let them be consigned to oblivion and to dust\*!

What a foppery and false taste discovers itself in some of these fantastic monuments before me, the emblems of which it is more difficult to decipher, than the darkest shades of an allegoric poem! what absurdity and profaneness glare in others! Methinks I am transported, by some invisible power, while I gaze, from a Christian church, into one of the heathen temples; for their deities crowd around me, sculptured with all the pride of heart, while I can discern a *medallion* only of *him* to whose memory the monument is consecrated! It looks as if the noble dead had renounced their dependence upon Christ and his Gospel; and returned to the worship of those heathen divinities, into whose hands they seem to commend their fame.

But while I turn away with disgust from these fine, but misapplied efforts of art—that elegantly simple monument strikes and delights me. It is the statue of the late Duke of——: It is finished in the highest taste; it affords the most exact resemblance of his person: the posture is the most natural and easy; proper for the place, serious and contemplative: It is raised on a plain but beautiful pedestal; there are no fantastic decorations; the inscription contains nothing more than the name of this worthy nobleman, the date

\* If we cannot speak well of our deceased fellow creatures, we had better be silent concerning them. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is a very suitable motto for reflections on deceased friends, relatives, or acquaintance.

of his birth and death, and the detail of his illustrious issue. — There needs no more; his virtues live in the faithful memory of his friends, and of his country; and time itself cannot obliterate the impression which his beneficence hath made on the hearts of the distressed. But could time efface these, should they be universally forgotten, yet will they be had in everlasting remembrance before God, the eternal rewarder of those who live to do good; who make the blessings vouchsafed to them by a kind Providence, the exalted means of felicity to others\*. Such actions in life, will smooth the rough brow of death, and render the departure from honours and opulence not only easy, but joyful!

Methinks, as I stand contemplating this animated *statue*, I can fancy its noble original before me, as I often have seen him, and imagine I hear him thus addressing me: “ See the end of all human grandeur, and learn to think nothing great in mortality; nothing can be truly great which is uncertain; nothing can be truly good which must shortly have an end. Erewhile I flourished in all the verdure which human existence can boast; high in birth, high in honours! dignified with the royal favour; abounding in wealth, and of consequence courted and flattered by the obsequious crowd.

“ In this elevated state I forgot not myself; I remembered that I was a Man; that I was to give an account to a superior tribunal, and that my punishment or reward would be pronounced according to the improvement or abuse of the

\* Would to God such righteous persons were oftener to be found among the noble and the great ones of the earth.

trust reposed in me. When, therefore, the solemn summons came, when I heard the alarming voice, 'Thou must die!' I was not confounded, though impressed with awe; commending myself to the Father of mercies, I resigned his earthly favours with complacency and thankfulness, in the joyful and animating hopes of a future and better state\*.

"Had my conduct been the reverse of this, what should I have gained, or rather what should I not have lost? for my pomp and power could not have arrested the stroke of death, which would have pierced my heart with agony inexpressible, as separating me from all things desireable here below, and removing me to a world where I can neither have hope nor desire.—Mine was a better choice: the remembrance of *death* taught me wisdom †; for they who remember death will assuredly be wise ‡.

This is an important truth: The abuse of life proceeds from the forgetfulness of death §. When men fix their standards upon the earth, and vainly propose this transitory scene as the end of their being, and the object of their love, what errors and evils are the consequences; what fearful dis-

\* The apostle Paul had a desire to depart, and why? because he was assured he should be with Christ, which he knew was far better than to continue in this present evil world, surrounded with enemies, exposed to temptations, and at a distance from him whom his soul loved. Philip. i. 23.

† Death! the great counsellor, who man inspires

With every noble thought and fairer deed;

Rich death, that realizes all my cares;

Toils, virtues, hopes, without it a chimera;

Death, of all *pain* the period, not of *joy*.

Death wounds to cure, we fall, we rise, we reign;

Spring from our fetters, faster in the skies;

The king of terrors is the prince of peace. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

‡ Deuteronomy xxxii. 29.

§ ..... The man who consecrates his hours,

By vigorous effort and an honest aim,

At once he draws the sting of life and death.

Dr. YOUNG.

appointments here, and what horrid punishment awaits them hereafter.

This was the case with the famous Cardinal, of the noble house of *Beaufort*, who, much unlike that amiable nobleman, whose character we have been just considering, remembered not that wealth and greatness were insignificant and unavailing to stay the hand of death; and that, gained by indirect methods, they prove, in the conclusion, a never-dying worm to the guilty and distracted conscience. When, therefore, as history informs us, he was arrested in his mad career, and all the terrors of death were marshalled in horrid array before him, thus he complained, and thus vented his afflicted soul to his weeping friends around\*:—And must I then die? will not all my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom, if that would prolong my life. What! is there no bribing of death?—When my nephew the Duke of *Bedford* died, I thought my happiness and authority greatly increased; but the Duke of *Gloucester's* death, raised me in imagination to a level even with kings; and I thought of nothing but accumulating still greater wealth, to purchase at length the triple crown!—Alas, how are my hopes disappointed!—wherefore, O my friends, let me earnestly beseech you to pray for me, and recommend my departing soul to God†.

\* See *Harpsfield's History*.

† Cardinal Beaufort was of royal extraction; he was the son of John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, Catharine Swinford: he was commonly called the rich Cardinal of Winchester. He died in 1447. Shakespeare, who generally preserves historical truth very exactly, in his second part of *Henry VI.* hath given us, in lively colours, a description of the Cardinal's death.

*Scene, the Cardinal's Bed-Chamber.*

*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.*

*K. H.* How fare, my Lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Oh what an end was this!—what availed this unhappy great man, that, sacrificing to his ambition some of the most sacred duties of humanity, he died possessed of a sum superior to what, perhaps, any subject before him had possessed? What availed it, that amidst the terrors of death he consigned large sums to charitable offices? and, least of all, what could avail the ten thousand masses which he ordered to be said for his departed soul? Heaven is not to be purchased with gold, nor the favour of God to be bought with money. Our redemption was not perfected by such corruptible things, but by the precious blood

*Card.* If thou be'st dead, I'll give thee England's treasure,  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

*K. H.* Ah! what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Card.* Bring me upon my trial when you will.

Dy'd he? not in his bed? where should he die!

Can I make men live whether they will or no?

Oh, torture me no more, I will confess-----

Alive again? then show me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.---

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:

Comb down his hair: look, look! it stands upright,

Like lime twigs set to catch my winged soul.

Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him!

*K. H.* O, thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;

Oh beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

*War.* See how the pangs of death do make him grieve.

*Sub.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

*K. H.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,

Lift up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

--He dies and makes no signs.-- O God forgive him!

*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

*K. H.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtains round,

And let us all to meditation -- --

† Meaning the Duke of Gloucester, of whose murder he was suspected.

of *Jesus Christ*, as of a lamb without blemish, and without spot!—and he who, after an evil life, thinks to conciliate the regard of the Most High, by donations and masses, dies in a mistake as gross and fatal as that wherein he lived.

Indeed, to the honour of the Protestant church, we must observe, that this most destructive of all errors is seldom found within her pale, at least in comparison with its frequency in the Romish church, where the religious orders are led to deceive even the souls of dying men, for the sake of accumulating wealth to their own societies. Shocking and dreadful; how contrary to the tenor of that Gospel, by which we are assured that the truly humble heart, and penitent desire, a lively faith, and undissembling sorrow, can alone recommend us to the Father of Heaven, through the merits and intercession of his only begotten Son!

Before I conclude this chapter, let me point out to my reader a noble penitent of the *Protestant* communion, as a contrast to this cardinal of the church of *Rome*: The late Earl of *Rochester*, I mean, whose life was defiled with every vice, but whose death was distinguished by the most exemplary *repentance*—a repentance, not shown by external gifts, and by appointment of repeated masses for his soul, but by inward contrition, and a real sorrow for his past sins, by a desire to undo all the evil he had done, and to stop the current of all the mischief, which unhappily owed its source to him; by an unfeigned application to the only Redeemer of lost sinners, and a fixed resolution to amend his life (if that life should be spared) and to be as exemplary in

holiness as he had been infamous in the practice of every vice. This is *true* repentance\*; and such a penitent *Christ* will assuredly redeem, as well from the guilt as from the defilement of his accumulated iniquities.

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## CHAPTER XV.

.....Take physic, pomp:  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just. SHAKESPEARE.

HIGH in health, and recumbent on the downy breast of prosperity and indulgence, *Securus* rejects our *reflections* with disdain, and will not, cannot bear to hear of *Death*, the cruel spoiler of all his earthly comforts. “Away with the melancholy strain (he cries) I cannot endure the voice of this gloomy contemplative. Let him not approach to disturb my repose; nor, like the hoarse and ill-boding raven, croak his fatal admonitions in mine ears.” Ah, mistaken mortal, what troubles art thou treasuring up for a future moment! pity him, Heaven, who has no pity for himself! We will leave him, then, though with sorrow and compassionate regret, and entreat thy attendance, O serious and Christian reader (who art not afraid to view these mournful but instructive scenes) to the sick, the dying bed of the *poor* man †, now that we have visited together the superb vault of the *affluent* and *noble*. If thou art rich, perhaps thou hast never been

\* True repentance is a blessed token of the forgiveness of sins. None ever truly repented of sin without its being pardoned, through the merits of Jesus' blood, which cleanses from all sin.

† Carry me, my feet, to the temple of the Lord; to the beds of the sick; and the houses of the poor. HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS.

called to so sad a scene, and the sight of it may teach thee gratitude and content \*: if thou art *poor*, it will affect thy heart, and lead thee to a serious concern of futurity; that both temporal and eternal evils may not be thy deplorable lot.

Come, then, and let me lead thee up these narrow and miserable stairs, to the wretched apartment, whither I myself was erewhile led, and where the poor man lies languishing on the bed of emaciating disease! Seest thou this dismal dwelling, foul, wretched, and offensive?

Hear, the wind whistles through the shattered casement, ill defended by vile rags and darkened paper, sure mark of penury and distress †.

Seest thou that wretched object, pale and meagre, with haggard, staring eyes, and beard unshaven, stretched upon those floes, with not a curtain round him, and with scarce a cover to conceal his wasted body?

Turn round, and view upon the floor another miserable heap of tatters. It is the bed of two poor children of this afflicted sufferer! and this, this place of woe, is the only habitation which receives and hides the heads of these poor and helpless children, with their wretched mother and himself! That woman, bathed in tears, and clothed in the ragged garments of poverty, is the wife, the mother of these unfortunate children—hapless wife! and still more hapless mother.

But though narrow this apartment, though of-

\* We are incited to the relief of misery by the consciousness that we have the same nature with the sufferer; that we are in danger of the same distresses; and may sometimes be obliged to implore the same assistance.

JOHNSON'S IDLER.

† .....Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerless poverty.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.



sive and foul, it could well suffice, and be but little complained of, did not want, cruel want, here too fix her dreary abode; could the mother supply the importunate demands of her hungry children, or alleviate the pains and sufferings of her oppressed husband. But, alas! the parish withholds relief from aliens to its rights, and how shall the charity of the beneficent find out, in their obscure retreats, the stranger and unknown?

Nay, but even poverty itself, with all its dire necessities, might patiently be borne,—well, very well, if fiducial dependance upon God was but found in the sufferer's heart; if heavenly hope dwelt in the afflicted breast; if there was any prospect of an happy issue, when all these mournful trials are overpast, and the soul safely landed on a future blessed and eternal shore! but for this we inquire in vain: from the want of it proceeds far the greater part of these evils. When I came to talk with *Egeno* (so call we this poor man) concerning his soul, his faith, his hope, and future expectations; he fixed his eyes upon me with the most unutterable anguish, and elevating his emaciated hand, sighed out, “Alas! alas! Sir, sure I shall recover!”—“But, if you should not (said I) as God knows there appears but little probability—what then! what says your conscience?”—“I cannot tell, (he replied) I know I have not been so good as I ought; but, if I live, I will endeavour to be better\*.”

I turned to his wife, to ask somewhat of his past life; and to know whether, during his long

\* This is often the language of persons in sickness, who have lived thoughtless of God, their immortal souls, and a future state; but, alas! how seldom (though life is spared) do they perform their bed promises of amendment and reformation!

illness (for he has been long declining) he had ever shown any concern for his soul, or whether she had ever read to him for his instruction? Weak and wretched as he was, he could reply, with abundant acrimony, "*She* instruct me!—No, she had better first instruct *herself*, she wants it most." What greater shock could a humane heart feel, than to perceive a fierce altercation likely to ensue between two persons so mutually and so deeply distressed! I interposed with some authority; and endeavoured with all my power to set forth the dreadful terrors of futurity before the eyes of this unawakened sinner, just, just about to launch—Oh horrible—into its awful gulph! from whence there is no return.

He heard me with attention, and I perceived at length a tear stealing down his pallid cheeks. "I have been miserable (said the poor unhappy object) all the days of my life; and now I perceive that I must be miserable through all eternity too?" Upon hearing this, we could none of us refrain from tears. Oh, who could refrain, to see a fellow-creature lying in this exquisite distress, soul and body equally estranged from comfort, health, and ease?—Oh, who could refrain, to see a fellow-creature thus about to perish, ignorant and hopeless, in a land where the glad tidings of the gospel are so constantly and universally preached?

Moved with compassion, I endeavoured to offer some consolation—the utmost which I *dared* to offer:—for alas; how can the ministers of *Christ* exceed their commission; how can they speak peace to those to whom there is no peace\*.—But

\* There is no peace saith my God to the wicked. Isa. xlviii. 22.

my offers were unavailing; he told me, "he had led a wicked and a careless life, and now he found that the end of it was sorrow and despair." After every argument to rouse and to console, I joined in prayer with him and his wretched household; and, exhorting him to earnest prayer, and fervent supplication for himself to the Father of our *Lord Jesus Christ*, I left them, designing on the morrow to renew my visit.

But from this melancholy office I was prevented by his wife, who came in the morning to inform me that he expired in the night; expired regardless, as it seemed, of every thing; utterly stupid, senseless, and unheeding.

And thus too often it happens, that the minister is sent for when the soul is at the *last gasp*\*, when all hope is given up, and when all our endeavours, alas! are as inefficacious as pouring water into a sieve. During almost a twelvemonth's illness, *Egeno* thought not of God, of repentance, or of death. Just when the lamp of life was going out, just when the trembling soul fluttered on the verge of eternity, the alarm was given, and all was confusion, disorder, and dismay. His whole life was a scene of care, of toil, of discontent, and sin. Neglectful, wholly neglectful of religion, his Sabbaths were passed in trifling or drunkenness; the scanty pittance he gained by his labour was too commonly condemned before it was earned; and his wife and children bewail-

\* Too many appear, in the views of death, to place too much dependence on too much confidence in, and encourage themselves too much from receiving the sacrament (at the hands of a clergyman) to hope that all will be well with them after death; as if there was some merit in mere ordinances, or partaking of them. No, it is a dreadful mistake; nothing but repentance for sin, accompanied with true faith in *Jesus Christ*, can afford solid ground for hope of pardon, salvation, and eternal life.

ed, in hunger and want, their frequent disappointment of his wages. Hence arose brawls and contentions at home, which rendered the little wretched lodgings still more wretched. As no surplus was saved, his own, and the clothing of his family was seldom superior to rags; and he lived without a friend to serve, as he died without a friend to succour or to pity him\*. Miserable end of a miserable existence! Fearful poverty and introduction to sufferings far more fearful.—

Good God! what is man! how terrible is it thus to pass a few years in this vale of sorrow, comfortless, despicable, and abandoned!—To know none of the refreshments and delights of this life, and yet wilfully to forfeit all delights of the future! But let me forbear making any reflections, till I have shown you the contrast of *Egeno*, in a man of the same occupation, and the same rank of life, whom also I lately attended upon his death-bed—and would to Heaven my latter end be like his.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

The ports of Death are sins; of life good deeds;  
Through which the Saviour leads us to our needs:  
How wilful blind is he then, who should stray,  
And hath it in his power to make his way!  
This world Death's region is, the other life's;  
And here it should be one of our first strifes,  
So to front Death, as man should judge us past it;  
For good men but see Death, the wicked *taste* it.

ROWE.

It is common to hear circumstances and stations in life urged as an excuse for a neglect of religion; to obviate which, we have examples proposed to us of sincere and regular piety in every station

\* Would to God, persons in the lower classes of life would take warning from *Egeno*, and seriously think in time of that eternity which awaits them beyond the grave.

of life\*. Thus we are shown, that religion is incompatible with no worldly circumstances; and of consequence no worldly circumstances can offer a sufficient excuse for a disregard to it†. The wretched *Egeno* could urge his labour and poverty,—but how ineffectually! Look at his fellow-labourer *Mentor*, and learn how weak and frivolous such an apology.

*Mentor* was of the same occupation with *Egeno*; worked in the same shop, and earned the same wages. *Mentor*, too was a married man, and had children. Thus far there was a similitude; but, in other respects, where can that similitude be found? Diligent and punctual, *Mentor* was never absent a day from his business, unless detained by sickness, or some necessary avocation; ever found in his duty, while *Egeno* kept holiday, and wasted his important time in drunkenness and riot.

Fearing God, and anxious to please him, *Mentor* never refrained his feet from the church, and was a regular attendant at the blessed supper of the Lord; strictly observing the Sabbath, and spending it as became a Christian, a husband, and a father; while *Egeno's* temple was the alehouse, and his devotion only oaths and impiety‡.

Go to the places of their abode, and mark the contrast there also: you have viewed that of *Egeno*—miserable scene of poverty!—At *Mentor's* little dwelling, all was neat, clean, and wholesome.

\* It must be understood, that I speak here of the *honest* and *allowable* stations of life. There are *some professions* with which indeed religion is absolutely incompatible; and therefore, if a man would save his soul, he must either abjure these, or never think of salvation.  
The AUTHOR.

† It is a good proverb, Prayers and provender hinder no man.

‡ Happy *Mentor*! may thy example be more generally followed, while *Egeno's* is suitably reprobated and abhorred.

He had procured a small house, with a good piece of ground, which he carefully cultivated with his own hands, when he returned from his work in the evening; often rising an hour or two before the time of labour in the morning, to do the business of his garden, and to take care of his crop, which paid him well for his toil. His wife, industrious and careful, contributed her part with gladness\*; her children were brought up with every notion suitable to their station; and she omitted no opportunity to aid her husband's honest efforts, by her frugality and pains. An aged mother dwelt under the same roof with them, and owed a comfortable subsistence to the pious affection of her laborious son.

It pleased God to extend the life of this useful and worthy, though mean and unnoticed man, to a happy length; for he lived to close his aged mother's eyes, and to pay the last duties of filial regard to her†. He lived to see two of his sons capable of maintaining themselves in the world with decency and comfort; and treading—distinguished felicity of a parent!—in the steps of their father's sobriety and virtue‡; sons to whose care he could with confidence leave his wife, as their religion had taught them, that a peculiar blessing ever attends those who delight to honour their parents||, and to rock the cradle of declining age.

\* Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. GRAY'S ELEGY.

† Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Exod. xx 12. This commandment, accompanied with a promise plainly *implied*, if not fully *expressed*, is no little encouragement to the practice of *filial* piety and obedience.

‡ Happy proof of the good effects of a pious example, and instructions on the minds of children.

|| Exod. xx. 12.

How pleasing, how instructive, to attend the death-bed of such a Christian! Oh, ye great and vain, ye children of voluptuousness and pomp, how doth the death-bed of such a Christian reproach your follies, and condemn your visionary views!—On that bed I saw him: true, no consultation of physicians was held on his account; no damask furniture decorated his apartments; no carpets were spread over his floors; vessels of silver and gold were not found to convey the little nourishment he took:—But ah! what poor and wretched comforters are these, when the languishing body declares the fatal moment of eternal separation from this present world near at hand! How much more excellent the consolation arising from the testimony of an approving conscience! The more a man leaves behind him, the more reluctantly he dies\*: to die is an easy matter to the poor; and to a good man, what matters it whether he dies on a throne or a dunghill? The only misfortune at the hour of death, is to find one's self destitute of the supports of true religion†.

*Mentor* was not destitute of these: “I am arrived, Sir, (said he) at that period for which I was born, and for which I have been long preparing; and blessed be God, I do not find any terrors in the approach of death! Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! I am thankful to the good providence of my heavenly Father for all things;—but how shall I express my thankfulness for

\* Covet not the riches, honours, or possessions, of the great and noble; for the less you have in this world, the less reason you will have to regret, when you come to die, leaving what you possess.

† Thy force alone, Religion! death disarms,  
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms.

his exceeding love in the precious gift of his dear Son! Oh what a support is he to sinful creatures like us, in *this* hour especially! Blessed, for ever blessed be God, for his inestimable gift of redemption, through the blood of the Lamb, offered up for the sins of a rebel world!"

Rejoiced to see him thus triumphant over death, I congratulated his felicity, and remarked the vanity of worldly stations, when God distributes his spiritual favours thus freely to the low as well as the rich. "True, Sir, (said he) this is a sweet reflection to the poorer and meaner sort of Christians: it hath often refreshed my soul, and stopped every tendency of murmuring and complaints, which are too apt to arise in our haughty hearts at the sight of the rich, and their plentiful enjoyments\*. And it was a pleasing thought often to me, in the midst of my labour, that my divine and glorious Saviour stooped to a mean and toilsome employment, and condescended to work with his own hands; setting us an example, and thus alleviating, to the true Christian, all the weariness of fatigue and daily pains.

"The recollection of this has frequently given me new life and spirits, when I have been almost worn out, and ready to sink down with labour. And when I have considered all his loving-kindness towards me, which he has shewn in so many instances, I have always with joy persevered in my duty, and thought myself happy that I had a being to praise and adore him. And now my race is run, and I am about to appear before the judge of all the earth!" "I doubt not (replied

\* God frequently makes the *poor* in this world rich in faith, and heirs of his eternal kingdom, while he sends the rich empty away. Not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. 1 Cor. i. 26, 27.



I) you will appear with joy, and be for ever blessed in his kingdom.”—“Through *Christ*, I trust I s’ all; (said he) my only hope and reliance is on the precious Redeemer! for oh, Sir, what *am* I, what *have* I, but from him?—and, alas! what I have done is so imperfect and unworthy, that it cries for *pardon* only, not for *reward*. Can it be possible that any human being can talk of *merit* before God\*! Lord *Jesus*, pardon the sinfulness even of my *best* and most holy services, and wash them in thy most precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin.”

“But (observed I) though you depend not upon any thing you have done, nor apprehend the least merit or deserving in any of your own works, doth it not give your soul some peace and comfort, when you look back, and remember that you have done such works, or rather that you have in any measure sincerely endeavoured to obey the laws of *Christ*?” “Oh yes, (replied he) great, very great peace! without this I could have no peace at all; for without this what test could I have of my sincerity in any respect? or how could I dare to expect any mercy from the Redeemer? No, I bless him for enabling me, by his sovereign grace, to do any thing; would to God I had been more diligent, and had done more. Without holiness no man shall see him; I have laboured after it with all my might, and to the best of my knowledge†; but am thorough-

\* A sinner may plead for *mercy* at God’s hands, but never can plead *merit*, without it is that of Christ’s.

† It is greatly to be feared, many deceive themselves in this particular; for where is even the best of Christians, who can *truly* say, in the views of death, they have acted to the *best* of their abilities, or done *all* that was in their power, to approve themselves the children of God?—Alas! every one must acknowledge, after having done all they are able to do, “we are but unprofitable servants.” Luke *xix. 10*.

ly sensible of the imperfection of my *best* endeavours. May the gracious Saviour pity my weakness, and perfect what is wanting in me!"

He added much more; but from this the reader may easily collect how happy an end a man of such just sentiments must make. He received the blessed sacrament from my hands, and never did I administer that sacred ordinance to a more elevated Christian. I remember one passage in our conversation struck me. "Sir, (said he) though I had never no great learning, I have always been pleased with reading; and from some book\*, early in my youth, I was taught to consider myself as a *pilgrim*, appointed to travel through this world to the other, where I was to remain for ever. This notion made a great impression upon me; and I ever afterwards used to consider myself as a *traveller*, and therefore entertained no great hopes or fears respecting any thing below; but looked continually to the end of my journey, the happiness of which, I was persuaded, depended on my right management of myself during my stay here†. And this thought was the occasion not only of much content to my soul, and of much peace and resignation under every affliction and cross accident, but of my continued attention to duty, and of the exactest caution in my daily walking."

Such was *Mentor*; whose life and death were equally amiable and exemplary. What a contrast to the wretched *Egeno*! What man but could wish to die the death of the former? then let him take heed not to lead the life of the latter‡.

\* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

† A just conclusion, worthy to be adopted and attended to by every son and daughter of mortality.

‡ To live the life of the righteous, is a good ground to hope of dying the death of the righteous.

Ye sons of men, in the humbler stations of life, read the important lesson before you. Look at the examples, and revolve their ends! avoid the vices of *Egeno*, and copy the virtues of *Mentor*—so will you live in credit, and die in peace\*.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again—nor purloining, but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Titus ii. 9, 10.

Let thy soul love a good servant, and defraud him not of his liberty. Ecclesiast. xii. 21.

AFTER having attended the death-beds of the busy and the gay, the noble and the poor; after having surveyed the issue of life spent in those pursuits, which are common to mankind in general, and contrasted every character, to make each more striking; I intended to have stopped here and considered Death in the general view,—to have offered arguments and consolations against the fear of it; and as a conclusion, to have contemplated the great things which follow after, *Judgment, Heaven, and Hell*†.

But a funeral, at which I was called lately to officiate, leaves me to postpone these reflections to a following chapter; that I may pay some tribute to the memory of an humble man, whose virtues deserve to be had in honour, though his low station denies him the loud applause of public celebrity. But why should fame be the prerogative of greatness, of worldly greatness and external splendour? To do well, and to deserve in every

\* Isaiah lvii. 2.

† *Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell*, think, Christians, think, You stand upon eternity's dread brink;

*Faith and Repentance* seek with earnest prayer;

*Despise this world, the next be all your care.* . . . TRAPP.

station, is to be great, and ought to obtain praise—and *will* obtain praise!—Yes, ye sons of obscurity, whom no titles dignify, whom no pedigrees ennoble—but whose virtuous actions are more illustrious than either—yes, ye shall inherit praise, as much superior to that which men, the world, and time can give, as God, as heaven and eternity, are superior to all these.

This bright and blessed honour is not conferred according to rank, birth, or title; but to high and low, rich and poor, the glorious price is held forth alike, and to him who doeth best, shall the best recompense be given\*.—Yet one sure method to obtain this blessing, in that kingdom where all distinctions eternally cease, is to act and live agreeable to those distinctions and subordinations which God hath wisely appointed upon earth; I mean the sure method to obtain God's favour, is to acquiesce thankfully in that station of life wherein he hath placed us; and with entire submission, to discharge faithfully and uniformly all the duties of it †.

So thought the worthy man, whose decent funeral was lately solemnized; he had been servant in a neighbouring family above *twenty* years; and during that time had abundantly approved himself by the strictest fidelity. A rare example, when the depravity of this order amongst us is the subject of universal complaint, and the severest tax upon the domestic felicity of numbers! though perhaps the cause and the remedy of the evil are both to be drawn from other sources than those which are generally proposed; to be drawn rather from the heads of families, than

\* Genesis *iv.* 7. Romans *ii.* 6, 7.

† Revelation *ii.* 10.

from those who act in menial capacities\*. A prudent and conscientious master, for the most part, makes prudent and regular servants; and it is from the increase of such examples, that we must expect improvement in our attendants.

*Petrucio* (so call we the subject of our present chapter) was happy in this respect; happy in a master, whose own life was regular, and whose great care was to discharge tenderly every duty which he owed, particularly to his servants. He was well recompensed by the love and fidelity of his servants in general, but of *Petrucio* in particular. This faithful domestic had right notions of God, himself, and his duty. He murmured not at the inferiority and servility of his own condition; he knew it was the will of God; as such he received it with thankfulness, and lived in it with cheerful content. Considering himself as the servant of Christ, he acted conscientiously, as desirous to please *him*, and not man only.

Reflecting that the eye of God, if not of his master, was always upon him†, he feared to neglect his duty‡, and thought it a poor excuse for himself, if he could escape the notice of an earthly observer, while all his actions were minutely scanned by him who searches the inmost secrets of the heart. Hence, he served not as a man-pleaser, but as the servant of God, in singleness of heart as unto Christ; not with eye-service, but as the servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; all his service was done with a good-will,

\* The influence of example in good masters, is generally beneficial respecting servants.—Would to God they had no other examples set before them.

† *Omnia cum videat, nulli Deus ipse videtur.*

MAN'T.

‡ *Thou God seest me*, is a reflection ever to be remembered by all, and will prove a successful antidote to the wilful practice of *knowing* *thy*.

Genesis xxi. 12.

not with a morose constraint and sourness,—as to the Lord, and not to man only—for he knew, and ever bore in mind, the comfortable truth, That whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bound or free\*.

In consequence of these right principles, *Petrucio* ever esteemed his master's interest as essentially connected with his own; and would as soon have suffered the extremest punishment as have joined in any collusion to defraud, much more to have *himself* defrauded his master. It was his constant endeavour to preserve the strictest economy in every part of his trust, and he would express the highest wonder, and deepest abhorrence, at many of those infamous arts which modern polite servants would frequently advise him to practise, and to which tradesmen, for the basest ends, would often attempt to allure him.

“ Though I am in a state of servitude upon earth, (he would often say) I hope to be in a state of freedom with God hereafter; but how can I hope for this, if I am deficient in those *easy* duties which are required in my present station? For surely, when all the necessities of life are found me, it is *easy* to be just and faithful, honest and industrious—nay, gratitude itself alone should lead to this, for his sake, who provides so well for me; and who requires certainly that I should repay all his expense with every worthy and cheerful endeavour possible on my part†.

We may well believe, that a servant, with such

\* Ephes. vi. 5. &c.

† Would to God, servants in the general, would take pattern from *Petrucio*, and think and act as he did; happy indeed would the master of such servants be, and happy would be servants in so doing.

notions, must be uniform and excellent in his whole conduct. And such indeed was *Petrucio*. He received every order with silence and humility; he executed every order with diligence and punctuality. He pretended not to be wiser than his directors; and he was a stranger to the odious malapertness which is one of the distinguishing qualifications of contemptible modern *valets*. His long continuance in the family had wrought in his breast a tender affection, not only for his master and mistress, but also for their children and relations; and at length their interest was become so peculiarly his own, that he shared in all their joys, and partook of all their sorrows.

The fruits of his fidelity were the confidence and esteem of his master and mistress; the affection of the family; the reverence of his fellow-servants; and a comfortable saving, on which he proposed to live, if ever he should have cause to quit the service; and which, dying in it, he had the pleasure to bequeath to a widow sister and her children, whom it rescued from many difficulties, and placed in a happy situation, above dependence and necessity.

During the time of his last sickness, he frequently declared, that the tenderness and regard of his master and mistress to him more than overbalanced the merit of all his former services, and were an abundant recompence to him; for *Petrucio* had a generous mind, and was sensible of affectionate treatment\*. His master every day visited his sick-room, and read and prayed by

\* Gratitude is commendable and praise-worthy in all; from the poor and needy to the wealthy and benevolent, as well as from every rational creature under heaven, to their great Creator, Benefactor, and Preserver, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not.

his bed-side; his mistress with her own hands administered his medicines, and took care to supply him with the most proper nourishment. His humility alone could equal his gratitude and thankfulness on such occasions; and when, upon his expressing his great obligations, his mistress once said, that "this, and much more than this, was due for his faithful services;" "And that word, madam, (said the honest fellow, with tears in his eyes) that word is a reward sufficient for more than twenty times such services as mine."

Thus died this useful worthy man; and to do all honour to him, his master buried him at his own expence, with all the decency and propriety conceivable; six neighbouring farmers, tenants to his master, bore his pall; his master and mistress walked as chief mourners; the rest of the family attended in procession, and had mourning given them on the occasion; and so great was the esteem in which this faithful servant was held (who I should have observed was the willing and joyful hand by which his master and mistress distributed their liberal charities)—that scarce a dry eye was seen at his funeral; and his death and funeral, I persuade myself, have done more to reform the servants in that part of the world, than twenty lectures to them could have achieved. "See how *Petrucio*, though a servant, is honoured and respected!"—was the general cry; and the general reason given on all hands was, "Because he was faithful, honest, and industrious."

And let servants, in conclusion, be told, that if they would obtain such favour here, and such recompense as *Petrucio* doubtless hath obtained, their only method is to go and do likewise; is to



imitate his example; is to make their master's interest their own. The best motive upon which they can do this, is to consider, that in so doing they serve the Lord *Christ*, and may be assured, that, according to their fidelity, so shall they reap hereafter; for God is no respecter of persons\*.

\* \* I subjoin to this chapter the following excellent rules, which were sent by an unknown hand, entirely agreeing with the gentleman who sent them, "That, if they were hung up in all kitchens and servants' halls (printed on a large sheet) they would be extremely useful."

*To Faithful, Honest, and Industrious Servants.*

1. A good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants, for it is their bread; and without it they cannot be admitted into a creditable family; and happy it is that the best of characters is in every one's power to deserve.

2. Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your place; for long service shows worth, as quitting a good place through passion is a folly, which is always repented of too late†.

3. Never undertake any place you are not qualified for; for pretending to do what you do not understand, exposes yourself, and what is still worse, deceives those whom you serve.

4. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

5. Adhere to the truth! for falsehood is detestable; and he that tells one lie, must tell twenty more to conceal it.

\* Acts x. 34.

† Every servant, whether male or female, who attends to these rules, will be approved and respected by all whom they are called to serve.

6. Be strictly honest; for it is shameful to be thought unworthy of trust.

7. Be modest in your behaviour; it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors.

8. Avoid pert answers; for civil language is cheap, and impertinence provoking.

9. Be clean in your business; for slovens and sluts are disrespectful servants.

10. Never tell the affairs of any family you belong to; for that is a sort of treachery, and often makes mischief; but keep their secrets, and have none of your own.

11. Live friendly with your fellow-servants; for the contrary destroys the peace of the house.

12. Above all things avoid drunkenness; for it is an inlet to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

13. Prefer a peaceable life, with moderate gains, to great advantages with irregularity.

14. Save your money, for that will be a friend to you in old age; be not expensive in dress, nor marry too soon.

15. Be careful of your master's property; for wastefulness is a sin.

16. Never swear; for that is a sin without excuse, as there is no pleasure in it.

17. Be always ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good-nature gains the love of every one.

18. Never stay when sent on a meesage; for waiting long is painful to a master, and quick return shows diligence.

19. Rise early, for it is difficult to recover lost time.

20. The servant that often changes his place, works only to be poor; for the rolling-stone gathers no moss.

21. Be not fond of increasing your acquaintance; for visiting leads you out of your business, robs your master of your time, and puts you to an expense you cannot afford; and above all things take care with whom you are acquainted, for persons are generally the better or the worse for the company they keep.

22. When out of place, be cautious where you lodge; for living in a disreputable house puts you upon a footing with those that keep it, however innocent you are yourself.

23. Never go out on your own business without the knowledge of the family, least in your absence you should be wanted; for leave is light; and returning punctually at the time you promise, shows obedience, and is a proof of sobriety.

24. If you are dissatisfied in your place, mention your objections modestly to your master or mistress, and give a fair warning, and do not neglect your business, nor behave ill, in order to provoke them to turn you away; for this will be a blemish in your character, which you must always have from the last place you served.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Faith* builds a bridge across the gulf of *death*,  
To break the snock, blind Nature cannot shun!  
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.

Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;  
That mountain barrier between man and peace.

'Tis *faith* disarms destruction, and absolves

From every clamorous charge the guiltless tomb. YOUNG.

WHILE wrapt in the silence of the night, I take my solitary and contemplative walk in the church-yard, with what a feeling concern do I reflect on the living world around me! How striking the contrast; Here rest in peace the well-nigh forgotten remains of those who once, it may be,

filled up busy spheres on the earth\*. All those distinctions which they so anxiously courted, are now for ever done away; all those animosities which they so warmly agitated, are now for ever hushed and forgotten; and all those complainings and sighs which they so mournfully uttered, are silenced, are silenced for ever, and heard no more—Yet on the great theatre of the world the same parts are still acting, the same ardour for place and pre-eminence: the same propensity to malice and envy; the same repinings and lamentations are found;—as if generations preceding read no lessons of instruction; as if men utterly forgot that their hour appointed was hastily advancing.

Oh that they were wise, that they understood these things, that they would consider their latter end†! Benevolent wish! for nothing so powerfully, so strongly teaches, as a consideration of that *latter end*‡—which is of general concern, for every son of ADAM is *equally* interested therein. Can we reflect upon the day of dissolution approaching, when every sublunary hope shall cease, and every worldly project vanish as the shadow? Can we survey the solemn mansions of the dead, where the mingling dust bespeaks the folly of earthly pre-eminence and honour,—and yet pursue, with unremitted chase, the fleeting vanities of life? and yet indulge, with unrelenting hearts, the burning passions, which torture human peace, and murder man's best felicity?—

\* Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell *forgotten* laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

GRAY'S Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

† Deuteronomy xxxii. 29.

‡ See HERVEY'S Meditations among the Tombs, p. 6.

Nay, can it be possible that we should look beyond the grave, and recollect that an existence everlasting awaits us, and not use every wise, every *scriptural* method, to secure to our souls the comforts of that existence, when time hath closed upon us, and we have bidden an eternal adieu to all things here below\*.

Thrice awful meditation! May its powerful instructions deeply impress my soul!—Nothing teaches like death. It is indeed the wages of sin, and a fearful evil, we must needs allow it! But then it is a persuasive monitor, and superior to all things, convinces us of, and leads us to combat and conquer sin.

The sting of death is sin. From thence we may plainly discover what is the grand remedy against its fear and its power to do harm. Destroy sin, and death becomes no longer formidable; he cannot hurt or annoy, for his sting is taken away. But how shall we achieve this desirable enterprise, how destroy the sting of death! It is done; already done for us! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ†.

Here then, thou trembling mortal, who art every day distressing thy feeble soul with the fear of approaching death,—here behold the first and greatest *consolation* under it: “Faith in Jesus Christ,” who through death destroyed him

- \* Since we can die but once, and after death  
Our state no alteration knows;  
But when we have resign'd our breath,  
Th' immortal spirit goes  
To endless joys or everlasting woes;  
Wise is the man who labours to secure  
That mighty and important stake,  
And by all methods tries to make  
His passage safe and his reception sure.

† 1 Corinthians xv. 57.

who had the power of death; and will deliver thee from that fear of death, which all thy lifetime hath kept thee in bondage! Look to that triumphant conqueror, who died on the cross, and lay in the grave, to sanctify it for us; see in his precious redemption a full pardon for all thy offences; and with the eye of faith steadily fixed upon him, thou also shalt triumph over an enemy, already vanquished\*.

This is the grand remedy against, and chief consolation under the fear of death, “the knowledge and love of *Jesus Christ*†:” which, properly understood, comprehends every other consolation. But that we may not be misunderstood, let us, as a second *consolation* and *remedy*, recommend to the soul, desirous of victory over this fearful foe, “an earnest care to live a life of gospel obedience through that faith in *Christ*,”‡ which indeed without such obedience will be found too weak to support the firm structure of a joyful hope. Live as you would wish to have lived when your anxious head is laid upon the dying pillow§; live as the gospel of that Saviour directs, through whom alone you expect salvation; live as you are assured he will approve. The prospect of death will then animate your soul with fortitude and delight; and you will have a desire to be dissolved and to be with *Christ*, which is best of all\*.

There again we enjoy another *consolation*, ex-

\* Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb. NIGHTTHOUGHTS.

† Whom to know *aright* is life eternal. John xvii. 3.

‡ True faith works by love in the heart, to Christ, his ways, ordinances, and people; and obedience in the life, to all his laws, precepts, and commands.

§ Repent, believe, and mourn your errors past,

And live each day as though it was your last. RUR. CHRIST.

\* Philippians i. 23.

quisite and unspeakable, under the apprehensions of death! “We shall be with *Christ*!” We shall live with him, and be like him! like in purity and holiness, and like him in happiness, too! Transporting thought! Can death be esteemed an evil—nay, rather, must we not welcome that as our greatest good, which conveys us from a dying world, like the present, to a kingdom, where joy, and rest, and peace, shall eternally surround us?—But of this we shall speak more hereafter.

Another reflection which ought to abate our fears, and reconcile us to death, is “the absolute certainty, and unavoidable necessity of it.” Could our fears at all avail to prevent the stroke, or even to respite it, they might well be allowed, and we should have some plausible reason to urge in their support. But alas, the stroke is inevitable\*! Surely then it is our wisdom to familiarize ourselves to an event, which *must* come shortly, and which, to render us still more watchful, may come instantly. Claim ye then no more the character of rational, ye simple ones of the earth, who start at the thoughts of death†, and use every method which ingenious thought can devise, to dissipate and drive it from you.—Lo, the moment comes, and utterly unprepared, ye must stand before your God. Conquer yourselves: and remembering that death will come when it will come, review it in all its circumstances, and learn, through *Christ*, to gain a happy victory over this dreadful leveller of all human distinctions.

\* Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return. Gen. iii. 19.

† The *thought* of death alone the *fear* destroys. Dr. YOUNG.

Reflect of what will death deprive you; not of being—which to us must certainly be of all things most dear. No, the soul cannot cease to be, it only changes its circumstances and state.

“But it separates those old and familiar friends, the *body* and the *soul*.”—And let us bless God for the separation. For can we regret a separation from that flesh, which is the seat of sin and of diseases, and from which both hath so frequently afflicted us with the most piercing distress? No, farewell then to the body, (we will say with joy) since thereby we bid an eternal farewell to sickness, pain, and sin\*.

“But death separates us from this *world*! True, and it introduces us to one, utterly unlike the present, where sorrows and losses, disappointments and trials, shall never more be known.—“But it separates us from our *friends*!”—Afflicting separation! The tender heart must bleed, and the affectionate eye cannot fail to drop a tear! Yet look forward, and behold—see in the blissful realms to which thy spirit is soaring—*friends*, immortal and unalterable friends, awaiting thy glad arrival!—and perhaps many already, many near to thy heart, have gone before thee, and will give thee a joyful and blessed welcome. Nay, yet a little while, and thou shalt receive to thy rejoicing embraces those whom thou hast left weeping in this vale of sorrow†.

Armed with these consolations, who shall fear the stroke of death? Who but must rejoice to relinquish this scene of trial and trouble, and to

\* To be absent from the body, and present with the Lord, will be, more or less, the wish of every real believer in Christ. 2 Cor. v. 8.

† Though death will come, yet give your sorrows o’er,

For all those pious friends, who’re gone before,

You’ll meet ere long in heaven, to part no more.



commit their souls into the arms of an ever-living *Redeemer* \*, who died to save his people from their sins; of a *Father*, whose unwearied care is over all his works, and whose watchful providence extendeth to the minutest concerns of all his creatures? In that reviving truth the soul must find comfort, as under every trial and affliction; so especially when the moment of death approaches; which a child submissive to the better will of such a father, will receive with thankfulness and Christian resignation!

As therefore *death* must come, and after death *judgment*, and a state of *bliss* or *misery* unalterable, let us, like the wise virgins, keep our lamps always ready trimmed and burning, that we may never be found unprepared †. And that we may still be excited to a stricter watchfulness—let us contemplate those great things that are to come hereafter; let us now suppose ourselves as summoned to appear before the *judgment-seat* of God ‡; and as about to receive the eternal reward of our deeds §,——*heaven* or *hell*;——affecting thought! Holy Father—we tremble and adore! Blessed *Jesus*, be our advocate and intercessor!

\* Job xix. 25.

† Matthew xxv. 10.

‡ Acts xvii. 31. John v. 28, 29.

§ 1 Peter i. 17. Romans ii. 11, 12.

And is there a last day? and must there come  
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?

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The Judge descending, thunders from afar,  
And all mankind is summon'd to his bar.  
The echoing voice now rends the yielding air,  
For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare.

Dr. YOUNG'S Last Day:

DODD ON DEATH.  
CHAPTER XIX.

Shall man alone, whose fate whose final fate  
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?  
I think of nothing else: I see! I feel it!  
All *nature*, like an earthquake trembling round;  
All *deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing;  
All basking in the full meridian blaze!  
I see the JUDGE enthron'd! the flaming guard!  
The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart;  
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!  
No patron! intercessor none! now past  
The sweet, the element, meditorial hour!  
For guilt no plea: to pain no pause, no bound!  
Inexorable all! and all extreme.

NIGHT THOUGHTS, Night ix,

DID our existence end with this life, how little to be dreaded, yea, in many cases, how much to be desired were *death*! But our existence doth not end with this life: eternity is before us; and it is eternity which makes death of so much consequence\*. How awful, how alarming, is that representation which the sacred scriptures give us of the solemn day approaching, which is to determine our fate for this eternity! Let us contemplate the stupendous scene;—for who can dwell upon such interesting reflections, without serious thoughts, and heaven-directed resolutions? The steady belief of a future Judgment is sufficient to make all men zealous in duty†.

The doctrine of a future judgment is peculiar to the Christian revelation. Human reason could not discover it; for human reason could not discover how the God of the whole earth would be pleased to deal with his creatures, and with that world which he has formed for them.—But in much mercy, to animate and awaken our best de-

\* Beyond the grave two states alone remain.  
Of endless pleasure, and eternal pain. SOLITARY WALKS.

† .....If there is an *hereafter*,  
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,  
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,  
Then must it be an awful thing to die. ELAIR'S GRAVE.

sires, the eternal Lord of all hath declared, that an endless and unalterable state is reserved for us, happy or miserable, as we comply with, or refuse, the terms of his covenant: and that upon a *day* appointed, he will pass the righteous sentence upon all; when those who have done good shall go into eternal life, and those who have done evil into everlasting fire\*.

Alarming, important truth! What thinking creature can be indifferent to it! Picture the awful scene to your view! imagine yourself now called to the bar of inviolable justice! there enthroned in glory unutterable, sits the sovereign *Judge*, the gracious Redeemer! thousand thousands ministering unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand standing before him! See that earth, once the seat of all your cares and fears, now wrapped in universal flame:—hark! the heavens are passing away with insufferable noise; the sun is extinguishing; the stars have started from their spheres, and all the system of created things is hastening into utter destruction!—The trump, the awakening trump hath sounded, and all the dead, rising from their sepulchres, are summoned to appear before the impartial Judge†.

Oh, terrible distress!—where, where shall we fly, if conscience condemns us, and we dare not approach that impartial Judge? In vain shall we call upon the rocks to hide, or mountains to cover us; rocks and mountains are themselves dissolving; they can give neither shelter for our heads;

\* Matthew xrv. 46.

† Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more;  
The day is broke which never more shall close;  
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!  
I see the Judge enthron'd, the flaming guard,  
The volume open'd, open'd ev'ry heart.

nor support for our feet\*! In vain shall we solicit our friends to intercede;—our friends shall then be too deeply concerned for themselves to regard the cause of others; and what, ah—what could patrons or friends avail, when “the clement, the mediatorial hour,” is now absolutely passed and gone;—and we have not made him our intercessor, who would have been as mighty to save and reward, as he now is to punish and avenge! What too will dissembling profit us; or how can we expect to deceive him whose eyes are as a flame of fire, who pierceth into the heart’s inmost recess? who will lay open before us the whole volume of our lives, and place in the universal view of all, those thoughts, and words, and deeds of darkness, which in vain we secreted from the eyes of our fellow-creatures upon earth!—for who can escape the eyes of Omniscience?

Can tongue express, can heart conceive, the anguish which will rend our souls, when the dire sentence of condemnation shall pass—a sentence from his lips, which breathe only mercy and love to the just;—and which we despise, while calling to us upon earth with the most pathetic invitations—Come unto me, and I will give you rest†!—Aggravating circumstance! We have abused his love! We might have been blessed, *eternally* blessed!—But now the fatal moment is arrived, “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels,”‡—is the dreadful malediction!

No, my soul, through this Redeemer’s never-changing love, we will hope, confidently hope, to avoid the horrors of this extreme distress!

\* Where, where for shelter shall the guilty fly.

When consternation turns the good man pale? Dr. YOUNG.

† Matthew *xi.* 28.

‡ Matthew *xix.* 41.

And, oh, that every soul of man would, with such composed and solemn thought, meditate upon it, that joyful songs of thankfulness only might on that day be heard; that with humble trust we might approach the Judge's throne, and find in him,—not the Almighty avenger,—but the Father, the Saviour and eternal Friend.

What can equal the goodness of our *God!* or what could we desire more gracious at his hands, than that he should seat upon the tribunal of justice that Son, that only begotten and beloved Son\*, who once came to our earth, not to judge, but to be judged; who died for those sinners, on whom he is now willing to confer an eternity of bliss†!

Happy he, who, convinced of this sovereign grace, looks continually and steadfastly, with the eye of faith, to that great day when the Saviour shall come in the clouds!—Then shall his fears be for ever removed, and all his anxious doubts shall vanish as the smoke; then, with an accent of melodious sweetness, with a look diffusing love and joy ineffable, the great Redeemer shall welcome him, together with all those who have been faithful unto death; shall welcome them and say, Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world!—Nay, he shall vouchsafe to enumerate those general deeds of Christian benevolence which such souls have performed through their faith in him; and not only enumerate, but

\* John v. 32.

† O may I breathe no longer than I breathe

My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul

And all her infinite of prospect fair,

Cut through the shades of hell, *great love!* by thee.

O most adorable! most unadorn'd.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

acknowledge them, as if they had been conferred upon himself, inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me\*.

How forcible, how affectionate a motive to us, now, in the day of our pilgrimage, to be diligent, continually and unweariedly diligent in all such acts and offices of love! *Christ* will accept them, our Redeemer, our Judge, our hope, and our all, will accept our tender charities to his members, and our fellow-creatures; will accept our works of faith, and labours of love †, as if we had been happy enough to have had an opportunity of performing them even to his own person; and, publishing the grateful tidings to all around, he will allow us to partake of his triumph, and to enter, amidst his returning saints and angels, those regions of glory and peace, where we shall live with him, and enjoy everlasting happiness.

But we will refer to our next chapter what we have to add respecting the peculiar blessedness of that state, and the exquisite misery reserved for those who know not God, and who obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who will be punished with everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power ‡, when he shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance; and when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them who believe in that day §; a passage of scripture which cannot fail greatly to influence those who give it that attention which its importance de-

\* Matthew xrv. 40.

† 1 Thessalonians i. 3.

‡ Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend;  
My God, my Father, and my Friend!  
Do not forsake me in my end!

LORD ROSCOMMON.

§ 2 Tim. i. 7.

serves: for who can think of *everlasting destruction*, from the *presence* of the Lord, and the *glory* of his *power*, without an anxious desire to avoid that destruction, the very terror of which chills the heart?

## CHAPTER XX.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. Matthew xxv. 46.

ETERNAL punishment! Eternal life!—What awful words! What solemn events!—Who can read them, and be unconcerned?—Who can think of them, and be indifferent to the momentous truths they impart?—Were our existence to terminate with the present passing scene, indulgence might be laudable, and every self-gratification right \*, “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die; let us crown ourselves with rosebuds; let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness;” would then be the language of reason and truth.—But eternity before us—consummately blessed, or consummately wretched—and death every moment shaking his dart triumphantly over us, preparing to strike once, and strike no more;—can it be possible that any rational being should remain unsolicitous, and neglect to prepare for the important realities of eternity, while chasing, with unremitted ardour, the fugitive vanities of time and sense?

Yet, alas! many beings, proud of their faculties, and boasting their superior reason, are found, are daily found, immersed in sin, and rivetted to

\* If death was nothing, and nought *after* death!

If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,

Returning to the barren womb of nothing,

Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee

Untrembling mouth the heavens, and inly laugh

At the poor bugbear death

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

the world ;—heedless of God, of themselves, and immortality ! uninfluenced by every motive of gratitude, unmoved by every argument of interest, to obey the voice of Religion and Truth, and to secure the eternal salvation of their souls ! Oh, that they would indulge one serious reflection ! that they would condescend awhile to meditate with us on the miserable woe reserved for those who forget their God ;—on the inexpressible comforts which they shall reap in joy, who love and serve him.

Think then, my fellow-creatures, oh ! think of that awful day of which we spoke before\*, and imagine, if you can, the horror which must seize the souls of those who hear the dreadful sentence, Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire ! —Driven from the presence of God, which is itself complete and perfect joy : driven from the society of those best-loved friends, whose kind remonstrances they would not hear on earth, and now—ah ! fatal separation—now must never, never more hear or behold ! And driven thence—aggravating circumstance ! even by the condemnation of that Lord of love, who, desirous to bless and to save, freely shed even his own most precious blood, and as freely would have given them life, had they but humbly asked it †.

And were not this, only *this* expulsion from God, from Christ, from heaven, of itself a *hell* sufficient, yet what horrors remain behind ? They shall be driven into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, whose actual and insufferable tortures shall aggravate the mind's inward horror. —Oh ! who can dwell with everlasting burnings ‡ ? yet where, where shall one drop of water be found

\* In the last Chapter. † Matthew xxiii. 37. ‡ Isaiah xxxiii. 14.



to cool the parched tongues?—who can dwell where devils and condemned souls shall mix their mutual and insulting taunts and upbraidings? where there shall be no society, but a society in common accusations; and where, every gentle passion expelled, the tumultuous workings of despairing minds shall miserably confuse and distract each other.

There too the passions, which were indulged and gratified on earth, shall become severe tormentors, ever craving, yet never finding gratification; ever consuming the anxious heart, themselves never consumed! There the worm of an accusing conscience never dieth; there the flame of self-condemnation and burning guilt shall never be quenched\*.

Where shall the soul find comfort? shall it be in the companions of its earthly crimes condemned to the same place of woe? Alas, those companions will then be found the sharpest thorns to goad the guilty mind. Fierce hate will seize the place of former love, and they will curse each other in the bitterness of their souls, as the mutual causes of each other's undoing. But, little consolation being found in accusing others, their upbraidings will speedily recoil upon themselves†! Then only will be heard—(ah me! the very thought is anguish!) *for ever* heard, dire gnashings of teeth, weeping and wailing, execrations and sorrow.—Yet neither is this all; for though peace and rest enter not there; though one gleam of joy shall never pierce through the darkness of

\* Isaiah Lvi. 24. Mark ix. 44.

† Against the Highest fiercely they blaspheme,  
But then again their own mad choice condemn;  
Much they curse God, but curse themselves much more:  
In concert the sulphureous torrents roar.

their distress; yet all this, and more, might be borne well, *very* well—did *hope*, fair comforter! who comes to all, did she but ever come, and cheer the wretched sufferers with the sweet alleviation, that, years on years passed by—that ages upon ages gone—a period will be put to this consummate misery, and the prisoner of hell be set free. But this hope is withdrawn\*!

Oh eternity, eternity! how fearful is the thought! And wilt thou, oh man, for the momentary delusions of sin, plunge into the gulf of punishment unutterable, unending?

At least, my soul, let the prospect be profitable to thyself; and, struck abundantly with its horrors—ininitely more alarming than thou canst imagine or paint—turn thy view, and let us contemplate the more pleasing scene, the life eternal, and endless pleasures which the dear Redeemer hath in store for those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality†.

But if an inspired Apostle, who was favoured with the rapturous prospect, declares, that it hath not even entered into the heart of man to conceive the greatness and excellency of the good things reserved for the righteous; how shall *we* attempt to spell them out, dark habitants in cot-

\* In MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, we find the following tremendous description:

....He (Satan) views

The dismal situation, waste and wild:

A dungeon horrible on all sides round

As one great furnace flam'd: yet from those flames

No light, but rather darkness visible,

Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades; where peace

And rest can never dwell; hope never comes

That comes to all; but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed

With ever-burning sulphur, unconsum'd!

Book 1. v. 60, &c.

† Romans ii. 7.

tages of clay? May it not suffice to know, that the happiness we expect will be in every view complete? happiness, without the least mixture or alloy of discontent or dissatisfaction\*!—Pleasing truth! yet not sufficient to gratify our thirsty and inquisitive souls.

In condescension to our weakness,—or perhaps I might say—our strength—(for earnest desires after the knowledge of immortality, doubtless bespeak the soul immortal)—however, in great goodness certainly, the Lord of life has vouchsafed to us some glimpses of that future felicity†, which may render us desirous to know more, and animate every endeavour towards the possession of so exalted a good.

We feel evil so sensibly, that perhaps we can form a better idea of heaven from its *negative* than its *positive* blessings. Who among us is a stranger to *sickness*, to *sorrow*, and *pain*? Who among us is a stranger to the comfort which would follow an entire exemption from these corporal evils?—Now in heaven, our bodies spiritualized, and our souls made perfect, we shall never know pain of body or pain of mind; sorrow and tears shall never have admission into those realms of joy‡.

But happy as our state would be, freed from those cruel spoilers of our peace, yet if *death* and dissolution were certain, the eminence of our bliss would only render the stroke doubly dreadful. In heaven, then to secure the perpetuity of our

\* 1 Corinthians xiii 12.

† Every one shall enjoy as much as they shall be able to contain, or shall be necessary to complete their joy, and perfect their happiness.

This bottomless source of glory and bliss shall for ever and ever overflow all the glorified in heaven, and satisfy their souls with unspeakable delights.

DRELCOURT.

‡ Isaiah xxxv. 10. Ib. li. 11.

delight, there shall be no more *death*\*: this mortal shall put on immortality—and eternally free from pain and sorrow, we shall fear no end of the transporting scene.

Positive blessings, numberless and unutterable, shall attend the negative ones. God will not only wipe away all tears from our eyes; will not only invest us with eternal security in bless; not only remove every thing defiling and noxious from those regions of joy; but he himself will dwell amongst us, and be our God†. He, the adorable Father, with the Lamb of Love, and the Spirit of Holiness, shall be the object of our divine contemplation.—He, the blessed and all-glorious Deity, whose presence is joy, and bliss, and heaven, shall be the life, the light, the praise of the new *Jerusalem*, and all its divine inhabitants‡! Love shall reign triumphant in every heart: every pure and celestial desire shall be gratified to the full; every holy and devout affection shall find its adequate supply; and one uninterrupted scene of thankfulness, serenity, and comfort, shall smile eternally, and eternally be found; where the harps of ten thousand times ten thousand shall unceasingly be turned to the praises of the Father of mercies, and the Lamb who sitteth on the throne, for ever and ever ||.

Come, then, Lord *Jesus*! come and put a speedy period to this miserable world of confusion and sin! Hasten, blessed Lord, hasten thy kingdom; whence every evil shall be wholly removed, and where all good shall be found which can perfect the bliss of men and of angels! Faint and dark, indeed, are our earth-bounded conceptions

\* Rev. xxi. 4. † Rev. xxi. 3. ‡ Rev. xxii. 5. § Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

of this consummate glory, and of that which thou hast purchased for thy servants—purchased at a price which may justify our most elevated hopes, even at the price of thine own life, and ever-precious blood? Yet through the riches of thy wondrous grace, the humble Christian, who by faith now enters into rest, hath some sweet foretaste, some pleasing anticipation, of the joys to come.

Love, grateful love, looking to thee, feels a transport which enraptures the soul, fills it with sweet complacence towards all its fellow-creatures, and makes the affliction of this transitory world, light and easy to be borne—nay, which makes *death* itself no longer formidable, but devoutly to be wished, as the happy conveyance of an imprisoned spirit to its God and its hope; to its freedom and perfection: to its dear and departed friend, and all the joys of a blissful immortality.

Give me, oh? give me *divine love*, thou bountiful bestower of every good gift! so shall I experience the beginning of heaven in my heart, and die with a full persuasion, that the fair bud will burst into a perfect blossom—that my joys, begun in grace, will be ere long consummated in glory everlasting\*.

For thee, too, my *Reader*, let me offer up this fervent prayer: “Oh! mayest thou feel and be made perfect in the love of *Christ*!” so will thy life be blessed below; so will thy death be comfortable†; so will thou be made partaker of thy Saviour’s kingdom.

\* Grace will complete when grace begins,  
To save from sorrows and from sins.  
The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal Mercy ne’er forsakes.

Dr. WATTS.

† What wise man would not live the life of the righteous, that his latter end may be like his? that in the agonies of death, and in the

Serious and important have been the subjects which have employed our mutual meditations; may they be impressed no less strongly on thy heart than on my own; may they awaken thee, if careless, to a life of devout meditation; may they confirm thee in that life, if happily thou art already devoted to it. This, this you may be certain, is the only road to peace; this, this you may rest assured of, is the only true wisdom of human nature.

Earnestly wishing thee much success in thy Christian course, I bid thee farewell; and exhort thee to keep thine eye stedfast on the author and finisher of thy salvation. All besides will fail and forsake thee\*. But a little while, and as well the hand which hath written, as the eye which reads these lines, shall become cold and inactive, and moulder in the dust; speedily, oh! my friend, our days will be completed, and we must bid an eternal adieu to all things here below! Then let us live like men conscious of this solemn truth—Let us live like those who know they must ere long die; who know that they must live for ever.—So shall we make sure our own salvation†; and, however strangers to each other here, shall meet and rejoice together in that blissful kingdom above, where sorrow and affliction shall be known no more.

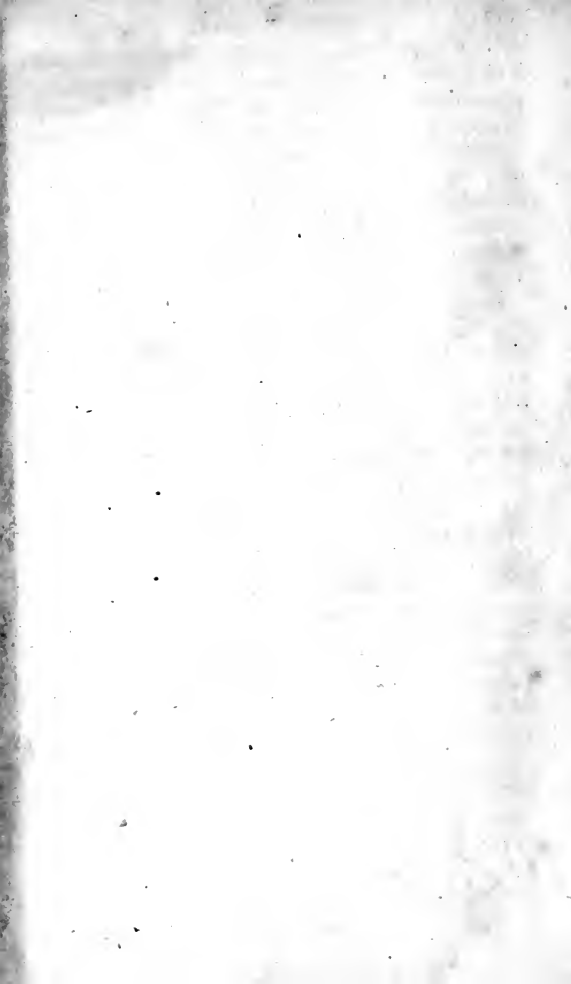
very jaws of the grave, no disturbing thoughts may discompose him, no guilty fears distract him, but he may go out of the world with all the joyful presages of eternal rest and peace. SHERLOCK.

\* All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond is substance.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† Philippians ii. 12. 2 Peter i. 10.

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Author Dodd, William

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